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THE OLD BUNCH OF GRAPES TAVERN.

"A TAVERN chair," said Dr. Johnson, "is the throne of human felicity." And again, "There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be. . . . No, sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as a good tavern or inn;" and he wound up his eulogium with Shenstone's hackneyed quatrain: —

"Whoe'er has travel'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

Although no tippler, the doctor was both a gourmand and a tavern-haunter. He knew the points of a well-kept house, and when seated with his cronies at supper at the Mitre or Turk's Head, splashing himself with gravy from his lamprey eels or kidney stew, preëmpting the while, with greedy eyes, every untried viand within reach, he touched the high-water mark of physical content.

But although he was the oracle of his own day, his judgment now is only interesting as history. The conditions are all changed, the very subject-matter has ceased to exist; there is no longer any such thing as a tavern. Like the daughters of the mad king, its own children have despoiled it. The private club, the restaurant, the bar-room, its legitimate offshoots, have contributed to rob

the tavern of its old-time prestige; and pitiable indeed would be the case of the modern Shenstone who found his warmest welcome at one of our latter-day hotels, where the landlord is an impersonal functionary, where the guest is received with an air of mingled tolerance and preoccupation by the clerk, and admitted to the privileges of the dining-room by the condescending connivance of the head waiter.

Vainly would such spurious progeny don the mantle and claim the fealty yielded to the old tavern, whose kindlier hospitality, though lost to sense, still through memory stirs the heart and kindles the imagination. Indeed, if places are memorable alone for their human associations, what haunts of humankind can rival in interest certain last-century hostelries, reeking as they were, through every beam and rafter, with old tradition, old gossip, communings of men great and vulgar over schemes high or petty; haunted with echoes of ghostly voices in feastings and revelry, in sallies of wit, in snatches of song, in bursts of laughter, in curses of rage, drunken threats, or, it might be, wails of despair, — in fine, with expressions of every impulse or emotion known to the representation of what the great French master calls this human comedy?

It is to recount and bring back to mind certain familiar associations of one of the most noted of our old-time taverns that these loose notes have been strung together, — notes which, from a

"plentiful lack" of material and the fragmentary nature of such as exists, will be inconsequent, luminously vague upon points of highest interest, and tediously prolix upon matters of no account. In extenuation, it is but just to add that everything here set down either *was* or *might have been*, and for the rest let sticklers go browse in the archives!

Yonder in the Masonic Temple hang upon either side a door-lintel in the upper hall two single bunches of gilded wooden grapes, the remains of a former cluster of four bunches which for nearly a century swung projected from the corner of one of the most noted taverns of the provincial period.

The Bunch of Grapes was a favorite sign; hardly a large town in England but had an inn of the name, while in London there were several. Indeed, from a study of the Licensed Victualer's Directory it appears that next in frequency to the Red Lions, the Blue Lions, and the White Harts come the Crowns and the Grapes.

In the history of signs, ignorance and stupidity have wrought some ludicrous perversions of originally intelligible symbols. In many cases this is due in part to something unusual or grotesque in the sign itself. In the Bunch of Grapes there was no such opportunity afforded; both in name and emblem it was too simple to be garbled; its meaning was clear, its appropriateness striking, while its origin was lost in hoariest antiquity. Older than the streets of London, older than the English people, yes, long before the restless barbaric hordes of the Continent were tempted to invade the foggy little island on their western horizon, the bunch of grapes, hanging in sculptured marble or glowing in mural paintings above the portals of Pompeian wine-shops, served as a symbol of the good cheer within.

From the door of the vintner, by a natural transition, the familiar emblem passed to that of the licensed victualer;

and so when Landlord Francis Holmes, away back in the beginning of the eighteenth century, set up his hostelry on the corner of King Street and Mackerel Lane, he, with great good judgment, chose for its sign and style so well-known and time-honored a cognizance as the Bunch of Grapes.

At the outset it is very irksome to have to acknowledge that both the origin of the building and the early ownership of the land are involved in much obscurity. Indeed, flying in the face of all authority, it must be affirmed that the site of the *original* tavern was not at all where, in historical consistency, it should have been. Whereas antiquarians and local historians of high repute agree in placing it on the corner of King Street and the *westerly* side of Mackerel Lane, certain obstructive and contumacious old instruments in the Registry of Deeds persist in describing it in unmistakable terms as upon the eastern side.

On the other hand, it must be confessed, in support of the authorities, that there are later deeds, just as authentic, which fix the spot with equal certainty upon the western side. In the midst of the darkling perplexity naturally produced by this conflict of evidence came, like a flash of inspiration, the suggestion of an eminent conveyancer, Mr. James R. Carret, that there might have been two houses, or, more likely, that at some time in its long and checkered career the tavern had been moved across the lane. Before this magic touchstone, the difficulties, insuperable upon any other theory, vanish at once. Down to 1752, the title of the original or eastern house set up by Francis Holmes is straight and clear from the Book of Possessions to Mistress Rebecca Amory (born Holmes), wife of Thomas, the founder of the Amory family in America; equally straight and clear was the title of the New England Bank to the other or western corner, back through old Gov-

ernor Bowdoin and the Ervings to William Foye, sometime treasurer of the province.

But to tell truth, notwithstanding the relief afforded by this timely suggestion, its adoption was at first attended by a shock as painful as that which, presumably, comes to the anxious father awaiting the birth of a son and heir when told he is blessed with twins. Directly the precious associations must be parceled out, and the interest and sympathy weakened by division.

Nor is this all; the difficulty becomes hydra-headed: a third and even a fourth house presently spring up to claim a share in the name and common heritage of historical interest. This subdivision of the cherry into so many bites proved very disconcerting until, upon examination, it appeared that the authentic associations and traditions centred, in the main, upon one spot, and that the subject was still capable of being kept in hand and treated without confusion.

To begin with, the first inn of which anything is known, that which stood upon the eastern corner, although, as has been said, the title of the land comes down unclouded from William Davis, the original owner in the Book of Possessions, to Francis Holmes, who at different times acquired the ownership of the two parcels into which it had been divided upon the partition of a former estate, the origin of the *house* is still unknown. The authorities vaguely assign it to the year 1712, from the fact that no earlier mention of it is found. In the absence of definite knowledge this date may serve as well as another, and a faint constructive confirmation of it may even be found in a vote of a town-meeting in 1711, to the effect that "Mr. Francis Holmes be allowed eight pounds in consideration of a house of his in King Street being pulled down in order to put a stop to ye fire."

Here, then, we have evidence of a former house kept by Holmes in the

same street, which it would be no violent straining of probability to assume was also called the Bunch of Grapes; but whatever its name, its existence and character as a public house are established by proof positive, soon to be quoted.

Thus turned neck and heels out-of-doors by the fire, Holmes naturally hired another house in the neighborhood, one larger and better, presumably, than his former eight-pound dwelling. This is the house of 1712, which for the present purpose may be called the original inn; and here, perhaps, before the door, freshly gilded after being smoked in the fire, was put forth the original sign, to gleam in the sunshine and dangle in the breeze.

Although standing thus in the very heart of the town, a dumb witness of so much that was memorable in our history, the daily haunt of so many men since famed in our records, unhappily no picture or description of the old building has come down to us. None of the early views of the street include either this first house or its successor across the lane. The two or three rude prints of the massacre stop, exasperatingly, at the very threshold of the later house, while giving quite satisfactory glimpses of the Royal Exchange, the Custom House, the Town House, and the Old Brick, its notable neighbors.

Here and there in old newspapers and musty records occurs a chance word or passing mention, the merest scraps and shreds of evidence, as to the semblance of the old inn, but these, one and all, refer to the second or later house, and will be spoken of in due order: touching this earlier building of 1712 not a word of description exists.

For all that, there is reason to think that it was a two-story-and-a-half unpainted frame building with a hip-roof, standing gable-end towards King Street, with a side entrance on Mackerel Lane, with a stable-yard to the east, and with

offices and hog-pens reaching down almost to the water behind.

This bold structure of the imagination rests upon no other foundation than a knowledge of the dimensions of the lot and of the general style of building at the time. The Old Corner Book Store, let it be remembered, was built in this very year of grace 1712, and may serve us, at need, as a model, although that is of brick.

As to the interior we are even more at a loss; nothing here is left us but analogy. Happily, there are not wanting divers hints as to the general structure and appearance of other inns nearly contemporary.

Before the use of numbers came into vogue, it was, as is well known, a common practice to designate the different rooms by names, either fanciful or descriptive of their purpose. Thus, an inn is described in Dunton's Letters, — written about 1684, — containing chambers called respectively the Cross Keys, the Green Dragon, the Anchor, the Castle, the Sun Low Room, the Rose Low Room.

Again, a few years earlier, in the inventory of Landlord Gunnison of the King's Arms, situated in Dock Square, we get a peep not only at the arrangement of the rooms, but at their furniture. The hall was provided with "three smale roomes," — probably like the stalls of our modern eating-houses, — fitted with tables and benches, besides which there was a longer bench and a larger table, which undoubtedly served at need as the *table d'hôte*.

Opening out of this main hall was a tap-room, described as "the bar," which was scantily furnished with three shelves and the frame of a low stool.

For private parties coming to dine or sup, as it might be the governor and deputies, or the ministers after the Thursday Lecture, they must necessarily have had recourse to the upper chambers, which thus answered the double purpose

of sleeping or eating rooms as occasion required. Landlord Gunnison gives the contents of his chamber called the Exchange as "one halfe headed Bedsted with blew pillars, one livery Cupboard coloured blue, one long table, benches, two formes" (which were long seats without backs, designed to hold several persons), "and one carved chair." This double character of all the large rooms is made clearer by the furnishings of the two parlors. In "the low parlor" are enumerated one bedstead, one table, benches and forms, etc., while in "the upper parlor" there was also a bedstead.

Besides these lesser rooms there was, however, a special grand banquetting-room called the Court Chamber, where the more ceremonious feasts were held. Here the bed was tucked out of sight into an adjoining closet, and the room given up to the dining-table, the livery cupboard, forms, and benches.

Down-stairs, besides the kitchen, which had no distinctive feature, there was the larder, fitted up something like a modern pantry, with shelves and dressers about the walls, and a square serving-table in the midst furnished with banisters.

In the absence of better evidence these hints may serve for what they are worth in picturing the interior of the first Bunch of Grapes. The second house across the lane, said to have been, originally, the Foye mansion, was doubtless of ampler dimensions, built of brick, and — this we know of certainty and is our one crumb of comfort — adorned with a balcony in front. So much and so little, then, for the mere buildings!

Francis Holmes, already named as the first landlord, seems to have been a steady-going, thrifty publican; for he stuck sturdily by his sign and calling for twenty years and more, and died, at last, owner of the estate which he began by hiring. As significant of his merit in other respects it may be added that

he was at different times chosen as hog-reeve and scavenger of the town. Touching his professional standing, it is interesting to note that early in his career some objection was raised at town-meeting to the renewal of his license, on the ground that he "did not keep good rule and order in his inn." The objection, however, did not avail; the license was granted, nor was there ever again a similar complaint.

Indeed, it is quite safe to assume that Holmes kept a house both of good order and abundant cheer; else, be sure, the Hon. Samuel Sewall had not so much affected it. Nothing would have tempted that stanch old Puritan to frequent an inn of ill or indifferent repute; for nobody more cordially hated every form of disorder, as nobody more keenly relished a well-cooked dinner. In this respect it is clear Holmes must have reasonably satisfied the judicial palate, as we find the severe magistrate his frequent guest.

For the matter of that, they were old acquaintance, the judge and the worthy publican. A half-score years before 1712 — assigned as the birth-year of the Bunch of Grapes — there appear in the Diary items like these, which can only refer to the former house pulled down to stop the fire: —

"Deputies treat the governor at Homes's. . . .

"I invited the governor to dine at Homes'. . . .

"Dine at Holm's; I supposed the Council had treated the Gov'r, but the Gov'r would pay. . . .

"Friday I treat the Gov'r at Homes; had two dishes of Green pease. Sir Charles Hobby, Mr. Commissary, Mr. Leverett, Lt. Col: Ballantine, Mr. Pemberton, Major Pigeon, Capt of the Matroses. Eleven in all, paid 36s."

Following Holmes came a long list of landlords, of whom we know little or nothing, but who seem in the main to have kept up the credit of the house to

the high standard established by Holmes. There was William Coffin, whose name often appears in the town records, and whose widow, Rebecca, succeeded him as an inn-keeper; Edward Lutwych, whose tenancy could only have lasted a few months; Joshua Barker; William Weatherhead, under whose able management the house seems to have taken precedence, in certain ways, of all the taverns of the day; James Gooch, who ruled the roast at the time of the great fire of 1760; Colonel Joseph Ingersol, ten years later, at the time of the massacre; Captain John Marston, who was in possession during the early and stormy days of the Revolution, and by his outspoken sympathy and ardent patriotism made his house as much a rallying-place for the patriots as its rival, the British Coffee House across the way, was for the Tories. Following the fiery captain came one William Foster, whose reign was short and uneventful; Dudley Coleman, who was twice landlord, coming back after an interval of seven years to the old house in the days of its decay; James Vila, afterwards the popular landlord of Concert Hall; Thomas Lobdell, of neutral and somewhat apocryphal memory; and, last of all, Jacob Kendall, who left in 1805, and whose advertisement in *The Repertory*, informing the public that he "has removed from the Bunch of Grapes tavern to that airy and capacious house No. 26 Battery-march Street formerly owned by Robert Hallewell esq," leaves upon the mind an indefinable impression that the house was growing seedy and out of repair. The fact, too, that the later landlords came and went in quick succession is significant. Plainly the day of the old tavern was over; it could no longer hold its own with the larger and better appointed public-houses which were springing up on every hand. And time it was, too: it had well served its turn for the best part of a century. Three generations, meanwhile, had come and

gone. A new epoch had dawned upon the world, a new nation had been born, a brilliant new flag waved over the cupola of the old Town House, and a new and stimulating atmosphere pervaded the street and town.

As in the beginning, so to the last, the spot upon which the house stood was close to the very heart of traffic and affairs. It was no place for a tumble-down old inn. Commerce, with envious eye, had already marked it for her own. As a makeshift, the building was fashioned over into shops and offices, and thus for a few years lingered on in a transitional state, like a withered old dame tricked out in grotesque finery. There is preserved, with the preliminary correspondence, an interesting old lease of the building from James Bowdoin, son of the governor, to Nathaniel S. Russell, dated March, 1810, in which the lessee stipulates for the liberty to alter over the house by throwing the whole front on State Street into one room, taking down the balcony and opening one or two new doors on Kilby Street. Mention is made in the lease of one Stephen Holden as a present occupant. Holden is described in the directory as a boarding-house keeper, so that there is reason to believe that the upper part of the building was still devoted to its original purpose.

Soon after the termination of the Russell lease, the absentee landlord, James T. Bowdoin, nephew of the above-named lessor, sold it to the New England Bank for the good round sum of thirty thousand dollars.

Again, however, there was a respite. The Bank was not quite ready to build. At a meeting of the directors, April 26, 1816, it was voted to lease the building to one Mr. Lemuel Pope, a ship-broker. Thus for three years more the moribund old veteran lagged superfluous on the stage. At last, in 1819, the lease expired, the signal was given, the old house was torn down, and in its stead

was put up the fine granite structure of the Bank, which now, in turn, having served its day and generation, has gone the way of all earthly habitations.

But it is with the human life and associations connected with the old tavern that we are most concerned. For these, — no matter what form of structure covers it, what tons of brick and mortar weigh it down, — for these the place is hallowed in the hearts of all who hold dear the honor and glory of Boston town.

Fittingly, therefore, for such purpose we may treat the story as one. Whether one house or two or more are concerned, whether bounded now a few feet farther to the east, now a little farther to the west, it is essentially the same spot, with a continuous history, a continuous interest, and associations not to be divided.

The solemn feasts of Sewall and his contemporaries have been hinted at. The dullest fancy with existing material might furnish forth the picture: at one end of the board the imposing figure of the diarist himself, with his flowing white locks surmounted by a black skull-cap, with his severe eyes and air of authority, confronted at the other by the dark and insidious visage of his Excellency Governor Dudley, and flanked on either side by members of the council ranged decorously on the backless "formes." As for the Court Chamber, where they sat, it was, of course, a low-ceiled room, with wainscoted walls, a sanded floor, and a blazing wood fire on the hearth, which baked the backs of the hither row of guests, and left those of the outermost to bristle with goose-flesh.

As easily, did time and space permit, might their talk be reproduced. Its topics ranged within necessary limits, — the latest advices from the English court, meagre enough and stale at that, the incidents of the last town-meeting, the coming marriage, current courtship

or latest funeral, the misdoings of a church brother, and discussion of the Thursday Lecture. Touching this last, instance an entry in the Diary:—

“1713, January 7. Son J. Sewall preaches the lecture, which is the first sermon he has preached in the old church. Was invited and dined with the court at Holmes’s.”

Little would one not skilled to read between the lines suspect the satisfaction with which those few words were written. As little did Landlord Holmes suspect the zest the old judge brought to his dinner that happy Thursday. “Son Joseph” was getting on; only recently he had been squeezed into the Old South as assistant, despite Parson Pemberton’s covert opposition, and here he was preaching the Thursday Lecture.

Years after this memorable feast, some time in 1733, a well-to-do tailor in Boston, having received due authority from some high official in England, called a meeting of a few chosen spirits in the Bunch of Grapes, — not unlikely in this very room and around this very hearth-stone; — and there in secret conclave laid the foundation of one of the greatest fraternities known to our social history. The man’s name was Henry Price, and the order which he founded was the first Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons in America. Price was a man of unusual intelligence and character. His deputation and power were extended over all America, and no less a person than Benjamin Franklin applied to him for a deputation and charter to sanction their proceedings in Philadelphia.

From this feeble beginning sprang a great and influential order which has overspread the New World, as it had previously overspread the Old, including in its ranks alike the prince and peasant, the scholar, thinker, soldier, merchant, and humblest artisan.

The earliest meetings of the Lodge were divided between this house and the

Royal Exchange, the rival hostelry situated diagonally across the street, on the spot now occupied by the Merchants’ Bank; but mine host of the Exchange soon won them altogether to his standard, being not only a member of the order, but no other than Luke Vardy, that far-famed cook from London, celebrated in certain lines of Joseph Green, the wit of his day, so often quoted and so much admired that it would now be rank heresy to dub them sorry doggerel.

The fact that, in 1728, the Bunch of Grapes was chosen as the lodging-place of Governor William Burnet shows that it had already attained the first rank among the hostelries of the town. It will be remembered that his Excellency was the son of Bishop Burnet, and a man not only of education and breeding, but of the most ingratiating manners. He was, perhaps, the best liked of all the royal governors, and never had there been such a popular demonstration in Boston as upon his arrival. Beating drums, clashing cymbals, and waving banners heralded his approach, and a long line of dignitaries swelled his train. The Province House not being ready for his occupancy, he was escorted to Landlord Holmes’s, where, of course, he was bestowed in the Court Chamber, and where we may imagine his short, stout figure, clad in a scarlet coat, stepping through the window upon the balcony, and bowing his acknowledgments to the shouting crowds below.

But nowhere do we come so near getting an actual glimpse of the old inn as in the account of Captain Francis Goelet. The constant recurrence of the landlord’s name in his diary, his keen appreciation of the excellence of the house, and the very thorough way in which he tested its hospitality in his bacchanalian visit to Boston in 1750 combine to bring the reader so in touch with time and place that he can almost feel the tingle of that famous punch

upon his palate, and the savory odors of the ancient kitchen in his nostrils.

To Goelet we are indebted not only for hints of tavern life, but for a very fresh and graphic picture of the convivial habits of the young bucks of the day. Under date of October 3, 1750, he writes : —

“Went to Mr. Weatherhead’s at the Sign of the Bunch of Grapes in King Street just below the Towne House. Being noted the best Punch House in Boston and resorted by most of the Gentⁿ Merchants and Masters Vessels and where I spent the evening with several Gentⁿ my acquaintance.”

Again, on the 5th : —

“After breakfast went to see how they went on with the ship and returned about 12 a Clock and to Change from there to Weatherheads with several gentlemen to drink Punch.”

And so on : out of thirty days spent in Boston he records fifteen visits to Weatherhead’s ; and it is evident enough that it was only imperative engagements on the off days which prevented an unbroken record. Such punch must have had irresistible attractions ; it is a lasting pity the recipe has not been handed down to posterity. Assuredly it must have been compounded upon some cunning variation of the time-honored rule of

“One of sour, two of sweet,
Four of strong, and eight of weak.”

Captain Goelet’s parties, be it said, seldom broke up before the “wee sma’ hours ;” indeed, he ingenuously confesses upon several occasions that they were “exceeding merry drinking toasts, singing and roaring until Morning when they could scarce see one another.” As they filed out of the tavern door and staggered along over the cobble-stones of King Street, where the few oil-lamps swinging at the corners were beginning to pale in the cold gray light creeping over Noddle’s Island, they must have presented — those merry blades — an

excellent illustration of the curious list of synonyms for such states of glorification collected by an anonymous English author : “lushy, bosky, buffy, boozy, cocky, mops-and-brooms, fuddled, balmy, pickled, screwed, funny, three-sheets-in-the-wind, foggy, hazy, groggy, slewed, on the randan, on the reraw, cut, how-came-you-so, sewed up, muddled, caught it, got it, nailed it, weary, raddled, dagged, jaggéd, drunk as David’s sow,” — a list somewhat irrelevantly quoted here to give heart to those desponding critics who carp about the poverty of the English language.

But turn we now our shocked eyes away from the frisky captain and his madcap companions upon a more discreet and sober assembly, which, a few years later, was wont to meet in the old inn, and without doubt in the very room where these orgies were held.

The earliest benevolent association in Boston, and one of the oldest in America, is the Scots Charitable Society, whose name still appears in our directory, and which, after more than a century of well-doing, still continues its beneficent work. The records of the society show that its meetings were regularly held in the Bunch of Grapes during 1767 and 1768, where it need do no violence to any prejudice to fancy these sober and worthy philanthropists gathered about a glowing back-log of a winter night, cracking a quiet joke, indulging in songs and memories of Auld Reekie, and quickening their charitable impulses with a wee bit drap o’ usquebaugh for the sake o’ auld lang syne.

A tradition of even greater interest, if it rested upon any sure foundation, is that the first meeting for the organization of Trinity Church took place in the Bunch of Grapes. Unhappily, neither the records of the parish make any mention of this, nor does Mr. Foote, in his interesting account of the birth of that famous daughter of the King’s Chapel, ever refer to such a gathering.

Various meetings, indeed, took place at Mr. Weatherhead's, but not until long after the formation of the society; and no business was transacted at any of them more important than writing a complimentary letter to the rector, or authorizing the purchase of an organ.

As the century rolled on towards its last quarter, the old tavern was destined to have other and more stirring associations. The Boston Massacre, it will be remembered, took place almost before its very door, considering which fact it is rather odd that the only mention of the house in connection with that tragedy is found in the testimony of three witnesses at the trial, who, being, as they said, "in the front chamber of the house occupied by Colonel Ingersol, heard guns fired, and went into the balcony and saw flashes of guns fired from the Custom House."

Doubtless, too, our hostelry is one of the "two taverns near the Town House" referred to by Governor Bernard in the sensational account of the rejoicings over the repeal of the Stamp Act sent by him to the British ministers.

But if all other claims to distinction were wanting, Washington's stay in the Bunch of Grapes, upon his coming to town after the evacuation by the British, should invest it with a lasting interest. It is not likely that he spent more than one night or ate more than two or three meals under its roof; but the hours thus passed were memorable, not so much to the general as to the towns-folk, — sad, joyful, jubilant, tragic hours. To realize that crisis it needs but to think of the delight, the anxiety, the trembling apprehension, with which the refugee patriots came trooping back to their homes, so long given over to the marauders; it needs but to think of the state of the town. The trail of the serpent was over it all: the Old North split up for firewood, the Old South made a riding-school, Faneuil Hall a theatre, and the Common given over to desolation. It

was not a grateful spectacle for homesick eyes. But the trouble was not over. One enemy had gone, but another remained; another more deadly if not so hated; another which, in comparison with those retreating red-coats, might almost be considered a comfortable, companionable fireside enemy, — the small-pox was raging in the town.

Despite all their losses and trials, the relieved and grateful towns-folk gave those earliest hours to an outburst of thanksgiving and jubilation. Their first duty was to God, the next to his Excellency.

Oddly enough, as it seems, a Philadelphia newspaper has the best account of the doings of the Bostonians on that memorable bright day in March, 1776.

"This day," says the writer, who was evidently an eye-witness, "the Thursday Lecture, which was established and has been observed from the first settlement of Boston without interruption until these few months past, was opened by the Rev. Dr. Eliot. His Excellency General Washington and the other general officers and their suites, having been previously invited, met in the council chambers, from whence, preceded by the sheriff with his wand, attended by the members of the Council *who have had the small-pox*, the Committee of the House of Representatives, the Selectmen, the Clergy, and many other gentlemen, they repaired to the Old Brick meeting-house, where an excellent and well-adapted discourse was delivered from the 33d chapter of Isaiah and 20th verse.

"After divine service was ended his Excellency, attended and accompanied as before, returned to the council chamber, from whence they proceeded to the Bunch of Grapes tavern, where an elegant dinner was provided at the public expense, after which many proper and pertinent toasts were drank. Joy and gratitude sat in every countenance and smiled in every eye."

That very same year, a few months

later, the town rang again with rejoicings. With the clamorous accompaniment of ringing bells, roaring cannon, and shrill huzzas, the sheriff of the county read from the balcony of the Town House the Declaration of Independence. A collation was served in the council chamber, at which were drunk seven loyal toasts, too long to be here repeated; and the day wound up with a bonfire of immortal memory, kindled in King Street before the Bunch of Grapes, and fed with fuel composed of "every King's Arms in Boston and every sign with any resemblance of it, whether Lion and Unicorn, Pestle and Mortar and Crown, Heart and Crown, together with every sign belonging to a Tory."

Although in charge of a firm and loyal hand, the years of the Revolution proved troublous years to the Bunch of Grapes. On account of his staunch support of the rebel cause, Captain Marston may have been driven out or roughly treated during the British occupation, or he may have found himself in uncomfortable proximity to that hornets'-nest of Tories over the way in the British Coffee House. For whatever reason, it is certain that at some time during the war the tavern was moved for a while to Congress Street. Two different newspaper notices in the latter part of 1777 refer to it explicitly as on Congress Street. The last was on the occasion of Stark's victory at Bennington. What wonder that the loyal Bostonians huzzaed themselves hoarse over that news, after the long-drawn gloom of Ticonderoga; and when, shortly afterwards, Stark himself arrived, they showed by the ardor of their reception a significant contempt for the stupid snub recently administered by Congress to the Green Mountain hero.

"On Friday last," says the *Continental Journal and Weekly Advertiser*, "a select company of the Sons of Freedom made a very elegant entertainment

at the Bunch of Grapes" — mark the words! — "in *Congress Street* for the Honorable Brigadier General Stark, who was then in town, in testimony of the great and important services rendered by that brave and intrepid officer to the United States of America; after which a number of patriotic toasts were drank and rockets, etc., exhibited from the balcony."

"We kept it up in high taste," says one of the guests in an account quoted by Mr. Drake. "At sundown about one hundred of the first gentlemen of the town with all the strangers then in Boston met at the Bunch of Grapes, where good liquors and a side-table were provided. In the street were two brass field-pieces with a detachment of Colonel Crafts' regiment. In the balcony of the Town House all the fifes and drums of my regiment were stationed. The ball opened with a discharge of thirteen cannon, and at every toast given three rounds were fired and a flight of rockets sent up. About nine o'clock two barrels of grog were brought into the street for the people that had collected there. It was all conducted with the greatest propriety, and by ten o'clock every man was at his home."

"Two barrels of grog brought into the street for the people . . . and all conducted with the greatest propriety." — Let us be indulged in a moment's bewildered repetition, and excused for the inevitable reflection that not only has the matter of public jubilation become a lost art, but we, alack! a different people.

In the long line of Boston's distinguished visitors none was ever more welcome than Lafayette. Next to Washington he was the popular idol; his youth, his high rank, his enthusiasm, his generosity in jeopardizing life and limb in a doubtful cause and refusing all emolument for his service, combined to invest him with a romantic interest now almost inconceivable. In person, it

must be confessed, the marquis was not of heroic type; his small head, his retreating forehead, and staring eyes, all painfully emphasized by the glaring white facings of his uniform, gave an impression of pronounced ugliness. It was, however, a fascinating ugliness, as effective in its way as beauty. Moreover, it was straightway forgotten in his presence by the ease, elegance, and winning affability of his manners; for the rest, his foreign air and broken English no doubt combined to lend him distinction.

Among the many traditions of the Bunch of Grapes is one that the marquis was lodged here on the occasion of his second visit in 1780. Not only do the newspapers of the day fail to confirm this statement, however, but a quite different impression is gathered from the report of the committee appointed by the General Court to provide for his reception and entertainment. They recommend that suitable accommodations be provided "*at Mrs. Fraser's* in State Street, and that a committee of both Houses be appointed to wait on him at his landing and conduct him to the lodgings provided for his reception."

But the end of the war was at hand, and with the coming of peace, naturally enough, the country abounded for a time with the disbanded soldiers, heroes young and old, grown rusty in the arts of gaining a livelihood, who thus found themselves without resources for the present or hopes for the future. To provide these deserving children of the republic with homes and means of subsistence, an enterprise was set on foot which, in its results, has far outgrown the wildest dreams of its projectors. This was the Ohio Company, formed to buy and settle the Western Reserve. The first meeting for organization was held in the Bunch of Grapes, and on the whole it may, perhaps, be considered the most memorable event connected with its history. General Rufus

Putnam and that accomplished, distinguished, versatile, delightful man, the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, were the leading spirits in the enterprise. It was they who set the movement on foot, who got aid and encouragement from Congress, who obtained recruits and filled the hearts of the pioneers with courage and enthusiasm.

From that feeble beginning in 1786, in the Court Chamber of the old tavern, has sprung one of the richest, most populous, and powerful States of our Union; and among the prime causes of her progress and success let it not be reckoned the least that Ohio was settled by scions of the good old stock of New England, — men of brawn and brain, of pluck and persistence, of energy, sobriety, and all the many sterling traits which time out of mind have distinguished the descendants of the derided Puritans.

Suggested by this Marietta colony there comes to mind another society of veterans, formed of similar material, but for a different purpose, concerning which it may be said there is no association of strictly American origin so distinguished in its purpose and membership, the renowned Society of the Cincinnati. With high hearts, and wounds, it might be, still smarting, the members of this famous body are said to have held some of their early meetings in the Bunch of Grapes.

In the same category of the *was* or *might-have-been* may be included pleasant traditions that certain Mohawk braves came to the old tavern to make their toilets for a certain tea-party we all know about; also that the Ancient and Honorables and Cadets found here a favorite rallying-place. Nothing is more credible, and no doubt it would be safe enough to say generally of any or all of our local societies and organizations, civic, military, or eleemosynary, dating back to the last century, that at some time or other in their history they

gathered in the comfortable Court Chamber of the Bunch of Grapes.

With regard to the Cadets, such meetings, if any, must have been before the Revolution, in the days of the martial and imposing Colonel Pollard; for since the reorganization of the corps, its records, quite systematically kept, show the favorite resorts to have been Vila's or the Royal Exchange. One rose of promise did indeed blossom for a moment in a report of a "meeting at the Widow Marston's," — presumably relict of sturdy old Captain John, — at which a communication from his Excellency Governor Bowdoin was read, bidding the corps hold itself in readiness to march at a minute's notice to take part in putting down that tea-pot tempest, Shays Rebellion. But, alack! side by side with the blooming rose protruded an ugly thorn in the shape of an unmanageable date, which forbade any attempt to include that interesting meeting in our nosegay of reminiscences.

Moving on, what joy to find a foothold again upon solid ground! An impulse not to be resisted tempts us to pause for a long comfortable sigh of relief upon the firm basis of one indubitable fact. On a certain fair day, or it may have been night, in 1785, there was born in the old inn, not a babe, but a project, which must by no means be forgotten, for it had as sponsors James Bowdoin, Rev. James Freeman, and other noted men, and was destined to make no little stir in the world. Let there be no regret that it was not a veritable flesh-and-blood babe, for no human suckling known to our annals ever grew up to be such a power for good in the community as the Boston Humane Society.

Few among its careless beneficiaries of the present day know or care that this same Humane Society, organized by those half dozen men over Landlord Coleman's good madeira, was instrumental in founding our first asylums for

the insane and for lying-in women, our first free beds in hospitals, our life-boats, huts for shelter, and all the life-saving gear on our rugged sea-coast.

Meanwhile, what with all these years and experiences the old tavern began to show signs of wear and tear. Its owners, not blind to the fact, did what they could to repair the ravages of time, and about 1790, as appears from the following notice in the *Columbian Centinel*, the house seems to have taken on a new lease of life in more senses than one: —

"To Be Let: The Bunch of Grapes Tavern in State Street in complete repair with every accommodation for a Tavern. In addition has lately been built a number of handsome chambers for accommodating Lodgers or Boarders."

Happily for the needs of art, human history abounds in effective shadows, and just at the ripe moment when there is appropriate place for one in this record to relieve and emphasize all the foregoing cheerful associations, behold it forthcoming!

For it is a black bead which next comes to hand upon this rosary of remembrance, marking the connection of the old tavern with another tragedy, in which, as before, it dumbly looked on and made no sign, crumbling away to dust with its secret untold; and forever untold, as it seems, must remain the secret motive which prompted Thomas Selfridge to shoot young Charles Austin to death before the tavern door. Whether, as some affirm, it was the outcome of a political quarrel, or, as others say, of some idle dispute about "seven roast pigs and ten bushels of green peas," is of no consequence now. What chiefly interests the reader of to-day is the behavior of the press. Incredible as it may seem, there is no published discussion of the causes of the quarrel; no biography of the unhappy criminal; no picture of him, his cousins, aunts, or grandparents, or childhood's home; but

only this short discreet notice of the funeral of the luckless victim : —

“The remains of Mr. Charles Austin were entombed on Wednesday last; the procession, which was very numerous and respectable, moved from the dwelling-house of his parents in Cambridge Street, through Court Street, down State Street as far as the Bunch of Grapes, and through Cornhill to the Chapel burying-ground, where the body was entombed. The pall was supported and the corpse preceded by the senior class of Harvard University, of which Mr. Austin was a member, and followed immediately after the relations by the president, professors, and tutors of that seminary.”

How significant, too, of by-gone times and changed conditions to read of the president and faculty attending in a body the funeral of a mere undergraduate!

Casting backward now a retrospective glance, is it too much to say that the century covered by the old tavern's existence is, in some respects, the most memorable in our history? Dating almost from the beginning of the provincial era, it saw come and go like shadows on the wall the long procession of royal governors, — the saturnine Dudley, the choleric Shute, the affable Burnet, the intriguing Belcher, the martial Shirley, the gallant Pownall, the scheming Bernard, the treacherous Hutchinson; saw next advancing, amid the storm-clouds of war and anarchy, a grim, determined throng covered with the blood and sweat of battle, waving ragged, smoke-begrimed banners, bearing aloft the laurels of victory, and pursued by the thunderous acclaim of a delivered people, — the heroes of the Revolution, Washington, Warren, Prescott, Lafayette, Lincoln, Putnam, Stark, and a hundred dimmer but yet radiant figures; saw, as these passed on and the war-clouds gave place to the sunshine of peace, a new era of growth and prosperity inaugurated, as the young

republic, freed of all trammels, started forth on its career of matchless development.

In conclusion it may not be without profit to compare for a moment the surroundings of the old tavern at the beginning and end of its existence. Excuse a summary of such familiar facts as that in 1712 Boston was still but a thriving town of four thousand houses, eighteen thousand inhabitants, a dozen churches, as many or more taverns, half as many schools or thereabout; and for general public buildings, the Town House, bridewell, work-house, Faneuil Hall, and the powder-house on the Common, — a rough passing estimate to serve for a comparison. Recall the fact that its streets had only recently been named, and that many of them were still unpaved; that a post-office had but just been set up, — not in a separate building; and that worthy Jonathan Wardwell of the Orange Tree Inn had caused a great sensation by the introduction of hackney coaches. Moreover, so near was all this still to the beginnings of things, to the days when the peninsula was an uninhabited waste, that Anne Pollard, the lively young woman well known as the first of Winthrop's colonists to jump ashore, still survived, and had just given her deposition with regard to the site of William Blaxton's garden. Remember, too, that the King Street of 1712, although nearly doubled in length by the recent building of Long Wharf, was an unimposing thoroughfare, without sidewalks, rudely paved with cobble-stones, and contained besides the Town House scarcely a dozen buildings of note. Although, in the main, given over to trade, it still retained several dwelling-houses surrounded with gardens, notably the old Leverett mansion, soon to be lost to the family by its owner's lavish munificence to Harvard College. At the corners of the streets were stone hitching-posts, so needful where half the world rode horseback,

while the southern tine of the fork into which, as now, the upper street is split by the Town House was barred at its junction with Cornhill by an iron chain, leaving only passage for pedestrians. Leverett and Pudding lanes were insignificant by-ways, while Mackerel Lane was but a narrow winding foot-path, following so closely the line of the shore that the unsuspecting wayfarer might almost be splashed by the slops which, at high tide, the slatternly kitchen-wench of the Bunch of Grapes threw into the cove.

The every-day aspect of the street, moreover, is easily imagined: the merchants in wigs and knee-breeches, the apprentices bareheaded and with leather aprons, a slave sauntering on his errand, a creaking ox-load, a rumbling push-cart, a clumsy family carriage, a chance sedan-chair with tarnished upholstery and already beginning to go out of fashion, country-folks on pillions, groups of idlers at the tavern doors, a roving hog or two, — in short, a combined impression of the leisurely activity befitting the main street of a country town of the present day.

Quiet as it seemed, it was, however, the very centre of life, and doubtless the busiest spot on the continent. The lower story of the Town House, supported on ten Doric columns, lay open to the street, forming an arcade which the merchants used as an exchange; the Market was close by in the Dock; within a stone's-throw were a half dozen inns and the best shops in town; the whole, in its compactness, recalling a wag's famous picture of old-time London: "Coffee and gruel to be had at the Rainbow and Nandos at four, hot furmety at Fleet Street at seven, justice to be had at Doctor's Commons when people can get it, a lecture at Pinner Hall at ten, excellent peas pottage and tripe at Baldwin's Gardens at twelve and [nameless naughtiness] all over Covent Garden and five miles around it."

Presto! a century passes, and behold another place! The same in metes and bounds, but otherwise how changed! The royal name, the royal dispensation, and all that belonged to it died out in the white ashes of those heraldic emblems burnt before the tavern door. State Street would never be recognized for King Street, for all the Town House still standing in the cross-roads and the old tavern hard by on its corner. The street has not only a different air, an air of bustling activity, but a different odor, a pungent aromatic odor of spices, coffee, and dried fruits, telling of the foreign trade for which it has already grown famous.

Begotten, perhaps, of this reminiscent odor is the audacious fancy which seizes us to repeople these shops and offices. By dint of no little patience and much tedious rummaging through old directories the task is done. Behold the old street with its human denizens put together again, number by number, like a child's block-work, — every man in his place!

Such a mustering of ghosts, such a ransacking of the Granary, Copp's Hill, and the Chapel burying-grounds, and haling forth their sleeping inmates, is violent business, not to be warranted did it not point a moral as well as adorn a tale; for here, humbly working in the rank and file, see many an old worthy industriously laying the foundation of the splendid prosperity of careless progeny of to-day! Let patient toilers of the present take heed and heart, and remember that the laborer is still worthy of his hire.

Meantime, each of the spectral throng dispersed to his once familiar place stands peering from the doorway of his former shop, while, as if touched by electric light, his old-time sign gleams forth again above his head. Marshaled under their divers trades and callings, the tale shows thirty-six merchants and shopkeepers, ten tailors, nine attorneys, seven

auctioneers, six printers, three ship-and-tallow brokers, two hair-dressers, and a boarding-house keeper.

With their names thus listed and outspread, mentally we call the roll, and

hark! a hollow "Here!" wrung from each ghostly lip echoes with the alternate numbers adown the street, until the fading answers are lost among the plashing waters of the bay.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XXXIV.

THE really formidable thing, for Nick, was to tell his mother: a truth of which he was so conscious that he had the matter out with her the very morning he returned from Beauclere. She and Grace had come back, the afternoon before, from Lady St. Dunstons', and knowing this (she had written him her intention, from the country), he drove straight from the station to Calcutta Gardens. There was a little room there, on the right of the house-door, which was known as his own room, but in which, of a morning, when he was not at home, Lady Agnes sometimes wrote her letters. These were always numerous, and when she heard our young man's cab she happened to be engaged with them at the big brass-mounted bureau which had belonged to his father, and where, amid a margin of works of political reference, she seemed to herself to make public affairs feel the point of her elbow.

She came into the hall to meet her son and to hear about Mr. Carteret, and Nick went straight back into the room with her and closed the door. It would be in the evening paper and she would see it, and he had no right to allow her to wait for that. It proved indeed a terrible hour; and when, ten minutes later, Grace, who learned, up-stairs, that her brother had come back, went down for further news of him, she heard, from the hall, a sound of voices which

made her first pause and then retrace her steps on tiptoe. She mounted to the drawing-room and crept about there, palpitating, looking at moments into the dull street and wondering what on earth was going on. She had no one to express her wonder to, for Florence Tresilian had departed, and Biddy, after breakfast, had betaken herself, in accordance with a custom now inveterate, to Rosedale Road. Her mother was crying, passionately — a circumstance tremendous in its significance, for Lady Agnes had not often been brought so low. Nick had seen her cry, but this almost awful spectacle had seldom been given to Grace; and it forced her to believe, at present, that some dreadful thing had happened.

That was of course in order, after Nick's mysterious quarrel with Julia, which had made his mother so ill and which now, apparently, had been followed up with new horrors. The row, as Grace mentally phrased it, had had something to do with this incident, some deeper depth of disappointment had opened up. Grace asked herself if they were talking about Broadwood; if Nick had demanded that, in the conditions so unpleasantly changed, Lady Agnes should restore that pretty property to its owner. This was very possible, but why should he so suddenly have broken out about it? And moreover their mother, though sore to bleeding about the whole business — for Broadwood, in its fresh comfort, was too delightful —

would not have met this pretension with tears, inasmuch as she had already declared that they could n't decently continue to make use of the place. Julia had said that of course they must go on, but Lady Agnes was prepared with an effective rejoinder to this. It did n't consist of words — it was to be austere practical, was to consist of letting Julia see, at the moment she should least expect it, that they quite would n't go on. Lady Agnes was now waiting for that moment — the moment when her renunciation would be most impressive.

Grace was conscious of how, for many days, her mother and she had been moving in darkness, deeply stricken by Nick's culpable (oh, he was culpable!) loss of his prize, but feeling there was an element in the matter they did n't grasp, an undiscovered explanation which would perhaps make it still worse, but might make *them* a little better. Nick had explained nothing; he had simply said, "Dear mother, we don't hit it off, after all; it's an awful bore, but we don't," as if that were, under the circumstances, an adequate balm for two aching hearts. From Julia, naturally, satisfying attenuations were not to be looked for; and though Julia very often did the thing you would n't suppose, she was not unexpectedly apologetic in this case. Grace recognized that in such a position it would savor of apology for her to impart to Lady Agnes her grounds for letting Nick off; and she would not have liked to be the person to suggest to Julia that any one looked for anything from her. Neither of the disunited pair blamed the other or cast an aspersion, and it was all very magnanimous and superior and impenetrable and exasperating. With all this Grace had a suspicion that Biddy knew something more, that for Biddy the tormenting curtain had been lifted.

Biddy came and went, in these days, with a perceptible air of detachment from the tribulations of home. It made

her, fortunately, very pretty — still prettier than usual; it sometimes happened that at moments when Grace was most angry she had a faint, sweet smile which might have been drawn from a source of private consolation. It was perhaps in some degree connected with Peter Sherringham's visit, as to which the girl was not silent. When Grace asked her if she had secret information, and if it pointed to the idea that everything would be all right in the end, she pretended to know nothing (What should she know? she asked, with the loveliest candor), and begged her sister not to let Lady Agnes believe that she was any better off than they. She contributed nothing to their gropings toward the light save a better patience than theirs, but she went with noticeable regularity, on the pretext of her foolish modeling, to Rosedale Road. She was frankly on Nick's side; not going so far as to say he had been right, but saying distinctly that she was sure that, whatever had happened, he could n't help it. This was striking, because, as Grace knew, the younger of the sisters had been much favored by Julia and would not have sacrificed her easily. It associated itself, in the irritated mind of the elder, with Biddy's frequent visits to the studio, and made Miss Dormer ask herself whether the crisis in Nick's and Julia's business had not, somehow, been linked to that unnatural spot.

She had gone there two or three times, while Biddy was working, to pick up any clue to the mystery that might peep out. But she had put her hand upon nothing, save once on the personality of Gabriel Nash. She found this strange creature, to her surprise, paying a visit to her sister — he had come for Nick, who was absent; she remembered how they had met him in Paris and how he had frightened her. When she asked Biddy, afterwards, how she could receive him that way, Biddy replied that even she, Grace, would have some

charity for him if she could hear how fond he was of poor Nick. He talked to her only of Nick — of nothing else. Grace observed how she spoke of Nick as injured, and noted the implication that some one else had ceased to be fond of him and was thereby condemned in Biddy's eyes. It seemed to Grace that some one else had at least a right not to like some of his friends. The studio struck her as mean and horrid: and so far from suggesting to her that it could have played a part in making Nick and Julia fall out, she only felt how little its dusty want of consequence could count, one way or the other, for Julia. Grace, who had opinions on art, saw no merit whatever in those "impressions," on canvas, from Nick's hand, with which the place was bestrewn. She did n't wish her brother to have talent in that direction; yet it was secretly humiliating to her that he had not more.

Nick felt a pang of almost horrified penitence, in the little room on the right of the hall, the moment after he had made his mother really understand that he had thrown up his seat, that it would probably be in the evening papers. That she would take it badly was an idea that had pressed upon him hard enough; but she took it even worse than he had feared. He measured, in the look that she gave him when the full truth loomed upon her, the mortal cruelty of her discomfiture; her face was like that of a passenger on a ship who sees the huge bows of another vessel towering close, out of the fog. There are visions of dismay before which the best conscience recoils; and though Nick had made his choice on all the grounds, there were a few minutes in which he would gladly have admitted that his wisdom was a dark mistake. His heart was in his throat, he had gone too far; he had been ready to distress his mother — he had not been ready to destroy her.

Lady Agnes, I hasten to add, was
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not destroyed; she made, after her first drowning gasp, a tremendous scene of opposition, in the face of which Nick speedily fell back upon his intrenchments. She must know the worst, he had thought; so he told her everything, including the little story of the forfeiture of his "expectations" from Mr. Carteret. He showed her this time not only the face of the matter, but what lay below it; narrated briefly the incident, in his studio, which had led to Julia Dallow's deciding that she could n't, after all, put up with him. This was wholly new to Lady Agnes, she had had no clue to it, and he could instantly see how it made the case worse for her, adding a hideous positive to a hideous negative. He perceived, now, that, defeated and distracted as she had been by his rupture with Julia, she had still held to the faith that their engagement would come on again; believing evidently that he had a personal empire over the mistress of Harsh which would bring her back. Lady Agnes was forced to recognize that empire as precarious, to forswear the hope of a blessed renewal, from the moment it was a question of base infatuations on his own part. Nick confessed to an infatuation, but did his best to show her it was not base; that it was not (since Julia had had faith in his loyalty) for the person of the young lady who had been discovered posturing to him and whom he had seen but half a dozen times in his life. He endeavored to give his mother a notion of who this young lady was, and to remind her of the occasion, in Paris, when they all had seen her together. But Lady Agnes's mind and memory were a blank on the subject of Miss Miriam Rooth, and she wanted to know nothing about her: it was enough that she was the cause of their ruin, that she was mixed up with his unspeakable folly. Her ladyship needed to know nothing of Miss Rooth to allude to her as if it were

superfluous to give a definite name to the class to which she belonged.

But she gave a name to the group in which Nick had now taken his place, and it made him feel, after the lapse of years, like a small blamed, sorry boy again; for it was so far away he could scarcely remember it (besides there having been but a moment or two of that sort in his happy childhood), the time when his mother had slapped him and called him a little fool. He was a big fool now — a huge, immeasurable one; she repeated the term over and over, with high-pitched passion. The most painful thing in this painful hour was perhaps his glimpse of the strange feminine cynicism that lurked in her fine sense of injury. Where there was such a complexity of revolt it would have been difficult to pick out particular complaints; but Nick could see that, to Lady Agnes's imagination, he was most a fool for not having kept his relations with the actress, whatever they were, better from Julia's knowledge. He remained indeed freshly surprised at the ardor with which she had rested her hopes on Julia. Julia was certainly a combination — she was fascinating, she was a sort of leading woman, and she was rich; but after all (putting aside what she might be to a man in love with her), she was not the keystone of the universe. Yet the form in which the consequences of his apostasy appeared most to come home to Lady Agnes was the loss, for the Dormer family, of the advantages attached to the possession of Mrs. Dallow. The larger mortification would round itself later; for the hour the damning thing was that Nick had really made Julia a present of an unforgivable grievance. He had clinched their separation by his letter to his electors; and that, above all, was the wickedness of the letter. Julia would have got over the other woman, but she would never get over his becoming a nobody.

Lady Agnes challenged him upon this

low prospect exactly as if he had embraced it with the malignant purpose of making Julia's return impossible. She contradicted her premises and lost her way in her wrath. What had made him suddenly turn round if he had been in good faith before? He had never been in good faith — never, never; he had had from his earliest childhood the nastiest hankerings after a vulgar little daubing, trash-talking life; they were not in him, the grander, nobler aspirations — they never had been — and he had been anything but honest to lead her on, to lead them all on, to think he would do something; the fall and the shame would have been less for them if they had come earlier. Moreover, what need under heaven had he to tell Charles Carteret of his cruel folly on his very death-bed? — as if he might n't have let it all alone and accepted the benefit the old man was so delighted to confer. No wonder the old man would keep his money for his heirs, if that was the way Nick proposed to repay him; but where was the common sense, where was the common charity, where was the common decency, of tormenting him with such vile news in his last hours? Was he trying what he could invent that would break her heart, that would send her in sorrow down to her grave? Were n't they all miserable enough, and had n't he a ray of pity for his wretched sisters?

The relation of effect and cause, in regard to his sisters' wretchedness, was but dimly discernible to Nick, who, however, easily perceived that his mother genuinely considered that his action had disconnected them all, still more than she held they were already disconnected, from the good things of life. Julia was money, Mr. Carteret was money, and everything else was poverty. If these precious people had been primarily money for Nick, it was after all a gracious tribute to his distributive power to have taken for granted

that for the rest of the family too the difference would have been so great. For days, for weeks and months afterward, the little room on the right of the hall seemed to our young man to vibrate, as if the very walls and window-panes still suffered, with the most disagreeable ordeal he had ever been through.

XXXV.

That evening — the evening of his return from Beauclere — Nick was conscious of a keen desire to get away, to go abroad, to leave behind him the little chatter his resignation would be sure to produce in an age of publicity which never discriminated as to the quality of events. Then he felt it was better to stay, to see the business through on the spot. Besides, he would have to meet his constituents (would a parcel of cheese-eating burgesses ever have been “met” on so queer an occasion?), and when that was over the worst would be over. Nick had an idea that he knew in advance how it would feel to be pointed at as a person who had given up a considerable chance of eventual “office” to take likenesses at so much a head. He would n’t attempt, down at Harsh, to touch on the question of motive; for, given the nature of the public mind of Harsh, that would be a strain on his faculty of expression. But as regards the chaff of the political world and of society, he had an idea he should find chaff enough for answers. It was true that when his mother “chaffed” him, in her own effective way, he had felt rather flattened out; but then one’s mother might have a heavier hand than any one else.

He had not thrown up the House of Commons to amuse himself; he had thrown it up to work, to sit quietly down and bend over his task. If he should go abroad his mother might think he had some weak-minded view of join-

ing Julia Dallow and trying, with however little hope, to win her back — an illusion it would be singularly pernicious to encourage. His desire for Julia’s society had succumbed, for the present at any rate, to an irresistible interruption — he had become more and more conscious that they spoke a different language. Nick felt like a young man who has gone to the Rhineland to “get up” his German for an examination — committed to talk, to read, to dream, only in the new idiom. Now that he had taken his jump everything was simplified, at the same time that everything was pitched on a higher, more excited key; and he wondered how, in the absence of a common dialect, he had conversed, on the whole so happily, with Julia. Then he had after-tastes of understandings tolerably independent of words. He was excited, because every fresh responsibility is exciting, and there was no manner of doubt that he had accepted one. No one knew what it was but himself (Gabriel Nash scarcely counted — his whole attitude on the question of responsibility was so fantastic), and he would have to ask his dearest friends to take him on trust. Rather, he would ask nothing of any one, but would cultivate independence, mulishness, and gayety, and fix his thoughts on a bright, if distant, morrow. It was disagreeable to have to remember that his task would not be sweetened by a sense of heroism; for if it might be heroic to give up the muses for the strife of great affairs, no romantic glamour worth speaking of would ever gather round an Englishman who, in the prime of his strength, had given up great, or even small, affairs for the muses. Such an original might himself, privately, doggedly, regard certain phases of this inferior commerce as a great affair; but who would give him the benefit of that sort of confidence — except indeed a faithful, clever, excited little sister Biddy, if he should have the good luck to have one?

Biddy was in fact all ready for heroic flights, and eager to think she might fight the battle of the beautiful by her brother's side ; so that Nick had really to moderate her and to remind her that his actual job was not a crusade, with bugles and banners, but a gray, sedentary grind, whose charm was all at the core. You might have an emotion about it, and an emotion that would be a help, but this was not the sort of thing you could show—the end in view would seem ridiculously small for it. Nick asked Biddy how one could talk to people about the “responsibility” of what she would see him pottering at in his studio.

Nick therefore did n't talk any more than he was forced to, having moreover a sense that that side of the situation would be plentifully looked after by Gabriel Nash. He left the burden of explanation to others, meeting them on the ground of inexhaustible satire. He saw that he should live for months in a thick cloud of irony, not the finest air of the season, and he adopted the weapon to which a person whose use of tobacco is only occasional resorts when every one else produces a cigar—he puffed the perfunctory, defensive cigarette. He accepted the idea of a mystery in his behavior, and abounded so in that sense that his critics were themselves bewildered. Some of them felt that they got, as the phrase is, little out of him—he rose, in his good-humor, so much higher than the “rise” they had looked for—on his very first encounter with the world after his scrimmage with his mother. He went to a dinner-party (he had accepted the invitation many days before), having seen his resignation, in the form of a telegram from Harsh, announced in the evening papers. The people he found there had seen it as well, and the most imaginative of them wanted to know what he was going to do. Even the least imaginative asked if it were true he had changed his politics. He gave

different answers to different persons, but left most of them under the impression that he had remarkable conscientious scruples. This, however, was not a formidable occasion, for there happened to be no one present he was particularly fond of. There were old friends whom it would not be so easy to satisfy—Nick was almost sorry, for an hour, that he had so many old friends. If he had had more enemies the case would have been simpler; and he was fully aware that the hardest thing of all would be to be let off too easily. Then he would appear to himself to have been put on his generosity, and his deviation would wear its ugliest face.

When he left the place at which he had been dining he betook himself to Rosedale Road: he saw no reason why he should go down to the House, though he knew he had not done with that yet. He had a dread of behaving as if he supposed he should be expected to make a farewell speech, and was thankful his eminence was not of a nature to create, on such an occasion, a desire for his oratory. He had, in fact, nothing whatever to say in public—not a word, not a syllable. Though the hour was late, he found Gabriel Nash established in his studio, drawn thither by the fine exhilaration of having seen an evening paper. Trying it late, on the chance, he had been told by Nick's servant that Nick would sleep there that night, and he had come in to wait, he was so eager to congratulate him. Nick submitted with a good grace to his society—he was tired enough to go to bed, but he was restless too—in spite of feeling now, oddly enough, that Nash's congratulations could add little to his fortitude. He had felt a good deal, before, as if he were in Nash's hands; but now that he had made his final choice he seemed to himself to be altogether in his own. Gabriel was wonderful, but no Gabriel could assist him much henceforth.

Gabriel was indeed more wonderful

than ever, while he lolled on a divan and emitted a series of reflections which were even more ingenious than opportune. Nick walked up and down the room, and it might have been supposed from his manner that he was impatient for his visitor to withdraw. This idea would have been contradicted, however, by the fact that subsequently, after Nash had taken leave, he continued to perambulate. He had grown used to Nash — had a sense that he had heard all he had to say. That was one's penalty with persons whose main gift was for talk, however irrigating; talk engendered a sense of sameness much sooner than action. The things a man did were necessarily more different from each other than the things he said, even if he went in for surprising you. Nick felt Nash could never surprise him any more save by doing something.

He talked of his host's future, he talked of Miriam Rooth and of Peter Sherringham, whom he had seen at Miriam Rooth's and whom he described as in a predicament delightful to behold. Nick asked a question or two about Peter's predicament, and learned, rather to his disappointment, that it consisted only of the fact that he was in love with Miss Rooth. He requested his visitor to do better than this; whereupon Nash added the touch that Sherringham would n't be able to have her. "Oh, they have ideas!" he said, when Nick asked him why.

"What ideas? So has he, I suppose."

"Yes, but they are not the same."

"Oh well, they'll arrange something," said Nick.

"You'll have to help them a bit. She's in love with another man," Nash returned.

"Do you mean with you?"

"Oh, I'm never another man," said Nash; "I'm more the wrong one than the man himself. It's you she's after." And upon Nick's asking him what he meant by this he added, "While you

were engaged in transferring her image to your sensorium, you stamped your own upon hers."

Nick stopped in his walk, staring. "Ah, what a bore!"

"A bore? Don't you think she's agreeable?"

Nick hesitated. "I wanted to go on with her — now I can't."

"My dear fellow, it only makes her handsomer: I wondered what was the matter with her."

"Oh, that's twaddle," said Nick, turning away. "Besides, has she told you?"

"No, but her mother has."

"Has she told her mother?"

"Mrs. Rooth says not. But I have known Mrs. Rooth to say that which is n't."

"Apply that rule, then, to the information you speak of."

"Well, since you press me, I know more," said Nash. "Miriam knows you are engaged to a certain lady; she told me as much, told me she had seen her here. That was enough to set Miriam off — she likes forbidden fruit."

"I'm not engaged to any lady. I was, but we've altered our minds."

"Ah, what a pity!" sighed Nash.

"Mephistopheles!" Nick rejoined, stopping again and looking at his visitor gravely.

"Pray, whom do you call Margaret? May I ask if your failure of interest in the political situation is the cause of this change in your personal one?" Nash went on. Nick signified to him that he might not; whereupon Gabriel added: "I am not in the least devilish — I only mean it's a pity you've altered your minds, because now perhaps Miriam will alter hers. She goes from one thing to another. However, I won't tell her."

"I will, then," said Nick, between jest and earnest.

"Would that really be prudent?" Nash asked, with an intonation that made hilarity prevail.

"At any rate," Nick resumed, "nothing would induce me to interfere with Peter Sherringham. That sounds fatuous, but to you I don't mind appearing an ass."

"The thing would be to get Sherringham — out of spite — to entangle himself with another woman."

"What good would that do?"

"Oh, Miriam would begin to fancy him then."

"Spite surely is n't a conceivable motive — for a healthy man."

"Ah, Sherringham is n't a healthy man. He's too much in love."

"Then he won't care for another woman."

"He would try to, and that would produce its effect — its effect on Miriam."

"You talk like an American novel. Let him try, and God keep us all straight." Nick thought, in extreme silence, of his poor little Biddy, and hoped — he would have to see to it a little — that Peter would n't "try" on her. He changed the subject and, before Nash went away, took occasion to remark to him — the occasion was offered by some new allusion of the visitor's to the sport he hoped to extract from seeing Nick carry out everything to which he stood committed — that the great comedy would fall very flat, the great incident would pass unnoticed.

"Oh, if you'll simply do your part, I'll take care of the rest," said Nash.

"If you mean by doing my part working like a beaver, it's all right," Nick replied.

"Ah, you reprobate, you'll become a fashionable painter, a P. R. A.!" his companion groaned, getting up to go.

When he had gone Nick threw himself back on the cushions of the divan and, with his hands locked above his head, sat a long time lost in thought. He had sent his servant to bed; he was unmolested. He gazed before him into the gloom produced by the unheeded

burning out of the last candle. The vague outer light came in through the tall studio window, and the painted images, ranged about, looked confused in the dusk. If his mother had seen him she might have thought he was staring at his father's ghost.

XXXVI.

The night Peter Sherringham walked away from Balaklava Place with Gabriel Nash, the talk of the two men directed itself, as was natural under the circumstances, to the question of Miriam's future renown and the pace, as Nash called it, at which she would go. Critical spirits as they both were, and one of them as dissimulative in passion as the other was paradoxical in the absence of it, they yet took this renown for granted as completely as the simple-minded, a pair of hot spectators in the pit, might have done, and exchanged observations on the assumption that the only uncertain element would be the pace. This was a proof of general subjugation. Peter wished not to show, but he wished to know; and in the restlessnesses of his anxiety he was ready even to risk exposure, great as the sacrifice might be of the imperturbable, urbane skepticism most appropriate to a secretary of embassy. He was unable to rid himself of the sense that Gabriel Nash had got up earlier than he, had had opportunities in days already distant, the days of Mrs. Rooth's hungry foreign rambles. Something of authority stuck to him from this, and it made Sherringham still more uncomfortable when he was most conscious that, at the best, even the trained diplomatic mind would never get a grasp of Miriam as a whole. She was constructed to revolve like the terrestrial globe; some part or other of her was always out of sight or in shadow.

Sherringham talked to conceal his

feelings, and, like every man doing a thing from that sort of intention, did it perhaps too much. They agreed that, putting strange accidents aside, Miriam would go further than any one had gone, in England at least, and within the memory of man; and that it was a pity, as regards marking the comparison, that for so long no one had gone any distance worth speaking of. They further agreed that it would naturally seem absurd to any one who didn't know, their prophesying such big things on such small evidence; and they agreed lastly that the absurdity quite vanished as soon as the prophets knew as they knew. Their knowledge (they quite recognized this) was simply confidence raised to a high point — the communication of the girl's own confidence. The conditions were enormously to make, but it was of the very essence of Miriam's confidence that she would make them. The parts, the plays, the theatres, the "support," the audiences, the critics, the money, were all to be found, but she cast a spell which prevented that from seeming a serious hitch. One might not see from one day to the other what she would do nor how she would do it, but she would none the less go on. She would have to construct her own road, as it were, but at the worst there would only be delays in putting it down. These delays would depend on the hardness of the stones she had to break.

As Sherringham had perceived, you never knew where to "have" Gabriel Nash; a truth exemplified in his unexpected delight at the prospect of Miriam's drawing forth the modernness of the age. You might have thought he would loathe that modernness; but he had a brilliant, amused, amusing vision of it — saw it as something huge and fantastically vulgar. Its vulgarity would rise to the grand style, like that of a London railway station, and Miriam's publicity would be as big as the globe itself. All the machinery was ready,

the platform laid; the facilities, the wires and bells and trumpets, the colossal, deafening newspaperism of the period — its most distinctive sign — were waiting for her, their predestined mistress, to press her foot on the spring and set them all in motion. Gabriel brushed in a large bright picture of her progress through the time and round the world, round it and round it again, from continent to continent and clime to clime; with populations and deputations, reporters and photographers, placards and interviews and banquets, steamers, railways, dollars, diamonds, speeches, and artistic ruin, all jumbled into her train. Regardless of expense the spectacle would be and thrilling, though somewhat monotonous the drama — a drama more bustling than any she would put on the stage, and a spectacle that would beat everything for scenery. In the end her divine voice would crack, screaming to foreign ears and antipodal barbarians, and her clever manner would lose all quality, simplified to a few unmistakable knock-down dodges. Then she would be at the fine climax of life and glory, still young and insatiate, but already coarse, hard and raddled, with nothing left to do and nothing left to do it with, the remaining years all before her and the *raison d'être* all behind. It would be curious and magnificent and grotesque.

"Oh, she'll have some good years — they'll be worth having," Sherringham insisted, as they went. "Besides, you see her too much as a humbug and too little as an artist. She has ideas — great ones; she loves the thing for itself. That may keep a woman serious."

"Her greatest idea must always be to show herself; and fortunately she has a splendid self to show. I think of her as the artist completely, but the artist whose art is her own person. No 'person,' even as fine a one as hers, will stand that for more than an hour, so that humbuggery has very soon to lend

a hand. However," Nash continued, "if she's a fine humbug it will do as well, and perfectly suit the time. We can all be saved by vulgarity; that's the solvent of all difficulties and the blessing of this delightful age. Let no man despair; a new hope has dawned."

"She'll do her work like any other worker, with the advantage over many that her talent is rare," Peter replied. "Compared with the life of many women, that's security and sanity of the highest order. Then she can't help her beauty. You can't vulgarize that."

"Oh, can't you?" exclaimed Gabriel Nash.

"It will abide with her till the day of her death. It isn't a mere superficial freshness. She's very noble."

"Yes, that's the pity of it," said Nash. "She's a capital girl, and I quite admit that she'll do, for a while, a lot of good. She will have brightened up the world for a great many people; she will have brought the ideal nearer to them, held it fast, for an hour, with its feet on earth and its great wings trembling. That's always something, for blessed is he who has dropped even the smallest coin into the little iron box that contains the precious savings of mankind. Miriam will doubtless have dropped a big gold piece. It will be found, in the general division, on the day the race goes bankrupt. And then, for herself, she will have had a great go at life."

"Oh, yes, she'll have got out of her hole; she won't have vegetated," said Sherringham. "That makes her touching to me; it adds to the many good reasons for which one may want to help her. She's tackling a big job, and tackling it by herself; throwing herself upon the world, in good faith, and dealing with it as she can; meeting alone, in her youth and her beauty, and I think I may add in her generosity, all the embarrassments of notoriety and all the difficulties of a profession of which,

if one half is what's called brilliant, the other half is odious."

"She has great courage, but should you speak of her as solitary, with such a lot of us all round her?" Gabriel asked.

"She's a great thing for you and me, but we're a small thing for her."

"Well, a good many small things may make up a considerable one," Nash returned. "There must always be the man; he's the indispensable element in such a life, and he'll be the last thing she'll ever want for."

"What man are you talking about?" Sherringham asked, rather confusedly.

"The man of the hour, whoever he is. She'll inspire innumerable devotions."

"Of course she will, and they will be precisely a part of the insufferable side of her life."

"Insufferable to whom?" Nash inquired. "Don't forget that the insufferable side of her life will be just the side she'll thrive on. You can't eat your cake and have it, and you can't make omelettes without breaking eggs. You can't at once sit by the fire and fly about the world, and you can't go round and round the globe without having adventures. You can't be a great actress without quivering nerves. If you have n't them, you will only be a small one. If you have them, your friends will be pretty sure to hear of them. Your nerves and your adventures, your eggs and your cake, are part of the cost of the most expensive of professions. If you do your business at all you should do it handsomely, so that the costs may run up tremendously. You play with human passions, with exaltations and ecstasies and terrors, and if you trade on the fury of the elements you must know how to ride the storm."

"Those are the fine old common-places about the artistic temperament, but I usually find the artist a very

meek, decent little person," said Sherringham.

"You never find the artist — you only find his work, and that's all you need to find. When the artist is a woman, and the woman is an actress, meekness and decency will doubtless be there in the right proportions," Nash went on. "Miriam will represent them for you, if you give her her starting-point, with the utmost charm."

"Of course she'll have devotions — that's all right," said Sherringham, impatiently.

"And — don't you see? — they'll mitigate her solitude, they'll even enliven it," Nash remarked.

"She'll probably box a good many ears: that'll be lively," Peter rejoined, with some grimness.

"Oh, magnificent! it will be a merry life. Yet with its tragic passages, its distracted or its pathetic hours," Nash continued. "In short, a little of everything."

The two men walked on without further speech, till at last Sherringham said, "The best thing for a woman in her situation is to marry some good fellow."

"Oh, I dare say she'll do that too!" Nash laughed; a remark in consequence of which Peter again lapsed into silence. Gabriel left him to enjoy his silence for some minutes; after which he added, "There's a good fellow she'd marry to-morrow."

Peter hesitated. "Do you mean her friend Dashwood?"

"No, no, I mean Nick Dormer."

"She'd marry him?" Sherringham asked.

"I mean her head's full of him. But she'll hardly get the chance."

"Does she like him so much as that?" Sherringham went on.

"I don't know quite how much you mean, but enough for all practical ends."

"Marrying a fashionable actress — that's hardly a practical end."

"Certainly not, but I'm not speaking from his point of view. Moreover, I thought you just now said it would be such a good thing for her."

"To marry Nick Dormer?"

"You said a good fellow, and he's the very best."

"I was n't thinking of the man, but of the marriage. It would protect her, make things safe and comfortable for her, and keep a lot of cads and blackguards away."

"She ought to marry the prompter or the box-keeper," said Nash. "Then it would be all right. I think, indeed, they generally do, don't they?"

Sherringham felt for a moment a strong disposition to drop his companion on the spot — to cross to the other side of the street and walk away without him. But there was a different impulse which struggled with this one and, after a minute, overcame it — the impulse which led to his saying presently, "Has she told you that — that she's in love with Nick?"

"No, no — that's not the way I know it."

"Has Nick told you, then?"

"On the contrary, I've told him."

"You have rendered him a questionable service if you have no proof," said Peter.

"My proof is only that I've seen her with him. She's charming, poor thing."

"But surely she is n't in love with every man she's charming to."

"I mean she's charming to me," Nash replied. "I see her that way. But judge for yourself — the first time you get a chance."

"When shall I get a chance? Nick does n't come near her."

"Oh, he'll come, he'll come; his picture is n't finished."

"You mean *he* 'll be the box-keeper, then?"

"My dear fellow, I shall never allow it," said Gabriel Nash. "It would be

idiotic and quite unnecessary. He's beautifully arranged, in quite a different line. Fancy his taking that sort of job on his hands! Besides, she would never expect it; she's not such a goose. They are very good friends — it will go on that way. She's an excellent sort of woman for him to know; she'll give him lots of ideas of the plastic kind. He would have been up there before this, but he has been absorbed in this delightful squabble with his constituents. That, of course, is pure amusement; but when once it's well launched he'll get back to business, and his business will be a very different matter from Miriam's. Imagine him writing her advertisements, living on her money, adding up her profits, having rows and recriminations with her agent, carrying her shawl, spending his days in her rouge-pot. The right man for that, if she must have one, will turn up. '*Pour le mariage, non.*' Miriam isn't an idiot; she really, for a woman, quite sees things as they are."

As Sherringham had not crossed the street and left Gabriel planted, he was obliged to brave the torment of this suggestive flow. But desecrating, in the dusky vista of the Edgware Road, a vague and vigilant hansom, he waved his stick with eagerness and with the abrupt declaration that he was tired, must drive the rest of the way. He offered Nash, as he entered the vehicle, no seat, but this coldness was not reflected in the lucidity with which that master of every subject went on to affirm that there was, of course, a danger, — the danger that, in given circumstances, Miriam would leave the stage.

"Leave it, you mean, for some man?"

"For the man we are talking about."

"For Nick Dormer?" Peter asked, from his place in the cab, his paleness lighted by its lamps.

"If he should make it a condition. But why should he — why should he make *any* conditions? He's not an ass,

either. You see it would be a bore," Nash continued, while the hansom waited, "because if she were to do anything of that sort she would make him pay for the sacrifice."

"Oh, yes, she'd make him pay for the sacrifice," Sherringham repeated.

"And then, when he had paid, she'd go back to her footlights," Gabriel added, explicatively, from the curbstone, as Sherringham closed the apron of the cab.

"I see — she'd go back — good-night," Peter replied. "*Please go on!*" he cried to the driver through the hole in the roof. And when the vehicle rolled away, he subjoined, to himself, "Of course she would — and quite right!"

XXXVII.

"Judge for yourself when you get a chance," Nash had said; and as it turned out Sherringham was able to judge two days later, for he found his cousin in Balaklava Road on the Tuesday following his walk with Gabriel. He had not only stayed away from the theatre on the Monday evening (he regarded this as an exploit of some importance), but had not been near Miriam during the day. He had meant to absent himself from her company on Tuesday as well; a determination confirmed by the fact that the afternoon turned out wet. But when, at ten minutes to five o'clock, he jumped into a hansom and directed its course to St. John's Wood, it was precisely upon the weather that he shifted the responsibility of his behavior.

Miriam had dined when he reached the villa, but she was lying down — she was tired — before going to the theatre. Mrs. Rooth was, however, in the drawing-room with three gentlemen, in two of whom the fourth visitor was not startled to recognize Basil Dashwood and Gabriel Nash. Dashwood appeared to

have become Miriam's brother-in-arms very much as Mrs. Rooth was her mother; it had come to Sherringham's knowledge the last time he was in Balaklava Road that the young actor had finally moved his lodgings into the quarter, becoming a near neighbor for all sorts of convenience. "Hang his convenience!" Peter said to himself, perceiving that Dashwood was now altogether one of the family. Oh, the family — it was a queer one to be connected with; that consciousness was acute in Sherringham's breast to-day as he entered Mrs. Rooth's little circle. The room was filled with cigarette-smoke and there was a messy coffee-service on the piano, whose keys Basil Dashwood lightly touched for his own diversion. Nash, addressing the room, of course, was at one end of a little sofa, with his nose in the air, and Nick Dormer was at the other end, seated much at his ease, with a certain privileged appearance of having been there often before, though Sherringham knew he had not. He looked uncritical and very young, as rosy as a school-boy on a half holiday. It was past five o'clock in the day, but Mrs. Rooth was not dressed; there was, however, no want of finish in her elegant attitude — the same relaxed grandeur (she seemed to let you understand) for which she used to be distinguished at Castle Nugent when the house was full. She toyed incongruously, in her unbuttoned wrapper, with a large tinsel fan which resembled a theatrical property.

It was one of the discomforts of Sherringham's situation that many of those minor matters which are, superficially at least, most characteristic of the histrionic life had power to displease him, so that he was obliged to make the effort of indulgence. He disliked besmoked drawing-rooms and irregular meals and untidy arrangements; he could suffer from the vulgarity of Mrs. Rooth's apartments, the importunate

photographs (they gave on his nerves), the barbarous absence of signs of an orderly domestic life, the odd volumes from the circulating library (you could see what they were — the very covers told you — at a glance) tumbled about with cups or glasses on them. He had not waited till now to make the reflection that it was a strange thing fate should have goaded *him* into that sort of contact; but, as he stood before Mrs. Rooth and her companions, he made it, perhaps, more pointedly than ever. Her companions, somehow, who were not responsible, did n't keep him from making it; which was particularly odd, as they were not, superficially, in the least of Bohemian type. Almost the first thing that struck him, as it happened, in coming into the room, was the essential good looks of his cousin, who was a gentleman to the eye in a different degree from the high-collared Dashwood. Peter did n't hate him for being such a pleasant young Englishman; his consciousness was traversed rather by a fresh wave of annoyance at Julia's failure to get on with him on that ample basis.

It was Sherringham's first encounter with Nick since his arrival in London; they had been, on one side and the other, so much taken up with their own affairs. Since their last meeting Nick had, as we know, to his kinsman's perception, really taken on a new character; he had done a fine stroke of business in a quiet way. This made him a figure to be counted with, and in just the sense in which Peter desired least to count with him. Poor Sherringham, after his somersault in the blue, was much troubled these last days; he was ravaged by contending passions; he paid, every hour, in a torment of unrest, for what was false in his position, the impossibility of being consistent, the opposition of interest and desire. Nick, his junior, and a lighter weight, had settled *his* problem and showed no

wounds; there was something impertinent and mystifying in it. He looked too innocently young and happy there, and too careless and modest and amateurish for a rival or for the genius that he was apparently going to try to be — the genius that, the other day, in the studio with Biddy, Peter had got a startled glimpse of his capacity for being. Sherringham would have liked to feel that he had grounds of resentment, that Julia had been badly treated, or that Nick was fatuous, for in that case he might have regarded him as offensive. But where was the offense of his merely being liked by a woman in respect to whom Peter had definitely denied himself the luxury of pretensions, especially if the offender had taken no action in the matter? It could scarcely be called culpable action to call, casually, on an afternoon when the lady was invisible. Peter, at any rate, was distinctly glad Miriam was invisible; and he proposed to himself to suggest to Nick, after a little, that they should adjourn together — they had such interesting things to talk about. Meanwhile, Nick greeted him with genial, usual tones and candid, friendly eyes, in which he could read neither confusion nor defiance. Sherringham was reassured against a danger he believed he did n't recognize and puzzled by a mystery he flattered himself he did n't mind. And he was still more ashamed of being reassured than of being puzzled.

It must be recorded that Miriam remained invisible only a few minutes longer. Nick, as Sherringham gathered, had been about a quarter of an hour in the house, which would have given the girl, aroused from her repose, about time to array herself to come down to him. At all events she was in the room, prepared, apparently, to go to the theatre, very shortly after Sherringham had become sensible of how glad he was she was out of it. Familiarity had never yet cured him of a certain tremor

of expectation, and even of suspense, in regard to her entrances; a flutter caused by the simple circumstance of her infinite variety. To say she was always acting suggests too much that she was often fatiguing; for her changing face affected this particular admirer, at least, not as a series of masks, but as a response to perceived differences, an intensity of sensibility, or still more as something cleverly constructive, like the shifting of the scene in a play or a room with many windows. Her incarnations were incalculable, but if her present denied her past and declined responsibility for her future, it made a good thing of the hour and kept the actual very actual. This time the actual was a bright, gentle, graceful, smiling young woman in a new dress, eager to go out, drawing on fresh gloves, who looked as if she were about to step into a carriage and (it was Gabriel Nash who thus formulated her physiognomy) do a lot of London things.

The young woman had time to spare, however, and she sat down and talked and laughed, and presently gave, as it seemed to Sherringham, a finer character to the tawdry little room. It was honorable enough if it belonged to her. She described herself as in a state of nervous bewilderment — exhausted, stupefied, blinded, with the rehearsals of the forthcoming piece (the first night was close at hand, and it was going to be *d'un mauvais* — they would all see!), but there was no correspondence between this account of the matter and her present kindly gayety. She sent her mother away — to “put on some clothes or something” — and, left alone with the visitors, went to a long glass between the windows, talking always to Nick Dormer, and revised and rearranged, a little, her own attire. She talked to Nick, over her shoulder, and to Nick only, as if he were the guest to recognize and the others did n't count. She broke out, immediately, about his having thrown

up his seat, wished to know if the strange story told her by Mr. Nash were true — that he had knocked all the hopes of his party into pie.

Nick took it in this way and gave a jocular picture of his party's ruin, the critical condition of public affairs: evidently, as yet, he remained inaccessible to shame or repentance. Sherringham, before Miriam's entrance, had not, in shaking hands with Nick, made even a roundabout allusion to his odd "game;" there seemed a sort of muddled good taste in being silent about it. He winced a little on seeing how his scruples had been wasted, and was struck with the fine, jocose, direct turn of his kinsman's conversation with the young actress. It was a part of her unexpectedness that she took just the inartistic view of Nick's behavior; declared frankly, though without ill-nature, that she had no patience with his folly. She was horribly disappointed — she had set her heart on his being a great statesman, one of the rulers of the people and the glories of England. What was so useful, what was so noble? — how it belittled everything else! She had expected him to wear a cordon and a star some day (and to get them very soon), and to come and see her in her *loge*: it would look so well. She talked like a lovely Philistine, except, perhaps, when she expressed surprise at hearing — she heard it from Gabriel Nash — that in England gentlemen accoutred with those emblems of their sovereign's esteem did n't so far forget themselves as to stray into the dressing-rooms of actresses. She admitted, after a moment, that they were quite right — the dressing-rooms of actresses were nasty places; but she was sorry, for that was the sort of thing she had always figured, in a corner — a distinguished man, slightly bald, in evening dress, with orders, admiring the smallness of a satin shoe and saying witty things. Gabriel Nash was convulsed with hilarity at this — such

a vision of the British political hero. Coming back from the glass and making him give her his place on the sofa, she seated herself near Nick and continued to express her regret at his perversity.

"They all say that — all the charming women, but I should n't have looked for it from you," Nick replied. "I've given you such an example of what I can do in another line."

"Do you mean my portrait? Oh, I've got it, with your name, and 'M. P.' in the corner, and that's precisely why I'm content. 'M. P.' in the corner of a picture is delightful, but I want to break the mould: I don't in the least insist on your giving specimens to others. And the artistic life, when you can lead another — if you have any alternative, however modest — is a very poor business. It comes last, in dignity — after everything else. Ain't I up to my eyes in it, and don't I know?"

"You talk like my broken-hearted mother," said Nick.

"Does she hate it so intensely?"

"She has the darkest ideas about it — the wildest theories. I can't imagine where she gets them; partly, I think, from a general conviction that the 'æsthetic' — a horrible insidious foreign disease — is eating the healthy core out of English life (dear old English life!), and partly from the charming drawings in Punch and the clever satirical articles, pointing at mysterious depths of contamination, in the other weekly papers. She believes there's a dreadful coterie of dangerously clever and desperately refined people, who wear a kind of loose, faded uniform and worship only beauty — which is a fearful thing — that Nash has introduced me to it, that I now spend all my time in it, and that, for its sweet sake, I have repudiated the most sacred engagements. Poor Nash, who, so far as I can make out, is n't in any sort of society, however bad!"

"But I'm dangerously clever," Nash

interposed, "and though I can't afford the uniform (I believe you get it best somewhere in South Audley Street), I do worship beauty. I really think it's I the weekly papers mean."

"Oh, I've read the articles — I know the sort!" said Basil Dashwood.

Miriam looked at him. "Go and see if the brougham is there — I ordered it early."

Dashwood, without moving, consulted his watch. "It is n't time yet — I know more about the brougham than you. I've made a rattling good arrangement for her — it really costs her nothing," the young actor continued confidentially to Sherringham, near whom he had placed himself.

"Your mother is quite right to be broken-hearted," Miriam declared, "and I can imagine exactly what she has been through. I should like to talk with her — I should like to see her." Nick broke into ringing laughter, reminding her that she had talked to him, while she sat for her portrait, in directly the opposite sense, most suggestively and inspiringly; and Nash explained that she was studying the part of a Tory duchess and wished to take observations for it, to work herself into the character. Miriam might in fact have been a Tory duchess, as she sat with her head erect and her gloved hands folded, smiling with aristocratic dimness at Nick. She shook her head with stately sadness; she might have been representing Mary Stuart in Schiller's play. "I've changed since that. I want you to be the grandest thing there is — the counselor of kings."

Peter Sherringham wondered if, possibly, it were not since she had met his sister in Nick's studio that she had changed, if perhaps it had not occurred to her that it would give Julia the sense of being more effectually routed to know that the woman who had thrown the bomb was one who also tried to keep Nick in the straight path. This indeed

would involve an assumption that Julia might know, whereas it was perfectly possible that she might n't, and more than possible that if she should she would n't care. Miriam's essential fondness for trying different ways was always there as an adequate reason for any particular way; a truth which, however, sometimes only half prevented the particular way from being vexatious to Sherringham.

"Yet, after all, who is more æsthetic than you, and who goes in more for the beautiful?" Nick asked. "You are never so beautiful as when you pitch into it."

"Oh, I'm an inferior creature, of an inferior sex, and I have to earn my bread as I can. I'd give it all up in a moment, my odious trade — for an inducement."

"And pray what do you mean by an inducement?" Nick demanded.

"My dear fellow, she means you — if you'll give her a permanent engagement to sit for you!" exclaimed Gabriel Nash. "What singularly crude questions you ask!"

"I like the way she talks," Basil Dashwood broke in, "when I gave up the most brilliant prospects, of very much the same kind as Mr. Dormer's, expressly to go on the stage."

"You're an inferior creature too," said Miriam.

"Miss Rooth is very hard to satisfy," Sherringham observed. "A man of distinction, slightly bald, in evening dress, with orders, in the corner of her loge — she has such a personage ready made to her hand, and she does n't so much as look at him. Am I not an inducement? Have I not offered you a permanent engagement?"

"Your orders — where are your orders?" Miriam inquired, with a sweet smile, getting up.

"I shall be a minister next year, and an ambassador before you know it. Then I shall stick on everything that can be had."

"And they call *us* mountebanks!" cried the girl. "I've been so glad to see you again — do you want another sitting?" she went on, to Nick, as if to take leave of him.

"As many as you'll give me — I shall be grateful for all," Nick answered. "I should like to do you as you are at present. You are totally different from the woman I painted — you are wonderful."

"The Comic Muse!" laughed Miriam. "Well, you must wait till our first nights are over — I'm *sur les dents* till then. There's everything to do, and I have to do it all. That fellow's good for nothing — for nothing but domestic life," and she glanced at Basil Dashwood. "He has n't an idea — not one that you'd willingly tell of him, though he's rather useful for the stables. We've got stables now — or we try to look as if we had: Dashwood's ideas are *de cette force*. In ten days I shall have more time."

"The Comic Muse? Never, never," Sherringham protested. "You are not to go smirking through the age and down to posterity — I'd rather see you as Medusa, crowned with serpents. That's what you look like when you look best."

"That's consoling — when I've just bought a new bonnet! I forgot to tell you just now that when you are an ambassador you may propose anything you like," Miriam went on. "But excuse me if I make that condition. Seriously speaking, come to me glittering with orders and I shall probably succumb. I can't resist stars and garters. Only you must, as you say, have them all. I *don't* like to hear Mr. Dormer talk the slang of the studio — like that phrase just now: it's a fall to a lower state. However, when one is low one must crawl, and I'm crawling down to the Strand. Dashwood, see if mamma's ready. If she is n't, I decline to wait; you must bring her in a hansom. I'll

take Mr. Dormer in the brougham; I want to talk with Mr. Dormer; he must drive with me to the theatre. His situation is full of interest." Miriam led the way out of the room as she continued to chatter, and when she reached the house-door, with the four men in her train, the carriage had just drawn up at the garden-gate. It appeared that Mrs. Rooth was not ready, and the girl, in spite of a remonstrance from Nick, who had the sense of usurping the old lady's place, repeated her injunction that she should be brought on in a cab. Miriam's companions accompanied her to the gate, and she insisted upon Nick's taking his seat in the brougham and taking it first. Before she entered she put out her hand to Sherringham, and, looking up at him, held his own kindly. "Dear old master, are n't you coming to-night? I miss you when you are not there."

"Don't go — don't go — it's too much," Nash interposed.

"She *is* wonderful," said Basil Dashwood, regarding her admiringly; "she *has* gone into the rehearsals, tooth and nail. But nothing takes it out of her."

"Nothing puts it into you, my dear!" Miriam returned. Then she went on, to Sherringham: "You're the faithful one — you're the one I count on." He was not looking at her; his eyes traveled into the carriage, where they rested on Nick Dormer, established on the further seat, with his face turned away, toward the further window. He was the one, faithful or no, counted on or no, whom a charming woman had preferred to carry off, and there was a certain triumph for him in that fact; but it pleased Sherringham to imagine that his attitude was a little foolish. Miriam discovered something of this sort in Sherringham's eyes; for she exclaimed, abruptly, "Don't kill him — he does n't care for me." With this she passed into the carriage, which rolled away.

Sherringham stood watching it a moment, till he heard Basil Dashwood again

beside him. "You would n't believe what I make him do it for — a little fellow I know."

"Good-by; take good care of Mrs. Rooth," said Gabriel Nash, waving a cheerful farewell to the young actor. He gave a smiling survey of the heavens and remarked to Sherringham that the rain had stopped. Was he walking, was he driving, should they be going in the same direction? Sherringham cared little about his direction and had little account of it to give; he simply moved away in silence, with Gabriel at his side. Gabriel was partly an affliction to him; indeed, the fact that he had assumed a baleful fascination made him only a deeper affliction. Sherringham, moreover, did him the justice to observe that he could hold his peace occasionally: he had, for instance, this afternoon,

taken little part in the conversation in Balaklava Place. Peter greatly disliked to talk to him of Miriam, but he liked Nash to talk of her, and he even liked him to say such things as he might contradict. He was not, however, moved to contradict an assertion dropped by his companion, disconnectedly, at the end of a few minutes, to the effect that she was after all the most good-natured creature alive. All the same, Nash added, it would n't do for her to take possession of an organization like Nick's; and he repeated that, for his part, he would never allow it. It would be on his conscience to interfere. To which Sherringham replied, disingenuously, that they might all do as they liked — it didn't matter a button to *him*. And with an effort to carry off that comedy, he changed the subject.

Henry James.

DECEMBER OUT-OF-DOORS.

"December's as pleasant as May."

Old Hymn.

FOR a month so almost universal spoken against, November commonly brings more than its full proportion of fair days; and last year (1888) this proportion was, I think, even greater than usual. On the 1st and 5th I heard the peeping of hylas; Sunday, the 4th, was enlivened by a farewell visitation of bluebirds; during the first week, at least four sorts of butterflies — Disippus, Philodice, Antiopa, and Comma — were on the wing, and a single Philodice (our common yellow butterfly) was flying as late as the 16th. Wild flowers of many kinds — not less than a hundred, certainly — were in bloom; among them the exquisite little pimpernel, or poor man's weather-glass. My daily notes are full of complimentary allusions to the weather. Once in a while it

rained, to be sure, and under date of the 6th I find this record, — "Everybody complaining of the heat;" but as terrestrial matters go, the month was remarkably propitious up to the 25th. Then, all without warning, — unless possibly from the pimpernel, which nobody heeded, — a violent snow-storm descended upon us. Railway travel and telegraphic communication were seriously interrupted, while from up and down the coast came stories of shipwreck and loss of life. Winter was here in earnest; for the next three months good walking days would be few.

December opened with a mild gray morning. The snow had already disappeared, leaving only the remains of a drift here and there in the lea of a stone-wall; the ground was saturated with water; every meadow was like a lake; and but for the greenness of the

fields in a few favored spots, the season might have been late March instead of early December. Of course such hours were never meant to be wasted within doors. So I started out, singing as I went, —

“While God invites, how blest the day!”

But the next morning was pleasant likewise; and the next; and still the next; and so the story went on, till in the end, omitting five days of greater or less inclemency, I had spent nearly the entire month in the open air. I could hardly have done better had I been in Florida.

All my neighbors pronounced this state of things highly exceptional; many were sure they had never known the like. At the time I fully agreed with them. Now, however, looking back over my previous year's notes, I come upon such entries as these: “December 3d. The day has been warm. Found chickweed and knawel in bloom, and an old garden was full of fresh-looking pansies.” “4th. A calm, warm morning.” “5th. Warm and rainy.” “6th. Mild and bright.” “7th. A most beautiful winter day, mild and calm.” “8th. Even milder and more beautiful than yesterday.” “11th. Weather very mild since last entry. Pickering hylas peeping to-day.” “12th. Still very warm; hylas peeping in several places.” “13th. Warm and bright.” “14th. If possible, a more beautiful day than yesterday.”

So much for December, 1887. Its unexpected good behavior would seem to have made a profound impression upon me; no doubt I promised never to forget it; yet twelve months later traditional notions had resumed their customary sway, and every pleasant morning took me by surprise.

The winter of 1888-89 will long be famous in the ornithological annals of New England as the winter of killdeer plovers. I have mentioned the great storm of November 25th-27th. On the

first pleasant morning afterwards — on the 28th, that is — my out-of-door comrade and I made an excursion to Nahant. The land-breeze had already beaten down the surf, and the turmoil of the waters was in great part stilled; but the beach was strewn with sea-weeds and eel-grass, and withal presented quite a holiday appearance. From one motive and another, a considerable proportion of the inhabitants of the city had turned out. The principal attraction, as far as we could perceive, was a certain big clam, of which great numbers had been cast up by the tide. Baskets and wagons were being filled; some of the men carried off shells and all, while others, with a celerity which must have been the result of much practice, were cutting out the plump dark bodies, leaving the shells in heaps upon the sand. The collectors of these molluscan dainties knew them as quahaugs, and esteemed them accordingly; but my companion, a connoisseur in such matters, pronounced them not the true quahaug (*Venus mercenaria*, — what a profanely ill-sorted name, even for a bivalve!), but the larger and coarser *Cyprina islandica*. The man to whom we imparted this precious bit of esoteric lore received it like a gentleman, if I cannot add like a scholar. “We call them quahaugs,” he answered, with an accent of polite deprecation, as if it were not in the least to be wondered at that he should be found in the wrong. It was evident, at the same time, that the question of a name did not strike him as of any vital consequence. *Venus mercenaria* or *Cyprina islandica*, the savoriness of the chowder was not likely to be seriously affected.

It was good, I thought, to see so many people out-of-doors. Most of them had employment in the shops, probably, and on grounds of simple economy, so called, would have been wiser to have stuck to their lasts. But man, after all that civilization has done for him (and against him), remains at heart a child

of nature. His ancestors may have been shoemakers for fifty generations, but none the less he feels an impulse now and then to quit his bench and go hunting, though it be only for a mess of clams.

Leaving the crowd, we kept on our way across the beach to Little Nahant, the cliffs of which offer an excellent position from which to sweep the bay in search of loons, old-squaws, and other sea-fowl. Here we presently met two gunners. They had been more successful than most of the sportsmen that one falls in with on such trips; between them they had a guillemot, two horned larks, and a brace of large plovers, of some species unknown to us, but noticeable for their bright cinnamon-colored rumps. "Why could n't *we* have found those plovers, instead of that fellow?" said my companion, as we crossed the second beach. I fear he was envious at the prosperity of the wicked. But it was only a passing cloud; for on reaching the main peninsula we were speedily arrested by loud cries from a piece of marsh, and after considerable wading and a clamber over a detestable barbed-wire fence, such as no rambler ever encountered without at least a temptation to profanity, we caught sight of a flock of about a dozen of the same unknown plovers. This was good fortune indeed. We had no firearms, nor even a pinch of salt, and coming shortly to a ditch, too wide for leaping and too deep for cold-weather fording, we were obliged to content ourselves with opera-glass inspection. Six of the birds were grouped in a little plot of grass, standing motionless, like so many robins. Their novelty and their striking appearance, with two conspicuous black bands across the breast, their loud cries, and their curious movements and attitudes were enough to drive a pair of enthusiasts half crazy. We looked and looked, and then reluctantly turned away. On getting home we had no difficulty in determining their identity, and each at once

sent off to the other the same verdict, — "killdeer plover."

This, as I say, was on the 28th of November. On the 3d of December we were again at Nahant, eating our luncheon upon the veranda of some rich man's deserted cottage, and at the same time enjoying the sunshine and the beautiful scene.

It was a summery spot; moths were flitting about us, and two grasshoppers leaped out of our way as we crossed the lawn. They showed something less than summer liveliness, it is true; it was only afterwards, and by way of contrast, that I recalled Leigh Hunt's

"Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,

Catching his heart up at the feel of June."

But they had done well, surely, to weather the recent snow-storm and the low temperature; for the mercury had been down to 10° within a fortnight, and a large snow-bank was still in sight against the wall. Suddenly a close flock of eight or ten birds flew past us and disappeared behind the hill. "Pigeons?" said my companion. I thought not; they were sea-birds of some kind. Soon we heard killdeer cries from the beach, and, looking up, saw the birds, three of them, alighting on the sand. We started down the hill in haste, but just at that moment an old woman, a miserable gatherer of drift rubbish, walked directly upon them, and they made off. Then we saw that our "pigeons," or "sea-birds," had been nothing but killdeer plovers, which, like other long-winged birds, look much larger in the air than when at rest. Returning towards Lynn, later in the afternoon, we came upon the same three birds again; this time feeding among the boulders at the end of the beach. We remarked once more their curious, silly-looking custom of standing stock-still with heads indrawn. But our own attitudes, as we also stood stock-still with glasses raised, may have looked, in their eyes, even more singular and meaningless. As we turned away — after

flushing them two or three times to get a view of their pretty cinnamon rump-feathers—a sportsman came up, and proved to be the very man on whose belt we had seen our first killdeers, a week before. We left him doing his best to bag these three also. He will never read what I write, and I need not scruple to confess that, seeing his approach, we purposely startled the birds as badly as possible, hoping to see them make off over the hill, out of harm's way. But the foolish creatures could not take the hint, and alighted again within a few rods, at the same time calling loudly enough to attract the attention of the gunner, who up to this moment had not been aware of their presence. He fired twice before we got out of sight, but, to judge from his motions, without success. A man's happiness is perhaps of more value than a plover's, though I do not see how we are to prove it; but my sympathies, then as always, were with the birds.

Within a week or so I received a letter from Mrs. Celia Thaxter, together with a wing, a foot, and one cinnamon feather. "By this wing which I send you," she began, "can you tell me the name of the bird that owned it?" Then, after some description of the plumage, she continued: "In the late tremendous tempest myriads of these birds settled on the Isles of Shoals, filling the air with a harsh, shrill, incessant cry, and not to be driven away by guns or any of man's inhospitable treatment. Their number was so great as to be amazing, and they had never been seen before by any of the present inhabitants of the Shoals. They are plovers of some kind, I should judge, but I do not know." On the 16th she wrote again: "All sorts of strange things were cast up by the storm, and the plovers were busy devour-

ing everything they could find; always running, chasing each other, very quarrelsome, fighting all the time. They were in poor condition, so lean that the men did not shoot them after the first day, a fact which gives your correspondent great satisfaction. They are still there! My brother came from the Shoals yesterday, and says that the place is alive with them, all the seven islands."

Similar facts were reported—as I began in one way and another to learn—from different points along the coast; especially from Cape Elizabeth, Maine, where hundreds of the birds were seen on the 28th and 29th of November. The reporter of this item¹ pertinently adds: "Such a flight of killdeer in Maine—where the bird is well known to be rare—has probably not occurred before within the memory of living sportsmen." Here, as at the Isles of Shoals, the visitors were at first easily shot (they are not counted among game birds where they are known, on account of their habitual leanness, I suppose); but they had landed upon inhospitable shores, and were not long in becoming aware of their misfortune. In the middle of December one of our Cambridge ornithologists went to Cape Cod on purpose to find them. He saw about sixty birds, but by this time they were so wild that he succeeded in getting only a single specimen. "Poor fellows!" he wrote me; "they looked unhappy enough, that cold Friday, with the mercury at 12° and everything frozen stiff. Most of them were on hillsides and in the hollows of pastures; a few were in the salt marshes, and one or two on the beach." Nobody expected them to remain hereabouts, as they normally winter in the West Indies and in Central and South America;² but every little

a long southward flight, or perhaps for the West Indies, on the evening of November 24th, and on getting out to sea were caught by the great gale, which whirled them northward over

¹ Mr. N. C. Brown, in the *Auk*, January, 1889, page 69.

² It seems probable that the birds started from some point in the Southern States for

while Mrs. Thaxter wrote, "The killdeer are still here!" and on the 21st of December, as I approached Marblehead Neck, I saw a bird skimming over the ice that covered the small pond back of the beach. I put up my glass and said to myself, "A killdeer plover!" There proved to be two birds. They would not suffer me within gunshot, — though I carried no gun, — but flew off into some ploughed ground, with their usual loud vociferations. (The killdeer is aptly named *Ægialitis vocifera*.)

During the month with the history of which we are now especially concerned, I saw nothing more of them; but by way of completing the story I may add that on the 28th of January, in this same spot, I found a flock of seven, and there they remained. I visited them four times in February and once in March, and found them invariably in the same place. Evidently they had no idea of making another attempt to reach the West Indies for *this* season; and if they were to remain in our latitude, they could hardly have selected a more desirable location. The marsh, or meadow, was sheltered and sunny, while the best protected corner was at the same time one of those peculiarly springy spots in which the grass keeps green the winter through. Here, then, these seven wayfarers stayed week after week. Whenever I stole up cautiously and peeped over the bank into their verdant hiding-place, I was sure to hear the familiar cry; and directly one bird, and then another, and another, would start up before me, disclosing the characteristic brown feathers of the lower back. They commonly assembled in the middle of the marsh upon the snow or ice, where they stood for a little, bobbing their heads in mutual conference, and then flew off over the house and over the orchard, calling as they flew.

the Atlantic, landing them — such of them, that is, as were not drowned on the way — upon the coast of New England. The grounds

Throughout December, and indeed throughout the winter, brown creepers and red-bellied nuthatches were surprisingly abundant. Every pine wood seemed to have its colony of them. Whether the extraordinary mildness of the season had anything to do with this I cannot say; but their presence was welcome, whatever the reason for it. Like the chickadee, with whom they have the good taste to be fond of associating, they are always busy and cheerful, appearing not to mind either snow-storm or low temperature. No reasonable observer would ever tax them with effeminacy, though the creeper, it must be owned, cannot speak without lisping.

Following my usual practice, I began a catalogue of the month's birds, and at the end of a fortnight discovered, to my astonishment, that the name of the downy woodpecker was missing. He had been common during November, and is well known as one of our familiar winter residents. I began forthwith to keep a sharp lookout for him, particularly whenever I went near any apple orchard. A little later, I actually commenced making excursions on purpose to find him. But the fates were against me, and go where I would, he was not there. At last I gave him up. Then, on the 27th, as I sat at my desk, a chickadee chirped outside. Of course I looked out to see him; and there, exploring the branches of an old apple-tree, directly under my window, was the black-and-white woodpecker for whom I had been searching in vain through five or six townships. The saucy fellow! He rapped smartly three or four times; then he straightened himself back, as woodpeckers do, and said: "Good-morning, sir! Where have you been so long? If you wish to see *me*, you had better stay at home." He might have spoken a little less pertly; for after all, if a

for such an opinion are set forth by Dr. Arthur P. Chadbourne in the Auk for July, 1889, page 255.

man would know what is going on, whether in summer or winter, he must not keep too much in his own door-yard. Of the thirty birds in my December list, I should have seen perhaps ten if I had sat all the time at my window, and possibly twice that number had I confined my walks within the limits of my own town.

While the migration is going on, to be sure, one may find birds in the most unexpected places. Last May I glanced up from my book and espied an olive-backed thrush in the back yard, foraging among the currant-bushes. Raising a window quietly, I whistled something like an imitation of his inimitable song; and the little traveler — always an easy dupe — pricked up his ears, and presently responded with a strain which carried me straight into the depths of a White Mountain forest. But in December, with some exceptions, of course, birds must be sought after rather than waited for. The 15th, for example, was a most uncomfortable day, — so uncomfortable that I stayed in-doors, — the mercury only two or three degrees above zero, and a strong wind blowing. Such weather would drive the birds under shelter. The next forenoon, therefore, I betook myself to a hill covered thickly with pines and cedars. Here I soon ran upon several robins, feeding upon the savin berries, and in a moment more was surprised by a *tseep* so loud and emphatic that I thought at once of a fox sparrow. Then I looked for a song sparrow, — badly startled, perhaps, — but found to my delight a white-throat. He was on the ground, but at my approach flew into a cedar. Here he drew in his head and sat perfectly still, the picture of discouragement. I could not blame him, but was glad, an hour later, to find him again on the ground, picking up his dinner. I leveled my glass at him and whistled his Peabody song (the simplest of all bird songs to imitate), but he moved not a feather.

Apparently he had never heard it before! He was still there in the afternoon, and I had hopes of his remaining through the winter; but I never could find him afterwards. Ten days prior to this I had gone to Longwood on a special hunt for this same sparrow, remembering a certain peculiarly cozy hollow where, six or eight years before, a little company of song sparrows and white-throats had passed a rather severe winter. The song sparrows were there again, as I had expected, but no white-throats. The song sparrows, by the way, treated me shabbily this season. A year ago several of them took up their quarters in a roadside garden patch, where I could look in upon them almost daily. This year there were none to be discovered anywhere in this neighborhood. They figure in my December list on four days only, and were found in four different towns, — Brookline (Longwood), Marblehead, Nahant, and Cohasset. Like some others of our land birds (notably the golden-winged woodpecker and the meadow lark), they seem to have learned that winter loses a little of its rigor along the sea-board.

Three kinds of land birds were met with at Nahant Beach, and nowhere else: the Ipswich sparrow, — on the 3d and 26th, — the snow bunting, and the horned lark. Of the last two species, — both of them rather common in November, — I saw but one individual each. They were feeding side by side, and, after a short separation, — under the fright into which my sudden appearance put them, — one called to the other, and they flew off in company towards Lynn. It was a pleasing display of sociability, but nothing new; for in winter, as every observer knows, birds not of a feather flock together. The Ipswich sparrow, a very retiring but not peculiarly timid creature, I have now seen at Nahant in every one of our six colder months, — from November to April, — though it is unquestionably rare upon the Massachu-

setts coast between the fall and spring migrations. Besides the species already named, my monthly list included the following: herring gull, great black-backed gull, ruffed grouse, hairy woodpecker, flicker, goldfinch, tree sparrow, snowbird, blue jay, crow, shrike, white-bellied nuthatch (only two or three birds), golden-crowned kinglet, and one small hawk.¹

The only birds that sang during the month — unless we include the red-bellied nuthatches, whose frequent quaint twitterings should, perhaps, come under this head — were the chickadees and a single robin. The former I have down as uttering their sweet phæbe whistle — which I take to be certainly their song, as distinguished from all their multifarious calls — on seven of the thirty-one days. They were more tuneful in January, and still more so in February; so that the titmouse, as becomes a creature so full of good humor and high spirits, may fairly be said to sing all winter long. The robin's music was a pleasure quite unexpected. I was out on Sunday, the 30th, for a few minutes' stroll before breakfast, when the obliging stranger (I had not seen a robin for a fortnight, and did not see another for nearly two months) broke into song from a hill-top covered with pitch-pines. He was in excellent voice, and sang again and again. The morning invited music, — warm and cloudless, like an unusually fine morning in early April.

For an entire week, indeed, the weather had seemed to be trying to outdo itself. I remember in particular the day before Christmas. I rose long before daylight, crossed the Mystic River marshes as the dawn was beginning to break, and shortly after sunrise was on my way down the South Shore. Leaving the cars at Cohasset, I sauntered

over the Jerusalem Road to Nantasket, spent a little while on the beach, and brought up at North Cohasset, where I was attracted by a lonesome-looking road running into the woods all by itself, with a guide-board marked "Turkey Hill." Why not accept the pleasing invitation, which seemed meant on purpose for just such an idle pedestrian as myself? As for Turkey Hill, I had never heard of it, and presumed it to be some uninteresting out-lying hamlet. My concern, as a saunterer's ought always to be, was with the road itself, not with what might lie at the end of it. I did not discover my mistake till I had gone half a mile, more or less, when the road all at once turned sharply to the right and commenced ascending. Then it dawned upon me that Turkey Hill must be no other than the long, gradual, grassy slope at which I had already been looking from the railway station. The prospect of sea and land was beautiful; all the more so, perhaps, because of a thick autumnal haze. It might be called excellent Christmas weather, I said to myself, when a naturally prudent man, no longer young, could sit perched upon a fence rail at the top of a hill, drinking in the beauties of the landscape.

At the station, after my descent, I met a young man of the neighborhood. "Do you know why they call that Turkey Hill?" said I. "No, sir, I don't," he answered. I suggested that probably somebody had killed a wild turkey up there at some time or other. He looked politely incredulous. "I don't *think* there are any wild turkeys up there," said he; "I never saw any." He was not more than twenty-five years old, and the last Massachusetts turkey was killed on Mount Tom in 1847, so that I had no doubt he spoke the truth. Prob-

¹ To this list Mr. Walter Faxon, my ornithological comrade before mentioned, added seven species, namely: white-winged scoter, barred owl, cowbird, purple finch, white-winged cross-

bill, fox sparrow, and winter wren. Between us, as far as land birds went, we did pretty well.

ably he took me for a simple-minded fellow, while I thought nothing worse of him than that he was one of those people, so numerous and at the same time so much to be pitied, who have never studied ornithology.

The 25th was warmer even than the 24th; and it, likewise, I spent upon the South Shore, though at a point somewhat farther inland, and in a town where I was not likely to lose myself, least of all in any out-of-the-way woodland road. In short, I spent Christmas on my native heath, — a not inappropriate word, by the bye, for a region so largely grown up to huckleberry bushes. "Holbrook's meadows" and "Norton pasture"! — the names are not to be found on any map, and will convey no meaning to my readers; but in my ears they awaken memories of many and many a sunny hour. On this holiday I revisited them both. Warm as it was, boys and girls were skating on the meadows (in spite of their name, these have been nothing but a pond for as long as I can remember), and I stood awhile by the old Ross cellar, watching their evolutions. How bright and cheery it was in the little sheltered clearing, with nothing in sight but the leafless woods and the ice-covered pond! "Sha'n't I take your coat?" the sun seemed to be asking. At my elbow stood a bunch of lilac bushes ("laylocks" they were probably called by the man who set them out¹) that had blossomed freely in the summer. The house has been gone for these thirty years or more (alas! my sun must be rapidly declining when memory casts so long a shadow), but these bushes seem likely to hold their own for at least a century. They might have prompted a wise man to some wise reflections; but for myself, it must be acknowledged, I fell instead to thinking how many half days I had fished — and caught nothing, or next to nothing —

along this same pleasant, willow-bordered shore.

In Norton pasture, an hour or two later, I made myself young again by putting a few checkerberries into my mouth; and in a small new clearing just over the brook ("Dyer's Run," this used to be called, but I fear the name is falling into forgetfulness) I stumbled upon a patch of some handsome evergreen shrub, which I saw at once to be a novelty. I took it for a member of the heath family, but it proved to belong with the hollies, — *Ilex glabra*, or inkberry, a plant not to be found in the county where it is my present lot to botanize. So, even on my native heath, I had discovered something new.

The flora of a Massachusetts December is of necessity limited. Even in the month under review, singularly favorable as it was, I found but sixteen sorts of wild blossoms; a small number, surely, though perhaps larger by sixteen than the average reader would have guessed. The names of these hardy adventurers must by no means go unrecorded: shepherd's purse, wild pepper-grass, pansy, common chickweed (*Stellaria media*), mouse-ear chickweed (*Cerastium viscosum*), knawel, common mallow, witch-hazel, cinque-foil (*Potentilla Norvegica*, — not *argentea*, as I should certainly have expected), many-flowered aster, cone-flower, yarrow, two kinds of groundsel, fall dandelion, and jointweed. Six of these — mallow, cinque-foil, aster, cone-flower, fall dandelion, and jointweed — were noticed only at Nahant; and it is further to be said that the jointweed was found by a friend, not by myself, while the cone-flower was not in strictness a blossom; that is to say, its rays were well opened, making what in common parlance is called a flower, but the true florets were not yet perfected. Such witch-hazel blossoms as can be gathered in December are of course

¹ So they were called, too, by that lover of flowers, Walter Savage Landor, who, as his bi-

ographer says, followed a pronunciation "traditional in many old English families."

nothing but belated specimens. I remarked a few on the 2d, and again on the 10th; and on the afternoon of Christmas, happening to look into a hamamelis-tree, I saw what looked like a flower near the top. The tree was too small for climbing and almost too large for bending, but I managed to get it down; and sure enough, the bit of yellow was indeed a perfectly fresh blossom. How did it know I was to pass that way on Christmas afternoon, and by what sort of freemasonry did it attract my attention? I loved it and left it on the stalk, in the true Emersonian spirit, and here I do my little best to embalm its memory.

One of the groundsels (*Senecio viscosus*) is a recent immigrant from Europe, but has been thoroughly established in the Back Bay lands of Boston — where I now found it, in perfect condition, December 4th — for at least half a dozen years. In Gray's Flora of North America it is said to grow there and in the vicinity of Providence; but since that account was written it has made its appearance in Lowell, and probably in other places. It is a coarse-looking little plant, delighting to grow in pure gravel; but its blossoms are pretty, and now, with not another flower of any sort near it, it looked, as the homely phrase is, "as handsome as a picture." Its more generally distributed congener, *Senecio vulgaris*, — also a foreigner — is, next to the common chickweed, I should say, our very hardiest bloomer. At the beginning of the month it was in flower in an old garden in Melrose; and at Marblehead Neck a considerable patch of it was fairly yellow with blossoms all through December and January, and I know not how much longer. I saw no shepherd's purse after December 27th, but knawel was in flower as late as January 18th. The golden-rods, it will be observed, are absent altogether from my list; and the same would have been true of the asters,

but for a single plant. This, curiously enough, still bore five heads of tolerably fresh blossoms, after all its numberless companions, growing upon the same hillside, had succumbed to the frost.

Of my sixteen plants, exactly one half are species that have been introduced from Europe; six are members of the composite family; and if we omit the cone-flower, all but three of the entire number are simple whites and yellows. Two red flowers, the clover and the pimpernel, disappointed my search; but the blue hepatica would almost certainly have been found, had it come in my way to look for it.

Prettier even than the flowers, however, was the December greenness, especially of the humbler sorts: St. John's wort, five-finger, the creeping blackberries, — whose modest winter loveliness was never half appreciated, — herb-robert, corydalis, partridge-berry, checker-berry, winter-green, rattlesnake-plantain, veronica, and linnæa, to say nothing of the ferns and mosses. Most refreshing of all, perhaps, was an occasional patch of bright green grass, like the one already spoken of, at Marblehead, or like one even brighter and prettier, which I visited more than once in Swampscott.

As I review what I have written, I am tempted to exclaim with Tennyson:

"And was the day of my delight
As pure and perfect as I say?"

But I answer, in all good conscience, yes. The motto with which I began states the truth somewhat strongly, perhaps (it must be remembered where I got it), but aside from that one bit of harmless borrowed hyperbole, I have delivered a plain, unvarnished tale. For all that, however, I do not expect my industrious fellow-citizens to fall in at once with my opinion that winter is a pleasant season at the seashore (it would be too bad they should, as far as my own enjoyment is concerned), and December a month propitious for leisurely all-day rambles. How foreign such notions are

to people in general I have lately had several forcible reminders. On one of my jaunts from Marblehead to Swampscott, for example, I had finally taken to the railway, and was in the narrow, tortuous cut through the ledges, when, looking back, I saw a young gentleman coming along after me. He was in full skating rig, fur cap and all, with a green bag in one hand and a big hockey stick in the other. I stopped every few minutes to listen for any bird that might chance to be in the woods on either hand, and he could not well avoid overtaking me, though he seemed little desirous of doing so. The spot was lonesome, and as he went by, and until he was some rods in advance, he kept his head partly turned. There was no mistaking the significance of that furtive, sidelong glance; he had read the newspapers, and did n't intend to be attacked from behind unawares! If he should ever cast his eye over these pages (and whatever he may have thought of my appearance, I am bound to say of him that

he looked like a man who might appreciate good literature), he will doubtless remember the incident, especially if I mention the field-glass which I carried slung over one shoulder. Evidently the world sees no reason why a man with anything better to do should be wandering aimlessly about the country in midwinter. Nor do I quarrel with the world's opinion. The majority is wiser than the minority, of course; otherwise, what becomes of its divine and inalienable right to lay down the law? The truth with me was that I *had* nothing better to do. I confess it without shame. Surely there is no lack of shoemakers. Why, then, should not here and there a man take up the business of walking, of wearing out shoes? Everything is related to everything else, and the self-same power that brought the kildeers to Marblehead sent me there to see them and do them honor. Should it please the gods to order it so, I shall gladly be kept running on such errands for a score or two of winters.

Bradford Torrey.

EURYALUS.

UPWARD we went by fields of asphodel,
Leaving Ortygia's moat-bound walls below;
By orchards, where the windflowers drifted snow
Lay lightly heaped upon the sun's hill-swell;
By gardens, whence upon the wayside fell
Jasmine and rose in April's coyeflow;
Till, winding up Epipolæ's white brow,
We reached at last the lonely citadel.

There, on the ruined ramparts dimly high,
We sat and dreamed among the browsing sheep,
Until we heard the trumpet's startled cry
Waking a clang of arms about the keep,
And seaward saw, with rapt foreboding eye,
The sails of Athens whiten on the deep.

Edith Wharton.

THE NIECES OF MAZARIN.

II.

OF Hortense Mancini, Duchesse de Mazarin, who was considered to be the most beautiful woman of her time in Europe, and whose lovers were innumerable, Sainte-Beuve thus speaks: "In spite of all that might have degraded her, she knew how always to maintain her dignity, and to win for herself what must be called (I know no other word) respect [*la considération*]. She owed it, undoubtedly, in part to the memory of her uncle, to her wealth, to her great connections, but also to her own character and attitude." This is so true that "The tongue that tells the story of her days Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise."

At the time of her marriage, when she was but eighteen, she already possessed an air of blended languor, dignity, and gayety that was universally fascinating. Two years previously, Charles II. of England, twenty years older than herself, immediately before his accession to power, had proposed to marry her, but Cardinal Mazarin seems to have eschewed kings for nephews-in-law. He said to la grande Mademoiselle, in urging on her an alliance with Charles: "It shall never be imputed to me to prefer my own interests to those of my master and of all who have the honor to belong to him, and I know well the difference there is between his family and mine. The King of England has proposed to me to marry my niece Hortense, but as long as there are cousins-german of the king to marry, it is not for him to think of my nieces; and he would have reason to repent if he made

such a mistake, and I if I should let him make it." As Mademoiselle says, "Il se faisoit assez justice en toutes choses."

The brother of the King of Portugal and the Duke of Savoy had also been suitors to the beautiful Hortense. The cardinal had still rejected these proposals, from one motive and another, and had alternately entertained and thrown aside other matrimonial connections of his own devising. It is not clear why he finally selected M. de la Meilleraye; all the less that the father, a man of high virtue, an intimate friend of the cardinal, dreaded for his son, already the possessor of great wealth, the immense mass of riches of all sorts which the cardinal bestowed on him, and by which, in fact, he was overwhelmed.

Saint-Simon, without knowing him personally, has painted a brilliant portrait of the singular character of the duke. It is too long to give in full here, though it loses in quality from the necessary omissions. "I have heard it said by his contemporaries that no one could have more intelligence or of a more agreeable kind; that he was the best company, and very well educated, magnificent, tasteful in all things, brave. . . . [But] piety, so adapted to strengthen good talents, poisoned, from the eccentricity of his mind, all those that he derived from nature and from fortune. He caused his wife to gad about the world in the most scandalous manner; he became ridiculous to society, insupportable to the king from the extravagant things he said to him regarding the life he led with his mistresses.¹ He withdrew to his estates, where he became the prey of

¹ There is a story told of him by Saint-Réal, which confirms Saint-Simon's expression "les visions qu'il fut lui raconter." He went one day to the king and informed him that the angel Gabriel had appeared to him and had

charged him to tell his Majesty to send away Madame de la Vallière. "He has also appeared to me," Louis answered, "and assured me that you are mad."

monks and the sanctimonious, who profited by his weaknesses and drained away his millions. He mutilated the most beautiful statues, defaced the rarest pictures [the works of art left him by the cardinal], arranged his domestics by lottery, so that the cook became his steward and the scrubber his secretary. In his eyes, chance pointed out the will of God. The castle of Mazarin, while he was living there, caught fire: every one else rushed to extinguish the flames; he rushed to drive away these rascals who were attempting to oppose the good pleasure of God. His greatest joy was when lawsuits were brought against him; for, if he lost, he ceased to possess something that did not belong to him; if he won, his conscience was at ease in retaining what had been demanded of him. He annoyed to the utmost the officials on his estates by the detail into which he entered and the absurdities that he wished them to execute."

The unhappy fortunes of this man, at once so estimable and so despicable, are well depicted by Saint-Evremond (the devoted friend, as an old man, of his wife): "If it were not for his marriage, so hateful for both parties, he would lead a happy life at La Trappe, or in some other holy and secluded society. Worldly interests have caused him to fall into the hands of the falsely devout of this day; of those spiritual hypocrites who lay secret snares for the kindness of simple and innocent souls, — souls that, in the spirit of a holy usury, ruin themselves in lending to people who promise a hundred per cent. interest in the other world." It is not to be wondered at that quarrels quickly arose between such a man and the brilliant Hortense; and the duchess was soon imprisoned, by royal authority, in first one convent and then another, partly in punishment of what were at least follies on her part, partly to protect her against her husband. When any attempt was made to reconcile her to him,

her gay answer was always, Madame de Sévigné says, the cry of the civil war, "Point de Mazarin, point de Mazarin!" Their relations together became a matter for legal decision in 1666, and it was while this decree was pending that the duchess made a first escape to Italy (1668), leaving Paris in man's attire, in a coach with six horses. Her husband, as soon as he learned her absence, rushed in misery to the king, whom he woke at three o'clock in the morning, to ask him to send in pursuit of Madame de Mazarin. Some humorous verses of the day depict the conversation as follows: —

"Ma pauvre femme, hélas! qu'est-elle devenue ?

— La chose, dit le roi, vous est-elle incon nue ?

L'ange qui vous dit tout, ne vous l'a-t-il pas dit ? "

After a tour from Milan through Venice and Siena, Hortense reached Rome, and there again became a denizen of convents. After a time she returned to Paris to attend to her affairs, and then back to Rome again; whence, again departing, in company with her sister, *la connétable*, she went with her, as we have seen, to Provence; but, separating from her there, she took up her abode in the dominions of her former *prétendant*, the Duke of Savoy, who, it is said, was soon again at her feet. She divided the seasons between Turin and Chambéry, between literary and social pleasures, everywhere creating for herself all kinds of enjoyments. But on the death of the duke (in 1675) the widowed duchess made her longer stay impossible, and she took her way (under pretext of seeking her cousin's daughter, the Duchess of York), through Germany and Holland, to England, where the rest of her life (some twenty-five years) was passed.

The characteristic gayety that she displayed on this journey is vividly described in one of the letters of Madame de Courcelles, — a woman whose des-

tinies had had some connection with those of Madame de Mazarin, and who, scarcely less beautiful and brilliant, had many a time and often shared the wild frolics of Hortense in convents and in the world. "It is a great misfortune," she says, "to be thus expelled from one place after another, but what is extraordinary is that this woman triumphs over all that is disgraceful to her by such an extreme recklessness as never was equaled, and having met with this mortification she is but the more joyous. When she passed through here [Geneva] she was on horseback, with feathers and wig on her head, twenty gentlemen in her suite, talking only of hunting parties and dances and everything else that is pleasurable."

The arrival of the duchess in England was welcomed by the political party opposed to the French influence exerted by the Duchess of Portsmouth (Mademoiselle de K  roualles, believed to be in the pay of Louis XIV.). It was hoped that the charms of Hortense might be made use of in like manner, but with antagonistic consequences; and, for a time the chances seemed to be in favor of her becoming a royal favorite, of her being the king's mistress when she might have been his queen. But, apparently, within a few months of her coming to England, a private love-affair of her own with the young and ardent Prince of Monaco displeased the king, and, in consequence, her political influence, whether then or later, amounted to nothing. But her social influence must have been great; her life in London was extremely brilliant. There is an entry in Evelyn's Diary of September 6, 1676 (the first year of her residence there): "Supped at the Lord Chamberlain's, where also supped the famous beauty and errant lady the Duchess of Mazarine (all the world knows her story), the Duke of Monmouth, Countesse of Sussex [both natural children of the king], and the Countesse of Derby,

a virtuous lady, daughter to my best friend the Earle of Ossorie." "Virtuous" ladies and virtuous men continued always to be in the society of "the famous beauty and errant lady." And she collected also about her a large circle of men of letters and learning. Some of their names are found in some humorous verses by Saint-Evremond addressed to the duchess to beseech her to turn from the attractions of Bassette (the game of cards then in fashion, and at which she was wont to play high). He asks her where are the days when the sensible converse of philosophy, shared the pleasures of her delightful life, and laments that now the rising and the setting sun sees her always with cards in her hand. No more opera, no more music of any kind, no more interest in morals nor in politics; while her pet dog, treacherous little Chop, snaps at the learned men who come to visit her, and drives away the Dutch ambassador and the famous Vossius, bringing in his hand a treatise on the Chinese, in which his prepossessions raise this nation to the skies. There is the French Justel, too, full of scholarly criticism; and a master in Old Testament learning, who comes to gain the duchess's protection for the printing of some new work of the "too wise," the too well known P  re Simon, whose critical history of the Old Testament was suppressed at Paris, but, by Madame de Mazarin's aid, printed in Holland. And Gregorio Leti, the distinguished Italian historian, presents to the duchess his History of Pope Sextus, declaring himself ready to labor for her own glory. But (Saint-Evremond continues) what avails their illustriousness to these famous men? They now can scarcely win a mere courtesy from their gambling hostess; and the poor savants, bewildered and embarrassed, stare at "Mazarin," who no longer recognizes them. The books of Bassette have taken the place of all other books; Plutarch

is laid aside, Don Quixote forgotten; Montaigne is out of credit; Racine is displeasing, Patru untimely, and old La Fontaine has no better fortune; and concluding as he began, he asks once more, "Where are the delightful days,

"Où les discours sensés de la Philosophie
Partageoient les plaisirs de votre belle vie!"

The same impression of varied and valuable social relations is given by a little casual note from Saint-Evremond to the duchess, of some years' later date than the verses just quoted. He writes: "We hope that you will come to-morrow to mylord Montaignu's. Mylord Godolphin is expected there; but, what is more important still, Mr. Hampden will be there, having sworn that he would not enter the world except with you. [He remained a great deal in seclusion in the country.] You are to him what the Maréchal de Clerembaut and the Maréchal de Crequi have been to me, *all the world*."

This Mr. Hampden was a grandson of the famous Hampden. Evelyn, dining with him at Lord Mulgrave's, two years previously, calls him "a scholar and fine gentleman;" and Bishop Burnet speaks of him as "a young man of great parts; one of the learnedest gentlemen I have ever known; . . . he had once great principles of religion, but he was much corrupted by Père Simon's conversation at Paris" (the same Père Simon whom Madame de Mazarin befriended, as we have just seen).¹ "Mylord Godolphin," the husband of Evelyn's dear and honored friend, himself on intimate terms with Evelyn, held, a little later, the great office of Lord High Treasurer. Their host, mylord Montaignu, was at this time the Earl of Montaignu (afterward duke), and had been ambassador to France from 1668 to

1672, — in whose wooing (while in France) of the charming Countess of Northumberland (the sister of Lady Rachel Russell, and the patroness of Locke) Madame de la Fayette (as appears by her letters to Madame de Sévigné) was much interested. This was good company; and to such names as these may be added that of Waller, the poet, much admired by Saint-Evremond.

But at the head of all the friends of the duchess must always stand Saint-Evremond himself, than whom none was so faithful, so ardent, so clear-sighted, and so generous. Thirty years older than Hortense, he was past sixty when they first met in England; he was eighty-five when she died, and during those twenty-five years his unflagging admiration for her, his intimate, affectionate interest in all that concerned her, was the greatest, most vivid pleasure of his old age, and is the clearest testimony that exists to the personal charm that hid, with its lovely light, the follies that were more than follies, and that her old friend, when he was not in her enchanting presence, could not but deplore. His feeling toward her was always

"Oh, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!"

To become familiar with the life of Hortense is, in truth, to be continually reminded of the woman made known to us by Shakespeare's Sonnets, and to mourn that

"Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud."

The character of Saint-Evremond's relations with Madame de Mazarin is an admirable illustration of his own nature. He was, as Sainte-Beuve has the prayers of Burnet, and had sent a solemn warning to the Duchess of Mazarin." The student of Macaulay will remember that he is very severe regarding what he considers the disgracefulness of Hampden's political course.

¹ Under the date of the same year as this dinner (1695) Macaulay states: "The town was agitated by the news that John Hampden had cut his throat, that he had survived his wound a few hours, that he had professed deep penitence for his sins, had requested

said, "a charming wise man" (*un sage aimable*). Ninon writes to him: "Your friends delight to see you so healthy in body and mind, so wise, — *si sage*; for I consider *sages* those who know how to make themselves happy." He exemplified her admirable saying — "*La joie de l'esprit en marque la force*" — that a man's strength of mind may be measured by his cheerfulness. Saint-Evremond's mind was of the best quality as regards good sense, and was excellent in all that is graceful. "He is characterized," says Sainte-Beuve, "by an effortless superiority. I know not how better to define him than as a less vigorous Montaigne. His mind is distinguished at once by firmness and by delicacy."

It is certain, therefore, that to have charmed Saint-Evremond is a title to renown; and the Duchesse de Mazarin charmed him uninterruptedly for twenty-five years. The five volumes of his Works contain countless pages of her praises sung by him in prose and verse, — praises all the more flattering and all the more trustworthy because of the gay, affectionate fault-finding that often is the very root of them. He asked nothing from her but her presence, in return for his constant care about her. He gave her his affection, his thoughts, his money even, and was content with a word and a smile, and pleased with a scolding. He says to her, in the early days of their intercourse: "If the desert of my feelings may win from you a regret that I am old, and a wish that I were young, I shall be content. The favor of a wish is a little thing; do not refuse it me." He continues: "Montaigne says that one sacrifices one's repose, one's liberty, one's fortune, but not one's reputation. I renounce our Montaigne on this point, and would not refuse to be ridiculous for your sake. But it is impossible to make a sacrifice of such kind to you; there can be nothing ridiculous in loving you; . . . and after having consulted my judgment as

much as my heart, I say, without fearing ridicule, *I love you*." There is no indication that he awakened in her any answering tenderness. Old and ugly, careless of his person, it was his *esprit* only that made him welcome to her. But she had much esteem and respect for him, and the society she collected about her did him inestimable service in affording him a *milieu* in which his social and literary faculties had free play, and in giving new material for the fire of his gaiety, which age did not extinguish. At her house there was conversation on all sorts of subjects; there was disputing often, Saint-Evremond says, "but with more enlightenment than heat; less to contradict persons than to elucidate subjects; more to animate the talk than to sharpen the intelligence." There were discussions of philosophy, history, religion, and of social customs, of the laws of honor and of reason; talk on all literary subjects, about ancient as well as modern authors, the theatre, conditions of language; and conversations of this nature suggested to M. de Saint-Evremond many more or less interesting pieces of writing, whose chief value for the reader of the present day is in their authentic reflection and expression of the tone of thought prevailing in his circle, — the circle of Madame de Mazarin. There was to be found, it is clear, in persons of that society, a great perfection of good sense and good feeling, charming gaiety, admirable sincerity of mind, and equal delicacy and keenness in the perception and enjoyment of material and social pleasures. Yet a flitting melancholy betrays the lack of hope as of faith; they dwelt on the hard, dry earth, knowing its hollowness and unvisited by any spiritual imaginings.

In 1684 Madame de Mazarin had a serious illness, on recovering from which she jestingly expressed the wish that she could know what would be said of her after her death. M. de Saint-Evremond

immediately composed for her an Oraison Funèbre, in which occurs this noteworthy passage: "Madame de Mazarin no sooner established herself anywhere than she opened a house which caused all others to be forsaken. There was found there the greatest freedom in the world and equal discretion. Every one was more at his ease than in his own home, and bore himself more respectfully than at court." It is here, as Sainte-Beuve has remarked, that lies the principal merit of Hortense; "the art in living and in reigning that has immortalized her and vindicated her fame. She showed, when all is said, justice and economy even in the prodigality of her own endowments and of her gifts; she was not satisfied with being brilliant herself, she liked brilliancy in others; she sought for enlightenment, and to do so was something new in those days; and she knew how to surround herself everywhere with a circle of distinguished men; in fine, she lived and died as a great lady."

She died in 1699, and M. de Mazarin, separated from her for so long a time, had her body brought to him, and carried it about with him for nearly a year from one to another of his estates. "He deposited it for a time," Saint-Simon says, "at Notre Dame de Liesse [the name Our Lady of Joyousness was singularly appropriate], and the pious peasants of the neighborhood prayed to her as a saint, and consecrated their rosaries by touching them to her coffin."

The little Italian girl, the great lady, the French saint, — the strangeness of the career is completed by this last elevation.

About midway of the stay of the Duchesse de Mazarin in England, — it was in 1687, — there came there, on a visit to her, her equally brilliant but not so beautiful sister, the Duchesse de Bouillon, Marie-Anne, the youngest of all. Though the youngest, her cleverness and precocity as a child had led to

her being treated by her uncle, it is said, almost as if she were the eldest. She was his special favorite, and of the queen also, and consequently of the whole court. She was married at the age of sixteen, about the same time as Marie and Hortense; after her uncle's death, but by his command. Her husband, "le meilleur parti de France," the Abbé de Choisy thought, was a nephew of the great Turenne, by whom the marriage was arranged with the cardinal, and the duchess found herself connected, on all sides, with persons of distinguished position. It was not unnatural, therefore, that, as Saint-Simon says, "she carried pride to audacity, and her pride entered into all her concerns; but as she had much intelligence, and wit, and delicacy of perception, she recognized proportions, and had the judgment never to exceed them, and to conceal her assumptions by much civility toward persons whom it was desirable not to offend, and by an air of familiarity with others which veiled as with kindness her tone of authority. In whatever place she was, she led, and appeared the mistress. It was dangerous to displease her; she denied herself few things, and when she did so it was from consideration for herself; elsewhere, a very faithful friend, and very trustworthy in intercourse."

"Never was there a woman," he continues, "who occupied herself less with her toilet; and there are few faces as beautiful and as peculiar as hers that have so little need of aid, and to which everything is so becoming; still she was always much dressed and with beautiful jewels. She was well informed, talked well, was fond of discussions [like Hortense], and sometimes said biting things."

This characterization of her comes from one who knew her in her later years, but must be true of her in great measure during her most splendid season, the twelve or fifteen years following her marriage.

In the course of the very first year after her marriage, she made the acquaintance and became in her degree the patroness of La Fontaine, whose praises of her have added to her renown as that of Hortense has been increased by Saint-Evremond. He was past forty when they met, and his reputation not yet made, and her appreciation of him seems to have given a needed stimulus to his indolent genius; so that, in some measure, we owe La Fontaine to Madame de Bouillon. She and her kindred obtained for him places and gave him pensions, and thus aided him materially.

Unfortunately, she aided others also who reflect less credit upon her. Almost a stain is on her memory — a literary stain — from her share in the circumstances attending the first representations of Racine's *Phèdre*.

Before 1677, the year of the production of this masterpiece, the imperious young duchess had gained for herself the position of a bestower of literary fame. But her decrees were not always equitable. Though Molière as well as La Fontaine had been counted among her guests, she was none the less influenced by inferior men of letters, and by them she was inspired with a prejudice against Racine, which was shared by her odd and brilliant brother, the Duc de Nevers, and by her young but influential nephews, the princes of Vendôme. These were the powerful leaders of a league that was formed against *Phèdre*, with the intention of stifling it as soon as it should appear.

For this purpose, they brought forward a rival to Racine in the person of the pseudo-poet Pradon, whose name, to his misfortune, became, in consequence, later, caught, like a fly in amber, in the satiric verse of Despréaux. They induced him to write a tragedy on the same subject, which was acted two nights after the first performance of the *Phèdre* of Racine. Madame de Bouillon engaged the front boxes for the first six

representations of both pieces, to secure hisses for the one and applause for the other, an honorable trick that cost her fifteen thousand livres. There was a moment when the battle seemed doubtful, and when Racine's disheartenment was extreme; he saw his great work almost the victim of his enemies. But when the power of the duchess's purse was broken, the forces of Racine soon took glorious possession of the field.

There followed immediately, however, a scattered combat of violent epigrams. M. de Nevers opened fire with a sonnet, of which the first line —

"Dans un fauteuil doré, Phèdre, tremblante
et blême" —

and the rhymes throughout were echoed by an answering sonnet, supposed then, erroneously, to be written by Racine and Despréaux, but really composed by some young nobles, their partisans, which began, —

"Dans un palais doré, Damon, jaloux et
blême," —

and in which the most insulting allusion is made to

"Une sœur vagabonde, aux crins plus noirs
que blonds,"

who wanders through the world; that is, to Madame de Mazarin (the "errant lady" of Evelyn), — an insult which Saint-Evremond tried to blunt the point of by writing to her on her birthday: —

"Vous êtes adorée en cent et cent climats,
Toutes les nations sont vos propres États,
Et de petits esprits vous nomment vagabonde
Quand vous allez regner en tous les lieux du
monde."

The angry duke replied with another sonnet, —

"Racine et Despréaux, l'air triste et le teint
blême," —

and threatened a more vigorous vengeance. But Racine and Despréaux were taken under the protection of the great house of Condé, and the barks of the cabal died away; "le bruit passager de leurs cris impuissants," as Boileau begged his friend to consider them.

But Racine, wounded and discouraged, for twelve years afterward wrote no more; and only ventured back to the stage under the inspiration (in a double sense) of *Esther*, of Madame de Maintenon. The only gain to literature to counterbalance such loss is to be found in the admirable seventh Epistle of Boileau, occasioned by the attack on Racine.

The companions of Madame de Bouillon in this adventure were her familiar associates at all times: her brother; her brother-in-law, the Duc d'Albret, who at twenty-six years of age became the eulogized and condemned Cardinal de Bouillon; and her nephews, the famous and infamous Vendôme and his fraternal brother. Nothing could be more disreputable (in the moral sense) than this circle; but no society could be more brilliant than theirs, not only in the magnificence of its luxury, but in the keenness of its wits and its powers of intellectual appreciation.

La Fontaine, in a letter to Madame de Bouillon, after a passage of light and easy reference to the Cartesian philosophy, continues: "Those who are not sufficiently aware of what your Highness knows, and what you desire to know without taking any greater trouble than hearing it talked of at table, would not think me very judicious to entertain you thus with philosophy; but I could tell them that all sorts of subjects are welcome to you, and also all sorts of books, provided they are good of their kind;" and he adds in verse:—

"Le pathétique, le sublime,
Le sérieux, et le plaisant,
Tour à tour vous vont amusant.
Tout vous duit, l'histoire et la fable,
Prose et vers, latin et français."

Writing to Saint-Evremond, La Fontaine says of Madame de Bouillon: "It is a pleasure to see her disputing, scolding, jesting, and talking of everything with so much wit that one cannot imagine more. If she had lived in pagan

days, a fourth Grace would have been deified for her sake."

Unfortunately, Madame de Bouillon, like her sisters, found herself obliged at one time to withdraw behind convent bars, from whence she issued gayer and more charming than ever, and able to cope with the highest powers. This she was forced to do on the occasion of the La Voisin affair, in which she, like her sister Olympe, was involved, but not to the same extent; Madame de Bouillon was simply "interrogated." There is in Madame de Sévigné's letters a not-to-be-rivalled account of the scene, which took place in January, 1680:—

"Mesdames de Bouillon et de Tingry [a sister of Madame de Luxembourg] were interrogated yesterday at the chamber of the Arsenal. Their noble families accompanied them to the door. It would seem, at present, that there is nothing black in the follies attributed to them; not even dark gray. If nothing more is discovered, the thing is a great scandal that might have been spared persons of such position. The Maréchal de Villeroi [the same whom we have heard thirty years and more before speaking of the Mancini] says that these gentlemen and ladies do not believe in God, and do believe in the devil." Then she mentions an absurd accusation against Madame de Bouillon, of wishing the death of her husband, and continues, "When a Mancini commits only such a folly as that, it's permitted; and these sorceresses [La Voisin, etc.] tell of it seriously, and fill all Europe with horror about a trifle." Then the narrative begins: "Madame de Bouillon entered the chamber like a little queen; she sat down in a chair that had been arranged for her; but, instead of answering the first question, she demanded to have written down what she wished to say, which was 'that she came there only from respect for the king's order, and not at all from respect for the chamber, which she did not recognize, not

choosing to derogate from the privilege of dukes.' She did not say a word till that was written; then she took off her glove, showing a very beautiful hand. She answered honestly, even about her age. 'Do you know La Vigoureux?' 'No.' 'Do you know La Voisin?' 'Yes.' 'Why do you wish to get rid of your husband?' 'I, to get rid of him! You may ask him if he thinks so; he accompanied me to that door.' 'But why did you go so often to this Voisin?' 'Because I wanted to see the Sibyls whom she had promised me; one would go far to meet such company.' 'Have you not shown this woman a bag of money?' She said she had not, and for more than one reason, and all this with a laughing and scornful manner. 'Well, gentlemen! is this all that you have to say to me?' 'Yes, madame.' She rose, and as she went out she said audibly, 'Really, I never should have believed that sensible men could ask such foolish questions.' She was received by her relations and her friends of both sexes with adoration, she was so pretty, and simple, and natural, and daring, and with such an excellent manner and such a quiet mind."

Her daringness is confirmed by a story Voltaire reports, to the effect that one of the counselors of the chamber was unwise enough to ask her if she had seen the devil; to which she answered that she saw him at that moment; that he was very ugly and very disagreeable, and was disguised as a counselor of state. The interrogation, Voltaire says, was not continued.

A fortnight later, Madame de Sévigné writes: "Madame de Bouillon has boasted so much of the replies she made the judges that she has drawn down on herself a *lettre de cachet* to go to Nérac, near the Pyrenees; she went yesterday in much trouble. . . . All her family accompanied her half a day's journey. . . . Think of the four sisters, what a wandering star rules them! — one in Spain,

one in England, one in Flanders, one in the depths of Guienne."

This affair was seven years before the visit of the Duchesse de Bouillon to England, — a visit which, it is believed, took the place of another seclusion in a convent. During her absence she received a charming letter from La Fontaine, written in the mingled prose and verse that was a fashion of the day. He talks of coming to England himself, as he had been urged to do, and flatters himself that "Anacreon and those like him, such as Waller, Saint-Evremond, and I, will never have the door shut against them. Who would not admit Anacreon? Who would banish Waller and La Fontaine? Both are old; Saint-Evremond is so also: but will you see on the banks of the fountain Hippocrene people less wrinkled in their verses than these? The trouble is that there are wished for here severer moralists. Anacreon is silenced by the Jansenists, although their teachings seem to me a little dismal; but you, I dare say, value these writers, full of wit and keen disputants; and you know how to enjoy them in more ways than one. The Sophocles of the day and the illustrious Molière always furnish you with an occasion to discuss something or other. What is there that you do not dispute?"

In the original this is all in lively and varied verse. The letter closes by La Fontaine saying after a passage about the king: "Je reviens à mes moutons. And these 'moutons,' madame, are your Highness and Madame Mazarin. This would be the place to compose a eulogy of her and to write it with yours; but after profound reflection, as eulogies of this kind are rather a delicate matter, I think it better I should abstain from them." Then, breaking into verse: "You love each other with sisterly affection; nevertheless, I have reason to avoid a comparison. Gold, but not praise, may be divided. The best skilled orator, were he an angel, would not con-

tent in such an attempt, — two beauties, two heroes, two authors, nor two saints.”

A month later, writing to Saint-Evremond, he says : “ What do you think of a design that has entered my mind ? Since you wish the fame of Madame Mazarin to fill the universe, and I desire that of Madame de Bouillon to extend yet farther, let us not rest till we have accomplished so noble an enterprise. Let us make ourselves Knights of the Round Table ; all the more, since this chivalry began in England. . . . We will await the return of the leaves and that of my health ; otherwise I should have to go in a litter in search of adventures. I should be called the Knight of Rheumatism.”

In the midst of these gayeties of private life the political storm darkened and broke that swept James II. and his Martinozzi wife from the throne and drove them as fugitives to France. The position of the Mancini sisters in England was rendered very insecure. But William treated them with more than courtesy. He continued to Hortense the pension given her by Charles and James, and gave Marie-Anne the use of his private yacht to return to France.

She was not permitted to return to Paris. Dangeau writes under date of the 12th September, 1688 : “ Madame de Bouillon, who is in England, has asked of the king, through M. de Seignelay, permission to go to Venice ; the king has replied that she may go where she will, except to court and to Paris.”

She went to Italy and to Rome, and there met her sons, whose affairs now became for some years the great interest and occupation of her life. When she was permitted (in 1690) to return to Paris, she established herself there in a prouder position than ever, and the picture Saint-Simon paints of her at the time of her death, in 1714, is a representation of triumphant success : —

“ She had a freedom of demeanor that was not merely daring, but audacious,

and, spite of her past conduct, she was not the less a personage in Paris, and a tribunal which could not be overlooked. I say in Paris, where she was a sort of queen ; at court she never remained but for a few hours, and went there only on occasion, once or twice a year at most.

“ The king personally had never liked her. Her freedoms startled him. She had been often exiled, and sometimes for a long while. Notwithstanding this, she entered the king’s apartments carrying her head high, and her voice could be heard two rooms off. This loud talking was very often not hushed even at the king’s supper, where she would attack Monseigneur and the other princes and princesses who were at table (behind whom she was placed), as well as the ladies sitting near her.

“ She treated her children, and often, also, her friends and associates, with authority ; she usurped it over the brothers and nephews of her husband and her own, over M. le Prince de Conti and over M. le Duc himself, violent as he was, and when at Paris they were always with her. She treated M. de Bouillon with contempt, and every one was less than grass before her. . . . Her wit and beauty supported her, and her world became accustomed to being ruled by her. Taken for all in all, she was a loss to her friends, especially to her family, and even to Paris. . . . Her house was open all day : great tables standing ready night and morning ; great gaming, and of all kinds at once ; and the largest, the most illustrious, and often the best society of men.”

With her death came to a conclusion the fortunes of these seven remarkable women, who each one of them, except perhaps the Comtesse de Soissons, it is evident, possessed a natural strength, the manifestations of which must have had a considerable though untraceable influence on the social conditions of their day.

Hope Notnor.

ARCHITECTURE IN THE WEST.

THE various stages in the slow developments of civilization from barbarism are marked by a corresponding series of visible monuments, in which may plainly be read the character and quality of the social conditions out of which they grew. The true value and significance of these almost ineffaceable records have never been duly recognized. The industry of the archaeologist in classifying them, the ingenuity of the modern architect in quoting from them, the instinct of poet and novelist in using them darkly as the background of romance, have made their external aspects more or less familiar to all; but their subjective qualities have never been so analyzed as to make them accessible to the historian. They have never been used by him like traditions, documents, and chronicles, though their characteristics are the clearest, the most naive, unaffected, and deliberate expressions which humanity has uttered in any stage of its career. Since the Renaissance this contemporaneous record has been sophisticated by revivals, imitations, adaptations, combinations, and other affectations of the modern architect, so that it has apparently become more difficult to be deciphered; yet its relation to the spirit and essential quality of the human life about us cannot be entirely obliterated, even by the most cleverly planned masquerading in the trappings of Greek or Roman, Romanesque, Mediæval, or Renaissance art.

Having in view this unconscious function of architecture, whether ancient or modern, skilled or unskilled, as a chronicle of mankind, there should be no manifestation of it without some interest to every intelligent observer, whatever qualities of art may be involved in it.

I propose to attempt a brief descriptive sketch of a modern phase of this

architectural chronicle, which, by reason of the exceptional social conditions under which it is produced, presents some unprecedented features.

Civilization is advancing into the wilderness of the great West like a brimming and irresistible tide which knows no ebb. Its first waves of occupation bear upon their crests a human element of astonishing energy and force. No conquest or crusade of history has been accomplished with a greater display of hardy intelligence. It has planted cities and established civil order upon virgin soil in less than thirty days. The external aspects of these first occupations are remarkable for the skill, directness, and economy with which means are adapted to ends. The first settlers are comfortably housed in a week, so that all the processes of simple domestic life are made possible without delay. Structures to accommodate the land office, the saloon, the variety store, the railway station, the bank, the school, and the church arise to meet the emergencies of border life, and the visible town is begun. These structures, of course, have value only as temporary makeshifts; but as material prosperity increases, and with it the ambition for permanent investments, the way is open for a much more definite expression of thought in building. At this stage of development the natural desire of every citizen to own property of the best possible appearance at the lowest possible cost leads to what may be called an architecture of pretense, — an architecture intended to appear better than it is. This architecture, or, more properly, this method of building, has, without essential local characteristics, spread over the entire occupied territory of the West. It has met for many years, and will meet probably for many more, all

the practical requirements, and has flattered the crude artistic aspirations of millions of intelligent and exceptionally ingenious and prosperous people. It must, therefore, be respectfully considered as, at present, the vernacular art of the country, though, when judged by the most liberal and catholic canons of educated taste, it fails to satisfy *in esse* if not *in posse*. Nowhere else in the civilized world can be found anything resembling it. It is peculiar; it is ours.

I have called this characteristic and almost universal expression of Western civilization an architecture of pretense, because of its ambition and of its desire to make a vain show with small means. No people in the world understands cheap construction and economical methods of building so well, and is so inventive in providing for it. But, unwilling to let it appear what it is and to let it grow into a legitimate expression of art by natural processes of development, it has been forced to assume forms which do not belong to it, which contradict its proper functions, and which are devised to satisfy false and unsettled ideals of beauty and fitness. The facility with which wood and galvanized iron may be moulded, painted, and sanded to imitate stone or other nobler materials makes this baleful process possible, and tempts the builder to mask his honest work with crude travesties of conventional art.

It must be admitted that this method of architectural masquerading had its origin in the eastern part of our country; but there, under the influence of better examples and higher education, it soon fell into disrepute, because, theoretically, it is an offense against fundamental principles of art, so gross that it cannot survive the first touch of intelligent criticism; and, practically, because this architecture of pretense cannot stand the test of time. Like all other experiments in the evolution of forms, only the fittest remain. But the West, eager to

anticipate the fruits of success, too impatient to wait for a natural growth of art, ambitious to emulate the older civilizations, is, for the moment, contenting itself with an appearance. The vernacular style in the remoter districts has still undisputed sway, and, in the hands of uneducated builders, plays with these dangerously facile materials such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as make the angels weep, and give no true and permanent satisfaction even to those whom they are intended to surprise and delight. It serves, for the time, to confer upon the newly built streets of the West a delusive aspect of metropolitan completeness and finish, until, after a few years, the paint wears off, the wooden sham begins to decay, and the galvanized iron to betray its hollow mockeries. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," but a thing of cheap and vulgar ostentation, by a happy accident of fate, finds speedy oblivion. It is a piece of singular good fortune that the vernacular style has thus within itself the seeds of its own dissolution.

The present building methods and architectural character maintained in the rural districts in France, England, Germany, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Russia, etc., differ from those of five centuries ago only in proportion to the advance of civilization and progress of knowledge; and they differ contemporaneously, one from another, as much now as they did in the Middle Ages. Even the cities which are planted along the highways of the world, subject to the cosmopolitan influences, such as are afforded by rapid and constant intercommunication, by the interchange of books, prints, and photographs, by technical schools and schools of art, remain almost as distinct in their architectural character as they were when they were the strongholds of civil liberty against the feudal system. Their frank attempts to imitate the street façade of Paris are betrayed by the unconscious instinct of

localism. The foreign accent is readily detected. The common and distinctive architectural forms in these older communities of the world are the results of established customs and ancient traditions, which have their roots not only in characteristics of politics, race, and religion, but in the soil itself, which has furnished the materials of building, and, through these, has dictated the forms by which they are most readily adapted to meet the wants of mankind. The arts of civilization, thus significantly grouped and ordered in the progress of history, rise slowly

“By stepping-stones of their dead selves
To higher things.”

The deliberateness of these changes, their independence of permanent influence from individual vagaries and experiments, are an assurance that they are developed unconsciously out of the essence of the time. Architecture, under these conditions, must be recognized as a true exponent of the quality of contemporary civilization.

By contrast with these established, slowly growing, indigenous styles, it cannot be doubted that the fantastic vernacular of the West, where there are absolutely no inherited traditions, no customs rooted to the soil to keep the architecture in a reasonable path of development, is merely provisional, a feverish expression of transition, a groping after a natural expression in art. It is carelessly compounded of exoteric and heterogeneous elements, and, so far as its decorative or architectural character is concerned, it has no basis in the essential conditions of the people. The very fecundity of undisciplined and misapplied invention which makes it what it is; the distortion and exaggeration of conventional forms of architecture, which convert some of its productions into a grotesque travesty of art; the fact that none of these experiments give such permanent satisfaction as to cause their repetition, but that they are succeeded

by new experiments of illiterate fancy, — these things indicate very clearly to my mind that the necessity for a more orderly system of forms, capable of natural growth and expansion, is unconsciously felt. A reign of caprice in architecture, with frequent new departures, may be accepted *prima facie* as proof of the need of such a system, in order that the civilization of the time may express itself in a copious language of its own, instead of using dumb signs and gestures, or trying to find quotations from other tongues and adapting them to its use.

In the absence of such a natural language, by which all the ideas which are to be expressed in building may be expressed at least grammatically without the need of especial training in art, architecture is completely at the mercy of architects. When they happen to be men of education, as we shall presently see, there is an astonishing activity in the development of legitimate style. When, as is usually the case, they are not educated, this process of natural evolution is very much embarrassed, if not entirely interrupted. It is pathetic to see towns of thirty to fifty thousand energetic, public-spirited, intelligent, enterprising inhabitants, with factories, school-houses, churches, public halls, convenient dwellings, and all the external signs of prosperity, but without a single building really good, grammatically constructed, or conceived in a spirit of subordination to any type of art. The people are not indifferent to this state of things. They are intelligent enough to recognize a work of architecture when they see it; and, as a general rule, their judgment encourages good things. Never has the missionary of art had such a fruitful field for his labors. A fair building, planted in such a town, is like the preaching of a gospel of truth among an eager and sympathetic people. It bears its legitimate fruit with amazing promptness. In a twelvemonth there

will be fifty imitations. It gives a distinct stimulus to architectural life. Details of design taken from the new model may be seen, copied with various degrees of fidelity, on every hand. It proves to be not only a source of pride to the citizens and a most grateful enlargement of the resources of the builder, but, to a great extent, a correction and rebuke of prevailing errors. Of course not one or two or even a dozen good models are sufficient to obliterate all the evils of architectural illiteracy and inexperience in a given locality. A free and unrestricted foraging by undisciplined practitioners among the commonplaces of architecture has made them bad disciples of reform. It has created a singular disrespect for all the safe and conservative elements in design, an unwholesome ambition to inject an undue amount of their own personality into architectural work; and when they instinctively recognize a piece of sound construction expressed in an artistic manner, they are prepared only to imitate some of its exterior aspects, not its essential spirit, which alone can fructify.

Thus the progress of the transition, though it receives in an indirect way a slight impetus in the right direction, is not logical and steady, as it was when, by a series of experimental buildings, each an improvement on its predecessor, rising by "stepping-stones of their dead selves," the debased Roman was gradually developed into Byzantine art in the East, and into the various forms of Romanesque art in the West; or when these, in turn, grew inevitably, by changing social conditions, into the arts of the Middle Ages. If the ministers of these great historical transitions, unconsciously interpreting and giving visible form to the spirit of their respective eras, "builded better than they knew," it was because, unlike the multitudinous architects of the West, they were familiar only with a certain accepted method of construction and a certain limited set

of architectural forms connected with it. Undistracted by a more or less exact knowledge of other methods and other sets of forms; knowing only what their fathers and grandfathers did before them; seeing no journals illustrating what contemporary builders were doing elsewhere within and without the boundaries of Christendom; reading no books and studying no prints in which the achievements of classic times were measured and analyzed for their instruction; attending no schools of art save those which were established under the builder's scaffolds, or in the cloisters where the religious traditions were preserved, they were the servants of a single style, and happily could concentrate all their energies upon it. Changes came about by natural growth and by logical processes of induction, not by caprice or by reviving old forms according to individual taste.

It is to be observed that the scene of transition in the West is enacted on so broad a stage, with so many distracting incidents and episodes, and, withal, we are so near to it and so much a part of it, that it is difficult for us to appreciate its progress and to understand its ends. We do not realize that the great transitions of history are made clear to us by the fact that there remain to us only a comparatively few isolated monuments in which we can read readily the progress of the civilizations. The great multitude of inferior contemporary structures which lay between these monuments, and in which were tried the experiments, do not remain to distract and complicate our views. Moreover, in the perspective, compelled by our distant point of observation, the great spaces of time which stretched between them are abbreviated. And though the advance of the great transition now going on in the West is far more rapid than any known to history, we must remember that this transition is governed by far more complicated conditions of life, and is illus-

trated by a perplexing infinity of ephemeral buildings. The prejudices and desires of the most impartial observer must necessarily color his deductions. It is scarcely for us to separate the wheat from the chaff in the products of these mills of God. I venture to believe, however, that the forward movement has gone far enough to enable us to appreciate the spirit of it, if not to comprehend the general direction of its progress.

I believe I am justified in stating that what, for the want of a more convenient name, I have called the vernacular art of the West — that which accompanies the first advances of civilization into the new lands, and lingers long after the successful establishment of all the institutions of civil order and prosperity — will not be recognized in the future history of American architecture; much less, that it will be stigmatized as a reproach. In fact, it is merely preliminary to architecture, though for the moment it pretends to be the real thing. It is evidently a hasty growth out of the immediate necessities of an enterprising people, too busy with the practical problems of life and the absorbing question of daily bread to have established ideals of art, or to have deliberately formulated in building an adequate expression of their civilization. It is an art whose essential characteristics have been derived from expediency, — an art which has been mainly concerned with mechanical devices for quick and economical building. These devices have been invented by practical men to meet practical wants in a practical way. When freed from the misleading adornments imposed upon them by ignorance and pretense; from shams of wood, galvanized iron, machine-made mouldings, and all the other delusive rubbish of cheap deceit, which have no connection whatever with the structure, these practical devices will develop style. Until these quips and cranks of undisciplined

imagination shall have shabbily descended into their inevitable oblivion, and have been replaced by methods of decoration developed out of the construction according to the spirit of precedents furnished by the best eras of art which remain to us for our delight and instruction, deliberate and permanent architecture will not come into existence.

Upon this simple proposition rests the hope of architecture in the West.

Chicago seems to have fairly won the distinction of being the fountain-head of architectural reform in the West. The healthy impulses from this active and intelligent centre are felt in the remotest towns as soon as opportunities have occurred for permanent improvements. The dangerous liberty which the entire absence of schools, traditions, precedents, and consequently of discipline in art has conferred upon the architects of the New World, and more especially of the West, and which has given rise to all the crudeness and vulgarity of our vernacular building, has proved, in the hands of a few well-trained young men in Chicago a professional privilege of the most conspicuous importance, — a privilege, indeed, which has not been enjoyed to the same extent in any other city in the world. The resistless enterprise and public spirit of the Western metropolis, its great accumulations of capital, the phenomenal growth of its commercial and social institutions, and the intelligent ambition of its people to achieve a distinctive position in all the arts of civilization have given abundant opportunity for monumental expressions in architecture. The manner in which these opportunities have been used during the past eight or ten years gives encouragement to the hope so long cherished that we may at last have an American architecture, the unforced and natural growth of our independent position in art.

It is not to be understood that these fortunate men have deliberately set to

work to invent a new architecture. They have been too well trained in the best schools and offices of the East, and often by travel and study abroad, not to respect the great achievements of the past, and not to make the fullest use of their rich inheritance of architectural forms. But their merit consists in the fact that some quality in the civilization of the West — its independence of spirit, perhaps, its energy, enterprise, and courage, or a certain breadth of view inspired by its boundless opportunities — has, happily, enabled them to use this inheritance without being enslaved by it. It would have been easiest for them to quote with accuracy and adapt with grace the styles of the Old World, to be scholarly, correct, academical, and thus to stand apart from the sympathies of the people, and to constitute themselves an aristocratic guild of art. They preferred to play the more arduous and nobler part; to become, unconsciously, ministers of an architectural reform so potent and fruitful, so well fitted to the natural conditions of the strenuous liberty of the West, that one may already predicate from it the speedy overthrow of the temporary, experimental, transitional vernacular art of the country, and the establishment of a school which may be recognized in history as the proper exponent of this marvelous civilization. The hope that we are entering upon such an era rests mainly upon the fact that the characteristics of the best new work of the West are based, not on the elegant dilettanteism, which is appreciated only by the elect, but by the frank conversion of practical building into architectural building without affectations or mannerisms; thus appealing directly to the common sense of the people, and creating a standard which they may be capable of comprehending. It is based on a sleepless inventiveness in structure; on an honest and vigorous recognition of the part which structure should play in making a building fitting and beau-

tiful; on an intelligent adaptation of form to the available building materials of the West; upon the active encouragement of every invention and manufacture which can conduce to the economy or perfecting of structure and the embellishment of structure; upon an absolute freedom from the trammels of custom, so that it shall not interpose any obstacles of professional prejudice to the artistic expression of materials or methods; and, finally, upon knowing how to produce interesting work without an evident straining for effect. These are the qualities of true artists who accept the natural conditions of their environment, and can adapt themselves to those conditions without surrender of any essential principles of building as a fine art. Any architect of education and accomplishments is fortunate who finds himself a part of a young community so ambitious, enterprising, and resistless in the pursuit of wealth and power, — doubly fortunate if he can make his art keep step with a progress so vigorous without losing the finer and more delicate artistic sense.

I am conscious of the extreme inadequacy of words, unaccompanied by a series of graphic illustrations, to make clear to the laity in art the characteristics of this interesting architectural situation. If one can imagine how a plain, concrete idea may, by an unskillful writer, be overlaid with conceits, affectations, and verbiage, not growing out of it or inspired by it, frequently expressed in bad grammar, and generally offending against the simplest rules of rhetoric, he may have a fair type of the protean vernacular. If it is elegantly set forth in correct Greek, Latin, or Old French, or paraded in the language of the Elizabethan era, or imitates the style of Browning, or Tennyson, or Carlyle, with ingenious quotations of their characteristic phraseology or methods of expression, he may understand by the obvious analogy how the educated architect is

tempted by his learning, misses his opportunities, and appeals over the heads of the people to the few who are versed in the history and æsthetics of architecture. If one can distinguish the subtle essence which, infused into a concrete idea expressed in plain and straightforward prose, elevates it into the region of poetry, he may be enabled, without the technical training which analyzes and dissects, to comprehend how a sound construction in building may be converted into architecture. To this task inspiration alone is inadequate. The conditions of modern architecture are so complex that without a thorough training in construction and design, based upon a familiar appreciation of the history of art, inspiration is speechless.

The opportunities afforded by the West to architecture on the high plane which I have endeavored to describe are mainly commercial. It is in making the wisest use of these that the leading architects of Chicago have achieved their characteristic successes. A ten-story office and bank building, fireproof throughout; with swift elevators for passengers and freight, a battery of boilers in the deep sub-basement, giving summer heat throughout, and supplying energy for pumps, ventilating fans, and electric dynamos; equipped like a palace with marbles, bronze, and glass; flooded with light in every part; with no superfluous weight of steel beam, fire-clay arch, or terra-cotta partition, no unnecessary mass of masonry or column; the whole structure nicely adjusted to sustain the calculated strains and to bear with equal stress upon every pier of the deep foundations, so that no one shall yield more than another as it transfers its accumulated burden to the unstable soil beneath,—such a problem does not call for the same sort of architectural inspiration as the building of a vaulted cathedral in the Middle Ages, but, surely, for no less of courage and science, and, in providing for the safe,

swift, and harmonious adjustment of every part of its complicated organism, for a far wider range of knowledge. The one required a century of deliberate and patient toil to complete it; the other must be finished, equipped, and occupied in a year of strenuous and carefully ordered labor; no part of its complex being overlooked, all the details of its manifold functions being provided for in the laying of the first foundation stone, and the whole satisfying the eye as a work of art as well as a work of convenience and strength. Whether one compares a modern building of this sort with a cathedral of the first class, with one of the imperial baths or villas of Rome, or with the Flavian amphitheatre itself, it must hold equal rank as a production of human genius and energy, not only in the skillful economy of its structure and in its defiance of fire and the other vicissitudes of time, but as a work of fine art developed among practical considerations which seem fundamentally opposed to expressions of architectural beauty.

A problem of this sort cannot be satisfactorily solved by academical formulas. The education derived from venerable traditions, from the teachings of the schools, from the examples and models furnished by the masters, from the admirable monuments of history, when confronted by the inexorable requirements of modern commercial civilization, is confounded. Between the practical question and the discipline of the schools there seems sometimes to be an irrepressible conflict. If the prejudices of the schools are permitted to prevail, a correct and scholarly result may be achieved, but practical interests are apt to be sacrificed in important particulars; if practical interests are faithfully provided for, there is likely to be a palpable offense against some of the most accepted formulas of art. But there is a conflict still more apparent and still more incessant between these

formulas and the methods of structure imposed upon building by the application of modern science to all its details. The progress of invention is so rapid and constant that it is almost impossible for the architect to keep abreast of it with his work. It is in constant warfare with the precepts of Vitruvius, which guided our grandfathers in a safe but uneventful path; with all the consecrated traditions of mediæval masonry, which were followed by our fathers with religious awe; with all the wealth of precedent available to us in the history of architecture. If the office of the architect is hospitable to these modern influences, there must be a revolution. The results of this revolution must constitute the ultimate style of the nineteenth century.

Indeed, the history of modern architecture during the last ten years is a chronicle of the various fortunes of this struggle between the conservatism, which separated architecture from the people, and reform, which brings them into sympathy with it. The Old World is the natural stronghold of the former; the New World is the natural theatre whereon the latter is making its most hazardous and successful advances.

When a mighty political leader was required to carry our country through the mortal perils of the civil war, a new man, modeled on a new plan out of

“Sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,”

was raised for this heroic service. I am tempted to believe that we may look to the same virgin and prolific source for the spirit which may give us, in due time, a national art. This would be logical, and, if I do not read too hopefully the signs of the times, the fulfillment is not far removed.

It is proper that the centres of culture in the East should, in a large degree, sympathize with the conservative tendencies of the Old World, and that Boston and New York, like the monas-

tic cloisters, should be to the New World the guardians of the precious traditions of art, as the latter were to the Middle Ages. This lamp of memory is kept trimmed and burning, also, in the professional schools of the colleges and universities of the North. From these schools, where they learn the theory, and from the principal offices, where they are taught the practice of architecture, goes forth every year a crowd of young men, whose business it is to replace the provisional vernacular of our country with an architecture which, while it preserves the mellow traditions of art, shall, in proportion to the various capacities and opportunities of the architect, represent the especial conditions of our civilization. The effort to make an architecture without these traditions has been tried for the first time in our country, and it has failed, as we have seen. We have been trying to write essays and poems without a knowledge of grammar or of the structure of language. The result has been a vulgar vernacular, made up of commonplaces, catch-words, and slang. The graduates of the schools are steadily purifying the language, enlarging the vocabulary, and endeavoring to reconcile what often seems the almost irreconcilable interests of practice and theory.

It has been said that the fundamental ideal of domestic architecture in France is a monument of art, while in England it is comfort and fitness. Certainly the former is characteristically symmetrical, and the latter characteristically picturesque, save for a brief period when it was under the dominion of an Italian revival, in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The social conditions of our own country have been the first influence to affect the character of our own domestic architecture, and it has yielded to this influence with a frankness which has had the most satisfactory results. The sentiment of domesticity has presided over the development

of the dwelling-house in this country, so unrestricted by the affectations of fashion and style; and the methods of wood construction which have been almost universally applied to it have been brought to such mechanical perfection that it may safely be asserted that no people in the world are so comfortably and decently housed as our own. Under these circumstances, the domestic branch of architecture has been the first to take upon itself definite characteristics of style. Of course, as a matter of art, the facility and cheapness of the materials used have given us in dwelling-houses the most grotesque and fantastic forms of the vernacular. On the other hand, the builders have shown themselves very sensitive to good impulses, and the first architecture which we see in a Western town is invariably exhibited in buildings of this class. They are, in fact, playing no inconsiderable part in the great movement of reform. They prepare the way, as it were, for demonstrations of a more permanent and monumental character.

The attitude of the West towards architecture, as distinguished from that of the more cultivated parts of the East, may, I think, best be illustrated by the fact that a graduate of the best schools and practice of the East, who, finding himself in one of the rapidly growing Western cities, should insist on being scholastic, and should confine himself to the correct use of strictly classic or mediæval motifs, would soon have no opportunities for the exercise of his proclivities; because, in the first place, he would not be understood, and because, in the second, he could not effect a reconciliation between his academical convictions and the modern methods of structure which he is compelled to adopt, at whatever cost of purity of style. Indeed, his most anxious study must be bestowed on the structural part of the problem. If the artistic is one part, the structural is nine parts, of his en-

deavor. The question which must preoccupy his mind is how he can meet the practical conditions with the greatest economy of material and labor; how he may adjust the dimensions, forms, and connections of every girder, beam, column, pier, and other parts of his structure, so that each shall be adapted to the service which it has to perform, with no superfluity of weight and strength, on the one hand, and so that, on the other, all considerations of stability shall be duly provided for within the limit of safety. His inventive zeal must be constantly on the alert to improve on the known methods, for there are none which are not subject to improvement more or less fundamental. Fireproof structure, in especial, makes a never-ceasing demand upon his resources. An envelope of fire-clay, porous terracotta, plaster, or some other material impervious to fiercest heat must cover every piece of structural iron or wood. There must be no brute masses of material, such as formed the basis of Roman structure. None of these devices and methods were dreamed of when the old masters of architecture perfected their forms and proportions; so that the decoration or artistic expression of this complicated and, in each case, to a certain extent, unprecedented organism, and the conversion of it into an object of architecture, as contrasted with one of engineering, must demand of the architect such a freedom from academical restraint, such a command of the resources of design, as to make his task at once inspiring and perilous. Under these conditions, error is far easier than success: the grooves of custom, if indolently followed, will sooner or later lead him astray from the opportunities of original expression which are lying in wait for his use. The silent growth of the building on the drawing-boards must be attended by a constant strain of doubt and anxiety. The spirit of a recognized historical style must be followed, in any

case, but these new practical conditions of construction and service compel him to various and perplexing degrees of divergence from the consecrated types. To meet these difficult emergencies with adequate spirit, he must possess the thorough knowledge of the scholar, the exact training of the engineer, the enthusiastic zeal and inventive courage of the artist, and the prompt decision of the man of business. The stimulus of enterprise and the incitements of emulation are in the air which he breathes. The qualities which I have named have certainly been exhibited in some of the best buildings of the West to a degree and in a manner which distinctly differentiate them from any contemporary work of the Old World, which challenge the best endeavors of the East to emulate them, and are already giving cheering evidence of the establishment of a vigorous architecture characteristic of the West.

Architecture has not kept pace with the advance of science and invention during the present century. This has been one of its gravest reproaches. But an architecture which, like this of the West, is frankly based upon science and invention must keep fairly abreast with them, and thus redeem the waning influence of this noblest of the arts. If it can thus be made a living art instead of a studio art, it will not be long before it will be justifying its function as an expression of our civilization.

We are too near to these developments to judge of them without prejudice, but it is certainly true that the architectural publications of the Old World which illustrate the current work of our era in that quarter have ceased to have that same degree of interest with and authority over the profession which they exercised three or four years ago. Previous to that time all the movements of the modern schools in Europe, all the changing fashions of design, and all the characteristic revivals of England in

especial were marked and closely followed in our own country. Now, our own publications, setting forth our own achievements, are studied with equal if not greater interest. They certainly show that, in fundamental respects, we have broken loose from the old bondage, and are entering upon developments of style which seem to be actuated by our own local conditions. If we still (as we must always of necessity) send our students to the ancient and exhaustless fountain-heads of art in Europe, to draw from them inspiration, refinement, and culture, we have the satisfaction of receiving in our own country diligent scholars, who come to us from England and the Continent for the refreshment to be obtained from our own methods of structure and design. If they come expecting to patronize and criticise, they remain to study and to acquire a broader professional vision. This is a pilgrimage full of significance and promise.

I do not mean to assert that, even in some of the most successful examples of new work in the West, there are not evidences of crudeness and caprice as well as the usual sophistications apt to result from high training in art, though I might name a dozen characteristic buildings in Chicago and some of the larger cities of the West which combine extreme boldness and ingenuity of design with scholarly reserve and refinement. But, on the whole, the errors seem to me rather errors of force than of weakness; they are such as we are accustomed to see in the earlier expressions of every healthy and vigorous style which proved to possess the elements of life and the capacity for a long career. I certainly can assert that none of the work which, by happy instinct, commends itself to builders and is copied and travestied with various degrees of success, according to the degree of education in the practitioners, is characterized by that fastidiousness and elegant dilettanteism which belong to styles which have said

all that they have to say, and have lost their reproductive power.

I think I can discern in this architecture of promise just such points of difference from the more finished, elegant, and scholarly contemporaneous work of Boston and New York as should grow naturally out of the peculiarities of Western life. The best Eastern architects frequently have some practice in the West, and have set up in Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, San Francisco, and elsewhere examples of refined work of high artistic quality, full of inspiration and suggestiveness to local practice. All of them are doing good missionary work, putting out of countenance the buildings of coarse and florid pretense and cheap ostentation about them, and rendering more and more improbable the baleful repetition of them in the future. But by far the most effective missionary work in the West is done by the few structures which have risen "like an exhalation" from its own spirit.

It is difficult to specify in words the details or characteristics of composition which constitute this difference between the works of the East and the West.

In the latter, however, one can certainly detect a greater freedom from the restraints of the European schools. Qualities of material and the nature of the peculiar constructive methods evolved by practical experience are allowed to appear in the decorative scheme to an extent which, I fancy, the conservatism of the East has not encouraged. I have seen Western work wherein the capacities of terra cotta, for instance, have been recognized in the architectural design with a boldness and ingenuity, and a resultant success, which the East has not yet equaled. It is properly treated like a part of the face-brick structure, and the terra-cotta forms are not merely substituted for stone forms without change, as is customary in the East. Ornaments are contrived for the

baked moulded clay suited to its capacities and without regard to precedents in stone, and they are built into the brickwork in a manner which shows that they are made of the same material. The same independence of the conventional-ity which keeps architecture in safe but unprogressive and comparatively uninteresting grooves may be seen in the decorative treatment of metal, both on the inside and the outside of the best buildings, and its fireproof envelope is treated often with a distinction which is at once bold and felicitous. The diminished importance of the exterior cornice, in cases where that member has lost its characteristic function as a gutter, is frequently accepted in the design, and its form is changed to that of a mere wall coping. Buildings of ten or twelve stories are treated with a different expression from that made conventional by buildings of four or five stories, and the usual procrustean processes are not admitted. No accepted formulas are permitted to interfere with the primary necessity of abundant interior light. The first consideration is that windows shall be large enough and frequent enough for this exacting service, without regard to any studio predilections, furnished by the noble wall surfaces of Italian palaces and mediæval monasteries, or by any of the buttressed or pilastered symmetries of the Old World. There is no attempt to avoid the enormous difficulty forced by the requirements of modern shop fronts, and by the priceless invention through which they can be occupied with vast single sheets of polished plate glass set under girders of iron and steel, — a condition important enough in itself to set at defiance nearly all the precepts of all the academies, and, if frankly accepted by the architect, to create, perhaps, out of this nettle, the flower of a new art. It is the disposition to meet these unavoidable and increasing obstacles of structure and practice with hospitality instead of

hostility, and the ability to provide for them in a manner at once fitting and distinguished, that mark the work of the best trained architects of the West.

If the attitude of the government of the United States in regard to its public buildings were one of fostering care, as is the case with all other civilized nations, instead of crass indifference, we should look to these for examples of the most characteristic and advanced monumental work. The profession of architecture is not recognized by the general government, and for many years it has petitioned in vain for employment upon work which should be the greatest prizes of the profession and the most representative of our highest aspirations in art. The architect of the Treasury Department, to whom, against his own annual remonstrances, has been committed this great trust, has been constrained to adopt an official style in the public buildings, — one so ordained as to be capable of convenient and almost mechanical adaptation to the various and complicated service of the government with the least practicable expenditure of thought and study, so that no official time may be wasted in conferring upon them especial character. Generally, this work has been done according to the most conventional formulas, making it easiest to design and most costly to execute; consequently, it is absolutely without interest and has had no influence whatever upon the development of architecture in the West or elsewhere, even in places where there is the most manifest eagerness for good instruction. The same is true, though perhaps in a less degree, of most of the state capitols. They have usually been erected under conditions which have afforded little or no scope for the same sort or quality of architectural thought which is bestowed upon private work of much less conspicuous character. Therefore, whatever advance is making in this great art is to be attributed entirely to the people as

individuals or corporations; never to the State.

The buildings of the general government, and those of the States, counties, and cities, are usually well constructed and frequently quite correct in the academic sense, though the vernacular has expressed in them some of its most vicious fancies; but foreigners seek in vain among them for an exposition of national character. In Chicago, where one might expect at least to find a type of the energy and sound common sense of the people, the county, city, and national buildings are monuments not only of civic corruption and barbaric extravagance, but of a total eclipse of art. But alongside of them are private structures, erected with judicious economy of means and a lavish expenditure of well-directed study, betraying at all points the spirit which has made Chicago, and surpassing in ingenuity and felicity of design any other commercial buildings in the world.

To name names is a guaranty of good faith, but at the same time it commits the writer of an essay, intended to be very general in its statements, to a certain definiteness which subjects him to the danger of serious omissions. It is obviously impossible to make an exhaustive list of the men and works most potent in the national transition which I have endeavored to describe. But I venture to think that my argument will be strengthened as well as illustrated by distinct reference to the Rookery office building, the Phoenix, the Insurance Exchange, the Art Institute, and other buildings in Chicago, by Burnham and Root, of that city, who also built the beautiful Board of Trade building and others in Kansas City; to several of the best theatres of Chicago, notably to the new auditorium building, which promises to be one of the most scientifically constructed and perhaps the best appointed large hall in existence, by Adler and Sullivan, of that city; to the

Union Club, the Chicago Opera House, the Owens building, and many fine dwellings, by Cobb and Frost, also of Chicago; to certain excellent ecclesiastical and domestic work by Burling and Whitehouse, of the same city; to some miscellaneous work of high merit by W. L. B. Jenny, Edbrook and Burnham, Holabird and Roche, and other young men who promise to become distinguished in the active work of reform. I cannot refrain from referring also to Buffington's work in Minneapolis, where the transition is receiving some of its most notable impulses.

I do not believe there are as yet a dozen men really conspicuous for a capacity to express their art in those indigenous terms which take root and fructify in the great West. But the work to be done is so great and the field so vast that, if these were the only effective missionaries of art in the West, we might well despair of seeing the establishment and confirmation of a national art there within the century. Fortunately, they are closely followed by a crowd of trained workers, earnest and honest, doing yeoman's service in the great towns; all of them tending, I think, to unity of effort in the right direction. If they can be held together long enough by the influence of powerful examples, the result is assured.

I cannot properly close this essay without referring to the work of the lamented Richardson, whose genius was large enough and robust enough to belong to

the whole country, and whose influence for reform has been greater for his day and generation than that of any other architect of the century. I can almost say that the direct results of his powerful example may be seen in the principal streets of nearly every city of the West, not unfrequently, indeed, with "a damnable iteration." These results are often rude and undisciplined caricatures of the phase of Romanesque, which he was great enough to make peculiarly his own; on the other hand, there are sufficient evidences that the strong style, of which he was the chosen heir, is being acclimatized and developed under Western influences beyond the point to which he was able to carry it in his brilliant but brief career, until it promises to become one of the most effective agencies in establishing the architecture of the West. With varying fortunes it has been adapted to buildings of every kind and degree. Sometimes it is merely the sentiment or spirit of it which can be detected, indicating, perhaps, that it is being unconsciously merged with the other fructifying forces, in that great amalgam of precedents which constitutes historical architecture. Any architecture deserving this name must be compounded of too many elements to be the work of any one man or set of men, however illustrious. It must emanate by slow and indistinguishable processes from the essential spirit of the times. Individuals and schools must presently be lost in a movement so large.

Henry Van Brunt.

THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

XXV.

ONE morning, not long after the sentence had been pronounced, the chief culprits were disturbed in their dungeon

by the rattling of chains and the drawing of heavy bolts.

On a rude stone bench opposite the door sat Leisler, his elbows on his knees, his chin propped on his clenched fist,

his eyes, their gaze inturned, bent outwardly upon the floor. Thus, day and night, he had been sitting since his return to the cell, while his restless companion, on a bench over against him, talked without pause.

Now, aroused by the noise in that direction, Milborne looked curiously towards the door, which opened to admit three persons, whom, in the dim light, he did not directly recognize.

His doubt was short-lived: a sobbing little figure came groping in and knelt by his side; at the same moment a loud wail broke upon the air, as *Vrouw Leisler* threw herself upon her husband's neck. Meanwhile, *Cobus*, lingering in the corner, turned his face to the wall.

For many minutes not a word was said. It was the elder *huysvrouw* who first spoke.

"'T is an awful — awful thing, but take heart, *Jacob*! They dare not harm ye. Take heart, I say. We have appealed to the king. When his Majesty hears o' this, he'll see then what comes o' sending over his new governors. Ei! ei! there'll be a stir when he hears o' this, never fear!"

The condemned man mechanically put his arm about his wife, as she crouched by his side, but gave no other sign of heeding her words.

"*Jacob*! *Jacob*! speak to me, man! What is this, — chains on ye? How dare they? Look, *Mary*! See, *Cobus*! They have fetters on him, — fetters, like a common wretch. Oh! oh! wait till their Majesties hear this! After all ye did for them, after having them proclaimed at cost of life and limb, after saving the province from the Papists, after letting your own affairs go to rack and ruin! Wait! Wait till the king and the good queen hear these doings!"

"Sh! sh! mother," whispered *Mary*, "lest we be overheard."

"I care not who hears."

"It may go worse with them."

"It can go no worse with them!"

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cried the indignant *vrouw*. "What can they do more, tell me? See ye the hole they have thrust them in! See the chains hanging on them, and now thirsting for their blood! What can they do more, tell me?"

"Cry away, mother, loud as ye will; spit out your spleen: 't will give ye ease, if it helps not us," broke in *Milborne* ironically. "'T is little enough his Majesty cares what we have suffered in the cause. Those rascals have his ear, and will stuff it with what lies they choose."

"Let them say what they like, brother *Milborne*, they dare not do anything," joined in *Cobus*, coming forward. "Warnings are pouring in from every quarter; a petition has been sent to the king. They dare not raise finger against ye."

Shaking his head and waving his hand with an air of lofty deprecation, *Milborne* answered: —

"Seek not to unsettle our peace. Seek not to arouse vain hopes in us. Our minds are made up for the worst."

"Hush!"

"*Jacob*!"

"Be not so cast down, brother *Milborne*."

"Why cheat ourselves with hope?" he went on, ignoring the protesting trio. "Did ye hear the news? He has pardoned all others but us two, — ye know what that means."

"But the king," urged *Cobus*; "they cannot move till word comes from his Majesty."

"The king will not interfere."

A low wail broke from the women.

"Blood must be shed to glut the thirst of these wolf-hounds. Vengeance demands a sacrifice; we shall be the victims."

"That shall ye not!" burst out *Cobus*, with a touch of his father's energy. "Help is at hand. Our friends are rising all over the province. Woe to the man that lifts hand of violence against ye!"

"Good, my son!" joined in his mother. "We have friends enough; they'll see no harm comes to ye."

The sound of sliding bolts announced the jailer's coming, and cut short the good dame's eloquence. Instinctively she turned to her husband for protection.

"Jacob, Jacob, my man, they've come to drag me away from ye! Jacob, I say, lift your eyes; turn about and speak a word to me. Do ye hear? One word for the sake of the old times."

She gently pulled his head around and gazed anxiously in his face; he stared at her stupidly.

"Father in heaven! Something is wrong with him. Look, Mary, at his eyes! He heeds nothing. Jacob, I say, look now, — look in my face! 'T is Elsie, your old Elsie! 'T was young Elsie years ago, when first I came to ye. Ye remember the day, Jacob, and how ye laughed that night, — our wedding night, — and joined the song, and said we'd be the happiest two in all New Amsterdam? Oh, well ye remember; often ye spoke of it since. See, here's the ring ye gave me. 'T is worn thin and small now with all the years. Ei! 't is long enough ago, but ye know best whether I have been true to it. Hard I tried, heart an' soul I did, to be a faithful wife to ye, Jacob, but — but" — tears choked her utterance — "I'm an old woman now, and ye heed me no more."

Aroused by this outburst, her husband put out his hand and softly caressed her head.

"Ye heed me no more," sobbed the dame.

"Ye have been a true wife, Elsie. Go home to your children."

"Oh, Jacob, how can I go leave ye in a place like this!"

"Go get ye home, and waste no thought on me."

"To leave ye in a dungeon, with fetters on ye!"

"'T is just."

"Ye shall not say it!"

"'T is right I should suffer for my sin."

"How could ye sin, being sent about the Lord's business?"

"No more o' that, woman!"

"Ei?"

"The Lord had no hand in it."

"No hand?"

"'T was my own vainglory."

"I'll not believe ye, — I'll not believe ye ever did willful wrong!"

"God knows I did not, — stick ye to that. I was no rogue, but a fool. A fool does the greater harm, — 't is a deadly beast not to be spared. Go get ye home to the children, and bid them forget me."

"Come, I say, get through with your whimpering. 'T is time ye were gone," broke in the impatient turnkey at the door.

But the dame, dismayed by her husband's tone of submission, a note which in all their long intercourse she had never before heard sounded, and which now jarred upon her ears like a painful discord, threw herself in a fresh outburst upon his neck, clinging there till Cobus with might and main dragged her from the cell.

On their way out, as they passed through the great gate of the fort, they met a party of gayly dressed horsemen about to enter. A stout, red-faced person, with an air of pomp and circumstance, who rode in advance, was laughing loudly.

"'T is the new governor," said Mary under her breath, skipping along to get out of the way.

Cobus, who had already recognized several well-known faces in the group, scowled darkly and stepped aside.

Vrouw Leisler, however, startled by Mary's warning, stood stock-still, and gazed hard at the advancing cavalcade. Thus she neglected to secure her escape from the narrow entrance, and was in consequence well-nigh trampled upon by his Excellency's prancing stallion.

Fresh from that sad scene in the dungeon, the poor dame could not restrain her wrath at sight of the rollicking party.

"Shame, shame on ye, cruel man!" she cried boldly. "Ye have brought sorrow and suffering enough upon us, and now would ye make sport of our misery?"

His Excellency stared in amazement upon being thus taken to task, but at a hint from Bayard, who rode at his elbow, he quietly drew rein for the dame to pass, and went on his way without answer.

Slight as it was, the incident plainly caused the governor more than a passing discomfiture. Thus far the burden of the song which had reached his ears had been one of unmixed praise. By the common sort he had been hailed as a deliverer. By the long-oppressed body of the groote burgerrecht he had been well-nigh apotheosized. Brought back from exile, restored to their homes, families, and estates, and advanced to new honors, how could they do enough for the man by whose hands all this had been wrought!

A round of dinners, balls, and routs of very unusual splendor was set going, at which his Excellency was the chief and honored guest. It was, indeed, while returning, early in the morning, from a supper-party at Philipse's, where a dozen of them had literally made a night of it, that the self-complacent official had been so rudely accosted by Vrouw Leisler.

The young gentlemen in the governor's train spared not to make merry over the incident.

"What old vrouw was that?"

"The commander's wife."

"So?"

"Never!"

"What, great Cromwell's spouse?"

The laughing skeptics turned back to scan the retreating party.

"Governor, you are a naughty man."

"'Tis better your Excellency meet not the old dame alone."

"That is it. I noted her nails."

"And the vigor of her arm."

"And the mischief in her eye."

"Hear the wags prate, Van Cortlandt!" said the governor good-naturedly, turning to his neighbor.

"And why not? 'Tis our turn to prate. The shoe is on the other foot now, eh, Bayard?"

"And they that wear it know how it pinches," added the colonel bitterly. "Let it pinch. 'Tis well they should know the pang. Little enough any of their brood cared for my poor wife's misery, while I lay yonder in the self-same dungeon."

"Do they cry out already? Poh! they have had but a month of it yet, while we had a round dozen and more," put in Nichols.

"Yet lacked you one solace they enjoy," suggested a new voice.

"What is that, Graham?"

"You were not under sentence."

"No, but 't was worse with us; in a sentence there is some certainty."

"There should be," broke in Van Cortlandt, with a swift glance at the governor.

"Let us hope 't will prove so," added another, significantly.

"But we," continued Bayard, "were subject to the caprice of yonder beast, who was capable of striking off our heads at a moment's notice."

"His days of mischief would soon be ended now, if his Excellency were of my mind," muttered Nichols.

"Or of mine."

"Patience, patience, gentlemen; be not so bloodthirsty," said his Excellency, laughing, as he jumped from his horse at the door of the governor's house, and led the way to a small withdrawing-room adjoining the audience chamber. There, no sooner had he seated himself and called for some wine, than his companions settled about him like a swarm of flies, and directly the chorus was renewed.

"Tis no laughing matter, your Excellency, if you knew but a tithe we have suffered from the wretch."

"Ay, colonel, *you*, indeed, have some cause of complaint. Is everybody served? Gentlemen, here's your very good health!"

"And which of us has not, and of dread, too, while that viper breathes the air?"

"Poh, poh! What have you to dread now? Nothing! He is fast and safe. Come, my friends, fill up!"

"He is but scotched; he should be crushed."

"There'll be neither peace nor safety in the province till 'tis done."

"Every breath he draws is a menace to our lives and liberties."

"Know ye, too, that hordes of lawless, hulking rascals are scheming this very minute to compass his escape?"

"Eh? Think you there is any truth in that?" asked the governor, rather nervously.

"Tis certain!"

"And if your Excellency move not in the matter soon" —

"Gentlemen, this talk is idle; my authority in the matter is suspended; they have appealed to the king."

A babel of protestation arose upon this.

"Appealed! What ground have condemned traitors of appeal?"

"They have no right of appeal beyond the governor and council."

"The governor stands here *in loco regis*."

"Was not your Excellency sent hither to compose differences and secure the peace of the province, and is every little matter to be referred back to his Majesty?"

The governor looked harassed and uncertain.

"There may be reason in what you say, my friends. I will consider of it, and take the minds of my council in the matter."

Bayard and Van Cortlandt exchanged a grim smile.

"We have a meeting to-day on the question of my going up in person to Albany to make terms with the Mohawks."

"I trust you will not think of going away till this matter be settled."

"Van Cortlandt, I cry you mercy. Whatever I do, I will postpone further discussion of *this* matter for the present," retorted his Excellency pettishly.

"Right! right! We have too much business!" cried one of the younger men. "What says your Excellency to a bit of sport to lighten these weighty affairs of state? Come, will you join us in running down a cunning old wolf that has been carrying off all the lambs in Ompoge?"

"When is it set for?"

"This very day."

"Egad, 'tis a cruel temptation, but" — motioning with a rueful look towards the table before him, piled high with papers — "duty, you see, holds me here."

"You will not, however, fail us to-night?"

"To-night?"

"At the wedding."

"Ay, ay, surely. I'm pledged to that. To-night is it?"

"To-night; all our little world will be there."

"Count upon me. I will not fail."

The governor bowed his friends out, but did not stay to watch them across the green; else he might have wondered at their locked arms, their clustered heads, and frequent stops to parley.

The wedding proved a very grand affair. It has, indeed, become of historic interest, and that, too, without any great beauty or worth on the part of the wedded pair. The bride's father — whose name is withheld for sufficient reasons — was a rich mynheer of good old Dutch stock, a stanch member of

the Stadthuys party, who had himself suffered in person and estate under Leisler's domination. This feast, then, to which were bidden all the men of weight and influence in the country-side, served the double purpose of reassembling the leaders of his own party in a general jubilation over the change in affairs, and incidentally doing honor to his daughter's nuptials. The governor, who had been the figure-head of the revolution, was naturally the guest of distinction.

Mynheer's house, if not the finest in the town, was yet worthy the company and the occasion, and a good example of the home of a rich burgher of the day. It was a large, square stone mansion on the corner of two considerable streets, with commodious offices, and a garden filled with choice Dutch plants stretching away to the rear. Somewhat bald without, it was luxurious enough within.

The heavy oak rafters which upheld the ceiling of the spacious drawing-room were carved in grotesque devices, and polished like a mirror. The walls, wainscoted in Spanish mahogany and hung with oil-paintings from the best Antwerp masters, abounded in nooks of mysterious gloom, defying the detective glare of a hundred candles. The floor was covered with a thick Flemish carpet. The high carved mantelpiece, adorned with twisted pilasters and overhung by a flowered tabby cloth, was relieved below by a hearth-stone, depicting in chocolate and blue tiles the pathetic story of Daniel in the lions' den.

The furniture was of a sort with the room. A tall clock in a carved oak case black with age stood in the corner. Velvet chairs hung with silver lace, others covered with leather and studded with brass nails, stood about. The massive sofa seemed poised upon the back of some monstrous beast crouched against the wall, whence his huge claw feet protruded. Above gleamed a big

round mirror framed in ebony, and flanked by glittering silver sconces ablaze with wax-lights. On the marble table stood tall candelabra, also bristling with lighted candles. Flowered tabby curtains draped the windows, and the broad window-seats were furnished with feathered cushions covered in tapestry-work. Upon the narrow chimney-shelf stood an hour-glass and the family Bible with polished brass ends and clasps. Above hung the sword used by the host's father in the English wars. In the near corner leaned a burnished warming-pan, and on the opposite side was a spinning-wheel with cunningly inlaid frame.

In the dining-room, what with the precious accumulation of years of smoke from roaring logs on the hearth and the flaring of innumerable candles, the dusky walls and ceilings recalled the witching sombreness of certain Dutch masterpieces. The heavy mahogany table, dimmed by years of service, mirrored with a ghostly gleam the massive silver service which glittered on its surface. The carving of the huge sideboard was lost in gloom, but the rich store of glasses, flagons, and decanters with which it was loaded caught and reflected in a dazzling way the glow of the fire and candles.

Punctuality had not yet fallen from its high estate as a virtue, so that before the last peal of the sunset bell from the fort had died away the whole company was assembled.

And where upon the round earth could a more sober, respectable, and decorous looking company have been called together! What it wanted in brilliance it made up in dignity; what in grace was amply supplied in splendor. In outward aspect, indeed, it fell little short of gorgeousness. The women were loaded with heavy rings and chains of gold; they sported lace of Flemish and Venetian point. Their silken petticoats, of which each wore as many as she could

carry, quilted with endless toil in a hundred fantastic patterns, were marvels of handiwork. Stockings curiously clocked, jeweled shoe-buckles, and heavy purses wrought in filigree made up an attire not conspicuous for simplicity.

Neither was the garb of the men, grave and sedate as they looked, behind-hand in point of finery, nor, it must be confessed, in point of clumsiness. The number of Mynheer's breeches equaled that of his vrouw's petticoats; the outer pair, made of silk or velvet, being overhung by the long lappets of a waistcoat wrought in gold. Covering all was a voluminous coat with buckram-stiffened skirts sweeping to his very ankles. The host, as he stood beside his bobbing vrouw, near the open door, to receive his guests, protected his bald head from the draught by a cap of yellow brocade, with a crimson velvet brim turned up to the crown.

Amidst all this splendor there was one object of elegance: it was the begum. Her flowing robe of creamy cashmere was superbly wrought in colors. A fillet of diamonds shone in her coarse black hair and secured her head-gear, — a long veil of sheerest muslin hemmed with gold thread, — which was drawn at will about her slender person, or tossed hither and thither by her restless hands.

Steenie, coming upon the little woman in the throng, for the first time in his life became vaguely aware of this air of distinction. He stopped to talk, and — was it his own ripened taste, or that he now heeded it as never before? — he found her conversation so abounding in a piquant flavor that he took no pains to conceal his look of annoyance when somebody came to interrupt them.

Thereafter wandering listlessly through the rooms, his eye was caught by a chattering group gathered about one of the window-seats. He drew near, and found Catalina the centre of it. By a happy audacity her mother had dressed her in

scarlet, and she formed the high-light of a striking picture.

Stopping merely to look, he unconsciously listened. Catalina was the speaker. With gay looks and tripping accent she was rehearsing some cabalistic rhyme, to determine which of the group should next fill the place of bride and groom. One after another, with much good-natured banter, slipped into place before her to undergo the test.

A whim seized the junker: watching his chance, without leave or warning he stepped into the vacant place. The speaker was hopelessly discomfited. Controlling an impulse to cry out, she stared at him a moment, and dropped her eyes. Her companions clamored noisily for her to go on. She flushed painfully and stammered. The momentary silence was broken by a rumor that the bride had appeared.

Directly the others flew away, like a flock of birds, leaving Steenie and Catalina alone.

"See," he began, holding to his purpose, "here is my hand. I am waiting to try my luck."

The timely diversion had given the rhymster a moment's relief. With ill-assumed indifference she took his hand, steadied herself, and looked up in his face to begin.

Nothing surely could have been more amiable than the junker's expectant look. But she, suspecting perhaps a lurking mockery behind that demure mask, suddenly dropped his hand, and hurried away after her companions.

Directly the marriage ceremony was over, the bride fell from her rank as a person of consequence. She was left to the younger fry, who repaired to a room apart, where they danced and sported after time-honored fashion.

With the rest of the company the governor was the hero of the hour. All pressed forward for a presentation. His Excellency was most obliging. He stood flushed and perspiring in his scarlet tog-

gery, shaking hands and bowing acknowledgment of the compliments poured in upon him.

Happily he was soon relieved ; supper was announced, and he was led away by his host to the seat of honor at the board. Every delicacy which the peopled woods or teeming waters could afford loaded the table. The choicest fruit of Spanish and Portuguese vineyards was not wanting, while all was supplemented by divers toothsome kickshaws of the huysvrouw's art.

Such heavy viands called for huge draughts to wash them down. His Excellency, well known as a good trencherman, proved that he was no laggard at the bowl. Willing hands were not lacking to see that his cup was filled, nor ready wits to furnish occasion for new bumpers to his honor and success.

"Here's to our new governor," began an over-zealous young man, sitting below the little group gathered at the head of the table.

"Nay, nay, spare me ; 'tis growing stale, that toast. It has been drunk a half score times already," pleaded his Excellency, laughing.

"Very good," returned the pledger, with a wink at those about him, "I will ring a change upon it. How is this ? Here's to our new broom : may it make a clean sweep, and leave no dust in the corners !"

A buzz of approbation ran round the table.

"I accept the amendment, my good friend," answered the governor, in a voice already somewhat thick, "though I must say 'tis something of a riddle, that toast of yours."

"Let me resolve it for your Excellency by another," said a voice nearer at hand. "Gentlemen, are you ready ? Well, then ! Here's to the Theseus sent to cope with our Minotaur : may he prove that the race of heroes is not run out !"

"An uproar of applause greeted this sentiment, what with the stamping of

feet, the rattling of knives and spoons, mingled with hoarse shouts of delight.

"After hunting tigers in Bengal, I might make shift to engage the monster," said his Excellency, with growing unsteadiness of utterance ; "but remember the beast was inclosed in a labyrinth, and I — I have no skill in labyrinths."

"The way is straight," said a low voice in his ear.

"And there are willing guides," added one in a stage whisper from across the table.

"Fie, fie, gentlemen !" cried his Excellency, with a nervous laugh ; "remember the occasion : 'tis a feast we are at. No business, I pray you. See, you are driving away the ladies !"

The remark was occasioned by Madam Van Cortlandt, who, summoning the reluctant Steenie to escort her, was saying good-night at the door. Other guests were going ; it was getting late. One little group, however, still lingered about the fireside, listening to the begum's account of similar festivities in her native land.

Having sent Catalina home in her palanquin, that lady was professedly killing time till its return. Notwithstanding her listeners' keen interest in what she was saying, the lady talked in a very odd and absent manner. Perhaps the convivial party at the other end of the room disconcerted her, for at every movement in their circle she hesitated, looked uneasy, and cast a furtive glance in that direction. Suddenly she stopped in the very midst of a sentence, and forgetting her staring audience, she listened heart and soul to what his Excellency was saying.

"Ah, my friends, what a curry Colonel Bob could make ! 'T would keep a fish in the sea thirsty ; I swear to you a man could drink all night after it, and begin again in the morning. Egad, I'd give half my income for a dish of it this minute, if I might ever meet another with the trick of making it."

To the great surprise of her auditors, the begum advanced quickly, and, leaning over the table, said, —

"Gentlemen — your pardon!"

"Madam, your most humble servant," answered the governor, struggling to his feet.

"I hear," — the lady's tone showed, as it seemed, undue agitation, — "it comes to my ear, your Excellency's wish. 'Tis a secret I learned in my own country, the dish you talk of — I know it well, and if I can serve you" —

"Nay, madam, 't was a passing whim. I could never put you to such trouble."

"I shall count it an honor. Sir, I beg you!"

"Gentlemen, you hear, — what can I say?"

"Your Excellency, such an offer is not to be slighted."

"Madam, I am but mortal. Hark ye, gentlemen, a toast; and let it be a bumper: Here's health and gratitude to her Mightiness the Begum!"

The lady acknowledged the compliment with a profound obeisance. Then turning briskly to the fulfillment of her promise, she sent to the kitchen for a chafing-dish and ingredients, dispatched a slave to her own house for the rarer condiments, and in an incredibly short time the savory dish was smoking upon the board.

A murmur of thanks, another toast, another salaam, and the agitated cook withdrew to join the ladies in the drawing-room.

Whether the dish proved too fiery for the untutored palates of the Dutchmen, whether from forbearance or some unexplained reason, the lion's share was served to his Excellency, who scrupled not to accept it. His account of its effects, moreover, was abundantly verified. Relay after relay of wine, fetched from the well-stocked bins beneath, failed to cool the burning throats. In due time a huge bowl of punch took the place of

the bottles. Thereupon the merriment grew boisterous. Indiscriminate laughter greeted alike the well-turned song, the stupid jest, or salacious tale, — the ladies were at a safe distance.

The ladies, indeed, were, for the most part, gone. In the drawing-room the patient hostess still nodded in the midst of a few heavy-eyed dames, who, kept by the storm, waited for their carousing lords.

For the storm, long threatening, had broken at last, and in ill-lighted, unpaved streets was not to be lightly encountered. The begum's palanquin-bearers, driven in by the pelting rain, lay crouched like sleeping dogs upon a rug in a dark corner of the hall. Their mistress, unconscious of their presence, paced the drawing-room with cat-like tread and ear intent upon the progressing orgies.

After a lull which sadly tried the patience of the listener, his Excellency was heard, more inarticulate than ever, in converse with another, whose tones were clear, insinuating, and urgent.

"But I pray your Excellency to consider; you are among friends here."

"Fr-frien's! yesh, go-ood frien's!"

"Good friends, very true. Now among good friends one may talk his mind."

"Ay, ay, talk away, go-ood frien'; but your glash is empty — see!"

"Listen; this is business. Your Excellency is looking for a home. Now there is a fine plantation on the river wants an owner."

"Eh?"

"An estate for a duke, well watered, timbered, stocked with cattle and slaves."

"So — hic-o?"

"There is no better estate in the province."

"Go-ood!"

"A word in your ear: the day this matter is settled" —

His Excellency's blurred vision clearly failed to catch the wink.

"Umph?"

— "that estate finds an owner" —

Was the fuddled official past taking a hint?

— “and your Excellency — ahem” —
“Eh?”

— “finds a home.”

Has some savor of the insinuation at last reached him through the clogged avenues of sense? He shifts uneasily in his chair, and as his eye lights upon two of the party withdrawn to whisper in the corner, he hails it as a distraction, and loudly rallies them: —

“Hello! Hel-lo, I say! See yon sneaks! Go fetch 'em back, 'n' fill their gl-lashes!”

“But your Excellency” —

“Fetch 'em back! F-fetch 'em back, I say, and make 'em dr-rink! We'll have no sn-neaks here!”

“Make good your promise to us, your Excellency, and we'll drink you measure for measure till the cock crows.”

“Drink — dr-rink, I say, and I'll make good anything!”

“Here, then, if it please you, 't is but to sign this paper.”

“F-faugh! T-take it away. Leave si-ignin' papers till the day. Dr-rink, I say!”

“So we will; but first — 't is but to write your name.”

A place was cleared upon the table, the parchment was spread before him, a half dozen of the most noted men of the province crowded around.

“Pray you, sir!”

“A stroke of the pen and 't is done.”

“See, here is the place.”

“To-morrow 't will be as hard to do.”

“'T is the sentence of the court.”

“'T is approved by the council.”

“And confirmed by the assembly.”

“Would you free the land from rebels and traitors?”

“Indeed, you have no choice.”

“Come, sir, the punch is waiting.”

“See, here is the place.”

A pen was fitted to the unsteady fingers, the paper was adjusted. A tense silence fell upon the room, broken only

by the roaring of the wind in the huge chimney and the raging of the storm without. The candles burned low in their sockets; a fitful flame flickered among the wasted logs upon the hearth-stone. Out of the shadows of the doorway close at hand peered a dusky face, with glaring eyes fixed upon the little group.

“Wh-wha' zis *for*, gen-gen'lemen?”

The thick tongue could scarcely articulate, and the heavy lids drooped over the vacant eyes.

“For his Majesty's glory and the peace of the province.”

“He-here's to 's Ma-majesty's gl-glory!”

He scrawled the fateful lines, the pen dropped from his nerveless grasp, and he rolled, a senseless clod, under the table.

XXVI.

All through the night the storm raged on, and the morning brought no change save the glimmering of a cold gray light sifted through countless strata of icy vapor. From the exhaustless reservoir of the northern seas came sweeping, in endless succession, vast masses of clouds, to pour out their floods upon the drenched city.

Round about the little island the storm marshaled its forces as an enemy about a beleaguered camp. The sea thundered upon the rocks; the Kolch, risen high in its basin, threatened overflow; the brook leaped its bounds, and swept in mad turbulence down the Magde Paetje; while far and near the ground was strewn with dead branches of trees and rotten saplings wrenched from the dismantled palisades.

Within the walls the gutters ran in rivulets; the shattered bark eaves-troughs spurted cascades from every corner; mimic lakes formed in each hollow of the ground, and the unpaved streets were an ooze of mud.

The fort, perched on its little promontory, suffered the full fury of the attack: loose mortar and bits of rubble from the walls were flung hither and yonder; streams of water poured over the bastions; the wind, swooping among the inclosed buildings, tore shingles from the roofs, rocked the old bell-tower from base to summit, dashed in shrieks of ill-omen against the barred windows of the dungeon, howled down the chimney of the governor's house, sending out thick clouds of smoke from the struggling fire into the low-ceiled room where sat some members of the council, shuddering amidst their whispered conference at the fury of the blast, which, shrieking, demon-voiced, at the casement, sped away to blab abroad the dark secret it had eavesdropped.

Catalina stood at the window of her own room, looking out upon the storm. Over the tree-tops in the garden she caught a glimpse of the sea gleaming with white-caps, the further shore blurred out by clouds and rain.

Despite the dreariness of the outlook, the young girl lingered long at her post, and shivered as she turned away; for within things were at their worst. The whole house was torn up and disordered in preparation for moving; her father having resolved, since the change in affairs, to quit the town and retire to his farm in New Utrecht.

Shut up in his herbarium brooding over the results of the late revolution, the doctor concerned not himself with details; the begum had a native scorn for any menial task, and thus the work of packing was left to the slaves, with the natural result.

Notwithstanding the turmoil and the swarming humanity, Catalina was conscious of a sense of isolation and mystery. The house held not a companion for her. The children were at play in the garret; the slaves at their work; her father shut up as described; while her mother, preoccupied and anxious, spent

the day wandering restlessly from room to room, peering from the windows, listening breathlessly as if for some expected sound to break through the dull roar of wind and rain.

Impatient of the stress of influences not to be seen or understood, Catalina at last, with an impetuous movement, started to go to her father's room. Though silent, he was not unkind, and, though he might not welcome, he would not repulse her. She could at least sit quietly and look at his big musty books filled with odd cuts of plants and flowers, and forget all malign influences in his protective presence.

Down the broad staircase and through the hall, cluttered with furniture and packing-cases, she passed, reaching at length the narrow passage which led to her father's room.

The sight of the door ajar and the sound of conversation from within caused her to stop. Her father was speaking in a tone of strong excitement.

"What do you tell me, woman?"

Could this be to her mother? Never had she heard her addressed in such wise.

"'Tis done, I say. I saw him sign the paper."

"They dare not!"

"'Tis the sentence of the court."

"A court packed with his enemies."

"The council, the assembly, approve it."

"And who be they?—the self-same blood-hungry brood."

"The whole country cries out for it. He is a monster, — a beast of carnage that must be hunted down and" —

The speaker, at a loss for a word strong enough to express her meaning, finished the sentence with a stamp of her foot.

"'T will be a murder!"

"It will be to take away a dread and a burden from the people. It will be to bless the province. It will be to let honest people breathe in peace, sleep

without horrid dreams, speak like men and women, and not slaves."

"I tell you, woman, that day Jacob Leisler dies by the hangman's hand will be the darkest ever dawned upon this land."

"Be it dark or light," came the retort in a tone almost fierce with exultation, "twill dawn with to-morrow's sun."

Catalina heard these concluding words, saw the door open, saw her mother's form advancing towards her in the passage, but she stood motionless. So gradually had the intelligence grown in her mind from a premonition to a dark suspicion, to a sinking fear, to a horrible conviction, that she did not start or tremble; she simply stood as if the blood had stopped coursing in her veins.

It was her mother who brought her back to a realization of the truth.

"Child, what have you heard?"

Catalina scarcely felt the grasp upon her arm, heeded not the question; she had but one thought.

Shaking off her mother's hold, she flew through the hall, opened the door, —entreaties, warnings, threats, unheard, —and dashed away through the pelting storm, hoodless and cloakless.

The day was spent. Night was fast falling. It was simply a change from gray to black. Light or darkness, it was all the same to Catalina; she could have found her way in sleep to that familiar stoop in the Strand. The slave who opened the door was almost startled into dropping her candle, as the bedraggled little figure sprang in out of the swirl of wind and rain, and darted past her up the stairs.

Hester stood before the mirror smoothing her hair. She looked up tranquilly as the door was flung open, shaded her eyes from the glare of the candle, and stared with quiet curiosity on recognizing her visitor at such an hour and in such a guise.

That undisturbed look struck the vis-

itor dumb. She stood rooted to the threshold, with not a word to say.

"Catalina, what brings *you*?"

The girl tried to speak; her lips quivered, her face was contorted, but, unable to fetch forth a word, she threw herself into her friend's arms with a troubled cry.

In vain Hester asked what it all meant. She could only get sobs and inarticulate cries in answer. She made matters worse by offering general condolence upon any or all ills her visitor might be afflicted with.

Her entreaties were interrupted by a loud wail from below, followed by groans and despairing cries. In dismay Hester hurried down-stairs, Catalina vainly striving to withhold her.

She found the cozy supper-room warmed and lighted, and the table spread for their evening meal; but, as if in mockery of all these preparations for creature comfort, there, upon the hearth-rug, stood their old pastor, his wide-brimmed hat and cloak fallen in a sodden mass to the floor, supporting in his arms her mother, who, in an utter abandonment of grief, filled the air with groans. Before him, upon the floor, Mary sobbed without restraint; in the hall Cobus strode up and down in violent agitation; while from the kitchen doorway peered the frightened faces of a group of slaves.

Hester stood in silence, yielding to the creeping chill of coming terror. Before the question that trembled upon her lips could be put into words the need for it was gone.

"Let us pray."

All heeded the dominie's call save Cobus, who kept on his restless march.

The prayer left no more questions to be asked. Hester rose from her knees with face ashen and fixed. She shed no tears, uttered no sound of grief. She sat in a chair for a space, and then went and asked the dominie if they might go to the fort.

"Yes, yes, go, all of you. Take the mother. The time is short."

Seeing herself forgotten, Catalina stole away. Coming out upon the stoop, she found a tall figure standing in the darkness. She was about to pass, when a well-known voice said, —

"You have seen her?"

"Yes; oh, go in, — go you and speak to her. She will listen to you."

Quite unconsciously she caught the junker's arm and peered beseechingly in his face. He did not heed her clutch, he could not see her pleading eyes; he was busy with some scruples of his own.

"You will go?"

"I will wait for the dominie."

Dimly guessing at his meaning, she turned away. A passing lantern showed her scanty dress. He quietly stripped off his great-coat and threw over her. Failing for the first time in her life to resent such a liberty, she went submissively away, trailing the heavy garment through the mud.

The junker remained at his post, pacing up and down in the rain. Drenched muffled figures slipped past him into the house, amongst them Dr. Staats with lantern and a cloak, in search of his daughter. Others, friends and relatives, arrived; the dreadful news was spreading. A score of persons, all told, might have gathered. The sound of lamentation mingled with curses and execrations gradually increased to an uproar. Thereupon, dominating the tumult, the voice of the dominie once more uprose in supplication. Directly his prayer was ended, a silent procession filed out of the door and took its way towards the fort.

Which of all these cloaked and hooded figures was she? The junker stood looking after them, in doubt whether to follow, when the dominie stepped up to him.

"Come with me. I have work for you."

Without question or hesitation the summons was obeyed.

"This is a woful business," said the good man, as they hurried along; "it crushes these poor people. I pity them; but God looks on, 't is all done in his providence. We cannot stay the course of justice. 'T is best we should not. 'T is best for the people, best for the country, that this thing should be done, — I may speak freely to you, — but some part of these cruel practices may be dispensed with. Let the man pay the penalty of his great sin with his life; all beyond is barbarity. Let us make haste and see if we may get these cruelties abated."

"Is it needful for that to see his Excellency?"

"Yes; he alone has power to remit any part of the sentence."

"I hope he may be found," said Steenie significantly.

But the storm drowned his voice, and the unsuspecting dominie plunged on towards Colonel Bayard's house, where the governor lodged. Arrived, they were told his Excellency was not at home.

"Where is he?" demanded the dominie sharply.

The servant knew nothing about it.

"Go tell your master Dominie Selyns waits to see him!"

But the colonel was absent also, and nothing was known of his whereabouts.

The dominie uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Leave it to me," said Steenie quickly.

"There must be no miscarriage in the matter," was the stern warning.

"If it be in the power of man to do, I will do it," said the junker resolutely.

The dominie still hesitated.

"You are needed yonder," pointing towards the fort.

"True, true; go, my lad, — go and do your best. The business is safer in your hands than in mine," he added,

perhaps with a recollection of the junker's kinship with many of the party in power.

The two parted on the dark stoop, and went their separate ways.

Whether acting upon information or surmise, Steenie decided at once upon his course, and lost no time in setting off on his errand. Going home, he told nobody of his purpose, but stole to the stables, saddled his own horse, and unaccompanied by servant or slave made his way to the Landpoort and galloped off through the darkness.

Like all youths of the day, he was a skilled horseman and quite familiar with the few highways traversing the island.

Pushing on as fast as the storm and darkness would permit, he saw presently, to the right of the road, a feeble gleam of light. He remembered his whereabouts. Thinking perhaps of his dripping state and the long ride before him, he dashed up to the house and pounded on the door with his whip. It was opened directly, and Tryntie appeared.

"Quick, huysvrouw, a glass of brandewyn!"

Without pause or question the little woman darted away, and presently appeared with a bottle and mug, — the owner of the bottle, aroused from his fireside nap, bringing up the rear.

"What happens, Mynheer?" he asked, stifling a yawn.

The junker told the news in a word as he wheeled his horse.

"God help us all!"

"The great captain himself! Ach, if he had but minded me when I" —

Heedless of the consternation of the worthy pair, Steenie galloped off in the midst of their exclamations, and for several hours, without pause or interruption, held his course.

It was past midnight when at last he drew up before a dark mass of buildings and shrubbery which presently proved a mansion of unusual extent, as the broken line of its wings and offices stood out in

gray relief against the black background of the forest.

Driving into the stable-yard, where he was greeted by a chorus of barking dogs, the rider gave over his jaded horse to a sleepy groom and made all haste to the house.

Here tell-tale rays of light seen through chinks and cracks in the closed shutters, together with a murmur of voices and an occasional burst of laughter from within, told of a convivial party.

Sounding the knocker and making known his name, Steenie was ushered directly to the supper-room, where his appearance was the signal for a noisy greeting.

As the junker stood for a moment upon the threshold, there took place divers swift and marked contractions of his facial muscles. Before him was reproduced the scene of the wedding-feast: the disordered table, the self-same company, with his Excellency in the seat of honor proposing, in a voice reminiscent of yesterday, a toast in his honor.

Notwithstanding this cordial reception, Steenie failed not to detect certain keen and critical glances bent upon him. There was need of caution; there was need of presence of mind. An ill-judged move might defeat his purpose.

He studied the group with anxiety as he set down his cup, he noted the condition of his Excellency: clearly, no time was to be lost.

Meantime the flow of conviviality was checked. Naturally the company looked to him for an explanation of his unbidden entrance to the revel. The junker hesitated; he floundered for a moment in embarrassment. Presently he drew himself up. His face cleared.

"Gentlemen, I am come here on an errand of mercy."

There was an indefinable movement among his hearers.

"I am come hither on the part of the dominie to beg that no needless cruelty be practiced on yonder wretches."

A murmur, which, though inarticulate, was as distinctly hostile as the growl of a wild beast, went around the board.

"May it please your Excellency," went on the junker without giving time for an interruption, "I appeal to you to remit so much of this sentence as goes beyond" —

"No more o' that bus-business! 'T is settled, — I'll not be plagued with it again. Come, gentlemen, where are your glasses?"

"But please your Excellency, if the ends of justice are answered by the death of the culprits, anything further" —

"No more, I say!" interrupted the governor angrily. "My go-ood friend, let the old dominie do his own preaching, and fill you up your gl-lass like your father's son!"

Silenced by the loud applause which greeted this answer, Steenie looked about with an air of discouragement. Well he knew his listeners: small sympathy they would have at any time for mere sentiment; but in this instance he came to plead for one at whose hands they had suffered every form of indignity, till the very thought of him filled them with a blighting hatred.

As if recognizing in the occasion a crucial test of character, the junker summoned every resource of manhood to the fore.

"Gentlemen, you are advisers to his Excellency; I appeal to you. Shall we go back to savage practices? This is a remnant of barbarism, 't is a disgrace to Christianity; will you suffer it?"

There was a dead silence.

Driven to straits, the petitioner next called on individuals by name to aid him in persuading his Excellency; in each case he was met by a blank refusal.

"D-damn me if I'll be persua-suaded by the best of you!" hiccoughed his Excellency. "I'd have you to know I've a m-mind o' my own. C-come, no more o' this! Fill up, gentlemen!"

Straightway there was a prodigious bustle in opening bottles and filling glasses. The junker was ignored.

But only for a minute. With a supreme effort he met the crisis.

"Listen!" he cried, as he struck the table a resounding thump. "Listen, I say, one and all! Grant me now and here this thing I ask, or by the goodness of God I will make known to the world how yonder wretches' death was compassed!"

There was an instant commotion. The governor staggered to his feet, purple with wrath.

"Does he t-think to bully us? S-seize him! Seize him!"

Several members of the startled circle expostulated with his Excellency, others came with overtures to Steenie.

"Stand off! I will have no parleying. There is no time to waste. Once for all," he cried, turning and stalking to the door, "shall I have what I ask?"

There was a whispered consultation, accompanied by many oaths and much angry gesticulation. At last one of the elders of the party wrote a few hurried lines on a slip of paper, which his Excellency signed with a tipsy scrawl and flung to the floor. Verifying the paper with one sweeping glance as he picked it up, the waiting junker was away without a word.

On the way back, what with his breathless pace and the heavy roads, his horse foundered. There was no help at hand. There was no time for consideration. Turning the poor beast loose upon the highway, therefore, he pushed on afoot, and arrived, travel-worn and exhausted, at the Landpoort as the gates were opening.

The night had gone, and left a dark legacy of storm and tragedy to the infant day. About the entrance of the fort a restless crowd was already gathered. What had brought them? What was doing? Was he too late?

Filled with forebodings, the junker

pushed his way through to the gate, explained his business to the sentry, and after much delay was admitted.

Within, a squadron of troops drawn up before the governor's house shocked him by its grim significance. Pausing not to see or hear, however, he made his way with all speed to the dungeon in search of the dominie. In the narrow corridor, posted about the door of the cell, stood on guard another detachment of troopers.

His name, muttered to the officer, was heard within, and caused a sensation, — his errand being well known. Shrinking from entering, he demanded only to see the dominie, but was pushed across the threshold by the officious soldiers.

In his heated state the dungeon chilled him to the marrow; coming straight from the light, he could see nothing in the gloom but detached haggard faces with eyes hungering for a word of hope. He stood like one in a nightmare till the dominie reached his side.

"What luck?"

"'T is granted."

"God be praised!"

The fervent words were misconstrued. A false hope leaped up in the hearts of those who overheard. Milborne was one of them; Steenie shuddered to see the despair of the unhappy wretch when the dominie mercifully corrected the mistake.

"Go back to him, then! Go to him again! Go, some one, tell him the king — his Majesty has pardoned us! The reprieve is on the way — 't is the storm keeps back the ship! Go bid him wait — wait for the storm to clear! Go *you*, dominie; they will hearken to you! Tell him God will avenge the death of innocent men! Go! time is flying. Waste no more breath in prayer. Go threaten them with the thunderbolts of heaven, with earthquake, pestilence, and famine! — go call down upon them the curses of the Almighty, if they persist in this wickedness! Will nobody

listen — will nobody heed? Have ye no pity — no mercy? Van Cortlandt, go you, I say, and tell his Excellency we will humble ourselves — we will confess our guilt — we will bind ourselves with pledges — we will submit to any penalty; go! — go while there is time! If you ever hope for mercy, go! Go, as you look for redemption in Christ! Quick! Haste! Speak them soft — speak them fair! Tell those honorable councilors and the worshipful governor we are two poor, miserable, contrite wretches, worn out in body and sick at heart, who have few days at best to live — beg them! — implore them to save us from this! Oh! — oh-h-h! Will nobody listen — will nobody heed me? Cobus! — Jacobse, I say, Gouveneur — Walters, heed me! Give over whining and prayer! Out! Out with ye into the streets! Rouse the town! Call out our friends — bid them save us from these bloody tyrants! They are but a handful, they will run like sheep! Away with ye! Go while there's time! ye may save us yet. Do ye hear? Cowards, will ye stand by and see us dragged to slaughter like beasts? Oh — oh-h-h, Father in heaven — dear God, merciful God, will ye hear? Almighty God, will ye heed? Save — *save* — *SAVE US!*"

The frantic appeals of the unhappy man were interrupted by a movement at the door. An officer stepped forward and said gruffly, —

"Let the prisoners make ready to go!"

Whether finding a calm in uttermost despair, whether paralyzed by the fore-running breath of the impending blow, Milborne straightway ceased. Not another word escaped him.

Crowded back against the wall by the advancing guard, Steenie saw before him as in a picture the cell and its inmates. There was a movement in the corner; Leisler had risen from his bench, and stood where the light of the narrow window fell full upon him.

The junker stared in amazement at

the transfiguration wrought in him: shaven, combed, and dressed, his person had an air of decency which even in the heyday of his power it had lacked; his rugged features, softened by a look of resignation, showed yet a certain loftiness in their serenity. The strong plebeian expression which had so marked his whole personality seemed to have been fused away, leaving something akin to the sublimated look of martyrdom.

He began to speak, and directly there was a hush in the room.

"Good-by, dominie. So! ye scorn not to take the hand of a felon? Ye have behaved to me ever like a true Christian; I deserved it not from ye. I am sorry now for the ill-treatment ye had at my hands. I misjudged ye as I did others.

"Of you and all I have injured I humbly beg pardon, as here a dying sinner before God and the world I declare my own forgiveness of the most bitter of my enemies. More: I make it my last prayer to kith and kin that they be forgetful of any wrong done me. 'Tis your holy office, dominie, to bear testimony of the truth: make clear, then, to the people the mind I die in of true repentance and forgiveness. Touching this matter I am condemned for, I declare as my dying word it was my only object to serve the interests of our sovereign lord and lady and the Protestant Reformed Church. Say this for the truth's sake, when ye hear me maligned!

"Ei, children! Are ye all here? — Mary, Hester, Cobus! Good-by to ye! — nay, dry your eyes! I am not one to weep for; my going is no loss to ye, but a gain. Forgive me, my children, the shame I brought upon ye; 'tis a blot will wash out in time. Take ye good care o' my old Elsie, — she has been a faithful mother to ye. God sends ye not many such friends in life!

"Elsie," — he paused, shaken by a passing tremor as he lifted his wife's half-senseless form and strove to look

on her face, — "what can I say to ye, wife? I have slighted ye and your faithful heart's service. I held it too cheap because I knew it sure. I had been better off to have minded your counsel, but I was a fool in my pride. Can ye forgive me? I know ye can! I know ye will! Ye need not open your lips, I see it in your eyes. 'Twas God joined ye to me for better and for worse; He parts us now in his own great wisdom and goodness. Good-by — good-by. D' ye hear me, wife? May God in his mercy — there — there, take her — take her away!"

Nothing but force availed to tear the faithful vrouw from her husband's arms. Steenie shut his eyes that he might not see the poor despairing creature as she was dragged past him out of the cell.

The next moment a movement in the doorway drew his attention; Hester was coming out with the rest. She looked him in the face without a sign of recognition; her eyes were as glassy and staring as a doll's.

With an instinctive movement he sprang forward, as if expecting her to fall; she passed on like a sleep-walker, unheeding his presence. He walked by her side along the corridor and up the steep steps to the outer air, but, for all she knew, he might have been a thousand miles away.

Half-way to the gate they were stopped by the guard. No reason was given for the detention, they asked none; they dumbly stood and waited, like cattle.

The silence was suddenly broken by a sound which filled the air above them and shook the earth beneath: the bell in the tower began to toll. With a humane instinct Steenie quickly seized Hester by the shoulders and turned her away.

There was a stir behind them, — the procession had begun to move. In the midst of a hollow square formed by the troops the culprits walked. The dull thuds of a muffled drum regulated their step through the mud; they were bound

and bareheaded; the rain dashed in blinding torrents in their faces, while above, like an awful metronome, the bell beat the time for their funeral march.

N-n-n-g! N-n-n-g!

At the gate they are stopped; there is a disturbance. A little woman breaks through the file of soldiers and stretches forth a bottle to the commander.

"Take it! 't is good brandewyn, 't will bear ye up. The cold and rain will kill ye else, — take but a sip!"

From his upper air the commander looked down upon her as upon an insect wriggling in the pathway, with no sense of her meaning.

Before she could repeat her offer the little huysvrouw was roughly thrust back by the soldiers.

N-n-n-g! N-n-n-g!

The merciless bell drives them on. The waiting multitude outside the gate, hungering for the ghastly spectacle, feed fat their eyes upon it as they surround and hem it in and bear it away through the Landpoort, as a monster that has seized its prey.

Homeward faring the mourners go, their different way marking with shuffling feet the adagio measure beaten by the pursuing metronome.

N-n-n-g! N-n-n-g!

Every blow crushes in upon their hearts, yet its dying vibrations leave them in dread suspense lest it come not again.

But the fear is vain. It comes again and ever again. It tolls on through ages of suffering before they reach the house.

Assembled on the stoop, they turn to go in. Again it comes with warning peal.

N-n-n-g! N-n-n-g!

"There — there 't is! I feared 't was the last. My Jacob — my husband — Father in heaven, there is time to save him — he lives and breathes yet!"

"Come, mother, — come in from the storm."

"Go! — go leave me here! I'll pray while I have breath. There! there again! he lives, I say, he thinks of us. God will hear me, — He'll put a stop to this. There! — 't is louder that" —

Unable to bear this longer, Steenie turned to go. He looked wistfully at the figure by his side. He made a move to speak, but the sight of the doll's eyes restrained him.

At the bottom of the steps he stopped and turned: they were bearing the distracted mourner in; the others followed, and the door closed behind them.

Turning to the left, the junker sauntered toward the Waterpoort, mindless of the storm which momentarily increased. At the gate he paused, hesitating which way to go; suddenly he became conscious that the bell had ceased to toll.

With a shudder he turned around and hurried home.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

DELPHI: THE LOCALITY AND ITS LEGENDS.

WE are inclined, and not without reason, to regard the story of the Greeks, in spite of their many priceless achievements for mankind, as in a sense tragic, after all. Though some of the Hellenic states offer examples of wise statesmanship and prosperous growth which the

founders of our own republic carefully studied, yet the race, as a whole, failed to weld its parts into a nation, and therefore, after spending its force in internal strife, succumbed to foreign conquerors. And, on the other hand, with all the beauty and spiritual truth which many

of their myths reveal, we must feel a regret that the people failed to accept from their own sages that faith in one all-wise supreme Divinity which the Hellenic poets and philosophers dimly or clearly perceived, and taught with more or less confidence and courage; so that the bitter day was perhaps inevitable when their shrines were overthrown, their images shattered. Of course we do not forget that the fairest creations of the Greek intellect and imagination survived, the imperishable gifts to all future humanity from the race which may almost be called the discoverers of beauty. Yet it is a day of sadness when the staff is broken over a national existence or a historic creed, when

"The old order changeth, giving place to new,"

however firm our faith that

"God fulfils himself in many ways,

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Now, Delphi was the chief, though probably not the earliest, seat of the Amphiktionic council, the origin of which is lost in the darkness enshrouding the earlier life of the Hellenes, but which seems, more than any other of their political institutions, to have held within itself the promise and the potency of true national union. And at Delphi, also, was the chief oracle and temple of Apollo, perhaps the loftiest and most human embodiment of the national faith, who, however, in the earlier days at least, was believed to utter his high precepts, through the priestess' lips, only as the interpreter of his supreme Father's will, or in obedience to a vague overshadowing Destiny, to which even the mightiest of gods must submit. To borrow an epigrammatic remark from M. Foucart, "Apollo's oracle made his city the religious centre of the Greek world. The council of the Amphiktions would have made it the political centre also, if Greece had been capable of unity." At the foot of Delphi's shining cliffs, there-

fore, the pilgrim stands in the true Mecca, within the holy close, of Hellenism.

The twelve clans composing the league of the Amphiktions had each two votes in the council. This organization, by clans only, indicates that its origin preceded the rise of the leading Greek cities. The meetings were held not only at Delphi (half a mile from the great temple, on a ridge overlooking the lower plain), but also at Demeter's sanctuary, on the border of Thessaly, in Anthela by Thermopylæ, — or, as the orators call the pass, Pylæ. In historical times the usage was to convene at Anthela, and then, after certain formal ceremonies, to adjourn to Delphi, where the chief session was held. In the former place was also the chapel of Amphiktion, the imaginary founder of the league. One class of delegates were called Pylagoroi, and their assemblage Pylaia, even when they came together at Delphi. These are indications, among others, that Anthela was the earlier meeting-place of the league. Quite consistent with this is the overwhelming influence in the council enjoyed by the Thessalians in the earliest times, through the tribes politically dependent on them.

We are told that an oath was taken in the early days by the members, "not to destroy utterly any Greek city, nor to cut off the drinking-water from it, whether in war or peace." This oath was itself a confession of inability to maintain peace between the members of the organization. The penalty was the destruction of the offenders' own cities by the league. But what power could be relied upon to execute such a decree? The reader will doubtless be reminded of the mediæval Truce of God, by which the clergy attempted to secure the cessation of war and private feud, through a part of each week and during the great Church festivals.

Among the clans enumerated as members we find the Ionians and the Dori-

ans. Despite the later development of these tribes, their descendants never received a proportionate increase of power in the council. Athens and Sparta, for instance, at the height of their greatness, were represented among the Amphiktions only as a portion of their respective clans. The league, perhaps in part because of this rigid and antiquated organization, never acquired any adequate means for carrying out its own decrees, and in historical times its functions rarely extended far beyond a general oversight of the national sanctuary and of the quadrennial Pythian games. It is a remarkable fact, noted by Mr. Grote, that Thucydides' history and Xenophon's Hellenica, our chief authorities for more than a century of Greek annals (that is, from 479 to 362 B. C.), contain no mention of the Amphiktions. The two chief exceptional cases of their political activity occur, one at the beginning, and the other at the very close, of the history of free Greece; and both were fraught with the weightiest consequences to the Delphians and to Apollo's shrine.

The earlier of these events was the crusade preached by the Amphiktions against the people of Krisa, a city even more ancient, according to the Homeric Hymn to Apollo, than Delphi itself. This town commanded the approach to the oracle up the valley of the Pleistos. Its citizens were charged with maltreating and levying blackmail upon the pilgrims to the shrine. Many details of the war, notably the part played in it by Solon, may well be regarded as fabulous. The fall of Krisa, however, in the year 590, is considered as established. The council thereupon decreed that the whole fertile plain, between Delphi and the sea, should remain thenceforth forever untilled, a grazing-place for the numerous flocks of sheep required for the sacrifices at Apollo's altar. From this date began the celebration of the Pythian games, inferior in importance

only to those at Olympia. They were held in the lower plain, near the site of Kirrha, the port of Krisa, though a station for the short distance foot-race was afterward constructed at Delphi itself. Krisa seems never to have risen again, but Kirrha was rebuilt, doubtless in humbler and unfortified form, as a place of reception for the pilgrims approaching Delphi by sea.

The other event alluded to forces upon our minds that saddest truth of all, that Hellas perished untimely by her own suicidal hand. This thought comes to us even more bitterly at Delphi, than when we look across the Athenian plain, where once the Long Walls were broken down to the shameless music of flute-girls. For the last and most fatal of the civil wars began in an attempt by the Thebans to bring disgrace and ruin on the Phocians, through the antiquated machinery of the Amphiktionic league. Unable to pay the ruinous fine imposed, the Phocians turned in desperation to the only means of defense within their reach. For ten years the fires of war were fed upon the plundered treasures of Apollo's sanctuary. The most striking memorial of the struggle yet remaining is the rampart which made Delphi the stronghold of the robbers. The strife did not cease before the holy place had been stripped of the wealth accumulated through centuries, and the battalions of Macedonian Philip had poured through an undefended Thermopylæ, destined indeed to efface from the earth the cities of the sacrilegious Phocians, but also to put an end to the freedom of the Hellenes. This destruction of the Phocian cities occurred in 346 B. C. In their stead Philip became a member, and inevitably the chief member, of the sacred league.

Seven years later a still more famous scene occurred at the Amphiktionic council-board, which is vividly described for us by the chief actor. Inflamed at an unjust attack upon his own city by the

Locrians of Amphissa, the Athenian Æschines accused them, in turn, of rebuilding Kirrha and cultivating the sacred plain, and caused to be read the ancient decrees still preserved on their bronze plate among the archives. No denial was possible. The orator had only to point shoreward from the spot where he stood. Yet the Amphissians had acted with the tacit consent, at least, and probably for the convenience, of all Apollo's votaries. The decree of ten generations ago had been utterly forgotten.

The Amphiktions and the whole populace of Delphi marched down early next morning, to demolish and set fire to Kirrha. Æschines' motives are still open to dispute, but the result of his act was at once rightly foreseen by his great rival, Demosthenes. An Amphiktionic war ensued, in which the aid of the champion Philip was invoked. In attempting to check his triumphant march, the Athenians met defeat, and final loss of freedom, at Chæronea.

With these exceptions, the activity of the league is merely a part of the story of the oracle, to which we may now turn.

In the *Eumenides* of Æschylos, the opening scene reveals the temple at Delphi. The Pythia begins the prologue with a prayer before entering the inner sanctuary:

"First of the gods I in this prayer revere
Earth, the first prophetess. Themis from her,
Her mother, fittingly received this seat
Prophetic: such the tale. With her free
will,

In the third place, through no one's violence,
Another Titan-child of Earth sat here,
Phoebe. She gave it as a gift at birth
To Phoebos, who from Phoebe has his name."

Æschylos is here handling the traditional myths in his usual spirit. While too reverent to suppress the essential features, he is most anxious to perpetuate no detail unworthy of the divine beings. Hence his eagerness to emphasize the peaceful and voluntary nature

of these changes. His lines, however, tell us with sufficient clearness what we hear from other sources also, that the worship of Apollo displaced that of older and ruder divinities.

The surroundings of the spot make this a natural supposition. The steep northern side of the valley through which the Pleistos has apparently cut its way is hardly fit for human habitation until the earth is held firm by terrace-walls. The two famous cliffs overhanging the town rise side by side nearly a thousand feet, while above their crests the tableland still slopes upward toward the supreme peak of Parnassos. Where these two walls of rock approach each other, the unfailing spring of Castalia gushes forth, while during the rainy season, in the innermost recess of the gorge, a cascade tumbles from the rocks hundreds of feet above.

This dark and dangerous glen, overhung by rugged cliffs and shaken by earthquakes, was a fitting seat for the worship of the gloomy Chthonian powers and of Mother Earth. This latter divinity seems, indeed, to have retained her full honors even in Apollo's palmiest days. The rift over which the tripod stood was still "Earth's mouth," and her ice-cold breath maddened and inspired the prophetess. Even in Plutarch's time Gaia (Earth) appears to have had also a separate place of worship near the great shrine of Apollo; for, in a dialogue of his from which we obtain many useful hints as to the topography of Delphi, there occurs this passage: "So we passed around and sat down on the southern steps of the temple, looking toward the sanctuary of Gaia and the water." (It is interesting to note that precisely this southern step of the temple may be seen to-day in position, beneath the cottages of Kastri, the modern Greek village on the site of the holy inclosure.)

Æschylos seems, however, to have passed over one important feature of

the local myth, namely, that Poseidon "the earth-shaker" shared the possession of the original oracle. Poseidon appears to have been in the earlier time the chief divinity of the Eastern Greek world, but is found in the legends of many places waging a losing contest for the control of the land against his younger kinsfolk of the Hellenic Pantheon. The famous strife with Pallas over Attica, represented in the pediment of the Parthenon, will at once occur to the reader's mind. The loser in such a struggle retains regularly a minor place in the local cult. Such tales of divine quarrels were extremely abhorrent to Æschylos, but have an important meaning in the early history of the race; for the Poseidon worship, with its human sacrifices, slaughter of horses, etc., is a type of the primeval savage state, before the advent of the enlightenment and civilization represented by Apollo. Poseidon also retained a lesser position in the Delphian ritual. His altar was within the temple, and he is, indeed, invoked by the priestess later in this very prayer at the opening of Æschylos' drama.

We need not attempt to reconcile the legends followed by the tragic poet with the tale of the she-dragon that dwelt in the grotto by the Castalian spring, and was slain by Apollo on his arrival. This monster was, according to the local legend, under the special protection of Gaia, who was wroth with Apollo at its death. This would have inclined Æschylos to avoid the story, but doubtless rendered it more attractive to the heretical Euripides, who in his *Tauric Iphigenia* gives a brilliant description of the spot:—

"Where the wine-dark mottled dragon,
Earth's terrific prodigy,
Brazen-mailed, beside the laurel,
Rich in foliage and in shade,
Watched the Chthonian oracle."

Indeed, the prevailing belief clearly was that the elder gods did not yield to

the new-comer without a struggle; and this belief is doubtless a reminiscence of a real strife between the upholders of the old faith and of the new. The ancient commentator on the opening lines of Æschylos' play tells us that Pindar, who was usually no less careful to avoid details unworthy of the gods, had declared in a poem now lost—perhaps a pæan to Apollo—that the younger god seized on Pytho by force, and that Gaia attempted to banish him to Tartaros therefor.

It has been conjectured that Apollo may have been elevated to the chief place of honor, when the Dorian clan, on its long southward pilgrimage, acquired a strong influence over Delphi. Apollo is by no means an exclusive conception of the Dorian race. The Homeric Hymn bears emphatic testimony to the wide extent of his sway over the shores and islands of the Ægean. Indeed, in his original form, as the Sun-god and favorite child of the Sky-father, his worship is probably older than the dispersion of the Aryans, though only the Greeks seem to have made the natural change of his attributes from mere physical to ethical enlightenment. It is, however, quite true that Sparta, the head of the Dorian race, was also throughout the historical period the especial champion and protector of Delphi.

Æschylos makes Apollo come in person from Delos, the isle of his birth, to found his temple and oracle at Pytho. It is not, however, credible that the Delphic rites were in fact borrowed directly from the god's island-sanctuary. The traces of influence from the north are quite unmistakable. It was the obvious policy of the Athenians to glorify the legends of Delos, the seat of their confederacy, as a counterpoise to the Spartan influence over the Pythian oracle. There is, moreover, in our earliest source of information, the Hymn to Apollo, no clear hint of so immediate a connection.

In that poem, the god, after the Pyth-

ian temple is built, describes a ship of Cretan mariners, and assuming the form of a huge dolphin drives them in terror around the whole Peloponnesos, into the gulf of Corinth, and finally forces them ashore near the mouth of the Pleistos.¹ Appearing again as a beautiful youth, and making himself known, Apollo, "gracefully stepping and high," and playing upon his lyre, leads the Cretans up the fertile river-valley toward Pytho. When the ridge now crowned by Philomelos' fortifications was passed, and the little rock-bound amphitheatre, afterward occupied by the holy Peribolos, came into view, the Cretan sailors, as the hymn tells us, were filled with dismay.

"O Lord, seeing that far from our kin
and the land of our fathers
Thou hast conducted us, — so, it appears, hath
it suited thy pleasure, —
How are we now to exist? For this we im-
plore thee to tell us.
This is no fruitful land, nor fair, nor abound-
ing in meadows,
Whence we may gain a subsistence."

But the god smiles upon their foolish anxiety, and merely bids them, clasping each one the sacrificial knife, slaughter the sheep which men shall bring in abundance to his temple. The colonization of Cretans in Delphi is doubted, though the little community does appear to have been quite distinct from the Phocians about it, living at enmity with them, and by Sparta's aid usually maintaining its independence. At any rate, this promise of the god was richly fulfilled. The temple was for many a century a source of wealth to the entire folk of the town.

¹ At this spot the god bids the Cretans erect an altar on the shore to him as Apollo Delphinios. It is likely, however, that both altar and title originally belonged to Poseidon, who as a sea-god seems to have a clearer right to both. But this whole episode appears to be invented to account for the mysterious name Delphi, through its resemblance to the word *delphis*, a dolphin. Its real origin is quite unknown. It is not even certain that its use

When the credulous and superstitious traveler Pausanias reached Delphi, near the close of his journey through Greece, in the second century of our era, he recorded some yet more remarkable legends which had sprung up about the shrine. He was told that the first temple was a hut constructed of laurel boughs, which were brought from the vale of Tempe. There really seems to have been some close original connection, never wholly forgotten, between the ritual of Delphi and northeastern Thessaly. In the Homeric Hymn, Apollo descends from Olympos into Pieria, and thence passes to Iolcos on his way to Pytho. The laurel for the wreaths of victors in the Pythian games was brought from Tempe. In that region the laurel grows luxuriantly, and forms little groves upon elevated spots.

A most interesting but mysterious ceremony, celebrated at Delphi every eighth year, and well known at least as early as the fourth century B. C., seems also to belong here. A boy, whose parents must both be living, set fire to a tent pitched in an open space, and then fled without looking behind. This was understood to be a symbolic rite of atonement for the slaying of the dragon, or rather, as the later Greeks explained, of a man named Dragon. The boy, impersonating Apollo, departed at once from the city, and his wanderings finally brought him to Tempe, where ceremonies of purification were performed. This legend, by the way, confirms the opinion that the local myths always held to the story of a violent seizure of Delphi by Apollo.

is more recent than that of the other name, Pytho, but only that the latter occurs earlier in the extant literature. The significance of Pytho also is doubtful. The Homeric Hymn associates it, most unpoetically, with the root *pyth*, to rot, referring to the decaying body of the dragon! Sophocles appears to allude twice in *Œdipus the King* to a more satisfactory meaning, "place of inquiry," from a different verbal root of nearly identical form.

The materials of the second temple, reported to him as wings and bees-wax, perplex even the simple-hearted Pausanias, who suggests the rather desperate explanation that tradition may have confused the name of a builder, Wing (Pteras), with the material in which he worked! For lovers of mysticism or of riddles it may be added that Pindar calls the priestesses of Apollo "bees," and that Plutarch gives as an example of early hexameters the following line, evidently referring to this temple:—

"Bring, O ye bees, your wax, and ye birds, your feathers together."

For the account of a third temple, of bronze, our traveler finds support in the existence of several such structures in his own day, to which Professor Middleton suggests that we may add the great tombs at Mycenæ and Orchomenos, which are generally stated to have been lined with plates of this metal. They appear, however, to have been in fact merely adorned with rosettes of bronze.

The fourth temple, Pausanias continues, was constructed of stone, by Trophonios and Agamedes. These architects are, however, named in the Homeric Hymn as the builders of the original temple under Apollo's personal supervision. Pindar recorded a tale concerning the two illustrating that melancholy view of human life which, meeting us not rarely among the utterances of the Greeks, modifies our prevailing impression of their buoyant and day-loving nature. The brothers besought of the god the highest reward in his gift for their labor, and were told that it should be accorded on the seventh day. Meanwhile, he bade them feast and rejoice. But on the appointed day, having lain down, they fell asleep, never to wake again. A very different anecdote, in which these brothers come to their death in less reputable fashion, is related by Pausanias.

The temple reputed to be the work

of these somewhat mythical artists really stood in Delphi until destroyed by fire in 548 B. C. And it is probable that a striking example of the masterly work done in that prehistoric day still exists in the great southern supporting wall of the upper terrace, within the Temenos, or sacred close. This wall has been traced for over five hundred feet, and must have divided the inclosure into two nearly equal portions. In the centre of the upper terrace stood the great temple, surrounded by many other monuments and votive offerings. The supporting wall has been gradually laid bare through nearly half its length, first by one of the greatest of German archaeologists, Karl Otfried Müller (who lost his life through exposure and over-exertion here in 1839), and later by French scholars, especially M. Paul Foucart, the learned and eminent director of the French school in Athens at the present time, and his associate M. Carl Wescher. It reaches a height of four metres (thirteen feet), and is "polygonal" in character; that is, the blocks of stone are not rectangular, but irregular in shape. The lines between them are, moreover, not straight, but variously curved,—a peculiarity nearly or quite unknown elsewhere. The great stones, often more than a metre in height or length, are fitted together with remarkable exactness, and have endured their burden almost without moving through all the centuries since they were laid. This wall was utilized from about 300 B. C., in accordance with a widespread Greek custom, for the preservation of public or private documents. They were cut into the surface of the stone, in places smoothed beforehand for the purpose. More than seven hundred such inscriptions, many of great length, and often of historic importance, have been already recovered from this one wall, of which less than half the length has been exposed! This polygonal work is constructed of a hard brown lime-

stone. Resting upon it were found two or three courses of rectangular blocks. The material is here different, — tufa or “poros,” — and the work doubtless much later. The polygonal wall itself, however, is unhesitatingly assigned by the latest and most careful investigator, Dr. Pomtow, to as early a date as 800 B. C. It is curious that a brief but striking mention of this wall (as well as of the older temple), the only allusion to it in ancient literature, is found in the Homeric Hymn, already repeatedly mentioned: —

“Phoebos Apollo, thus speaking, in order set the foundations,
Long and exceeding broad, and continuous;
on them the threshold,
Wrought of stone, was laid by Trophonios
and Agamedes,
Sons of Erginos, and dear to the gods who
live forever.”

In 548 B. C., as already stated, this elder temple was burned. Not many years afterward, the new edifice was begun by a Corinthian architect named Spintharos. Its cost was three hundred talents (about \$350,000), and was met by contributions from the whole Hellenic world and from other civilized lands. Herodotos especially mentions the generous gifts of the Egyptians. An important crisis of Greek history is also connected by the chronicler with this work. The great family of the Alcmaeonidæ were then living in exile from Athens, and endeavoring to drive out the tyrants. “As they were employing every device against the sons of Pisistratos,” says Herodotos, “they accepted from the Amphiktion the contract to erect the temple which now stands in Delphi. And being men of means and from a family of reputation, they built the temple finer than the specifications demanded. Especially, they constructed the façade of Parian marble, though poros was the material agreed upon. These men, as the Athenians state, being settled at Delphi, used to bribe the

Pythia, whenever Spartans came thither, whether on a private or a public errand, to urge upon them the liberation of Athens.” So the Spartans at last sent an army to aid in expelling Hippias and his family, “though they were on the most friendly terms; for they held the words of the god in more honor than those of men.” It should be noticed, however, that Herodotos heard this story, not in Delphi, but from the Athenians, who in his time were disposed to glorify Delos, and perhaps to discredit the Pythian sanctuary. The successful craft of their own citizens would trouble their consciences but little.

The site of this temple, which was doubtless overthrown by an earthquake, is entirely covered by the modern village of Kastri. By sinking pits in the narrow streets of the hamlet, it has been learned that much of the temple floor is still in position. There is little doubt, therefore, that the entire plan of the building will eventually be recovered. Even if no portions of the columns or walls remain in their place, the exact position and shape of their bases will be clearly though delicately revealed by the different tint of the temple floor, according as it was exposed to the weather or protected by the blocks resting upon it. Many fragments of Doric drums and capitals are already to be seen, and almost every house in the village is constructed in part from the remains of this and the other sacred buildings. Aside from its historic associations, the temple is of the utmost interest to students, partly from its early and well-authenticated date, and also from the modifications in structure which were doubtless made necessary by its connection with the oracle.

One of the most famous objects within it was the much-discussed and mysterious Omphalos, a hive-shaped stone, decorated with fillets and guarded by two eagles. This was doubtless an ancient fetich-stone, handed down from a for-

gotten faith and a ruder ancestral race. The Greeks believed it to mark the centre of the earth, and said that two eagles, sent forth simultaneously by Zeus from the extremities of the world, had met at this spot. Strabo makes the curious additional remark, "But some say they were crows!"

Within the temple there were also statues of Zeus and Apollo in the character of *Moiragetai*, or leaders of the Fates, and also of two Fates themselves, though the orthodox number elsewhere was three. The best explanation suggested for the Delphic number is, that there are in truth but two events of the utmost importance to man, birth and death. The relation between the Olympian gods and these divinities, usually conceived as gray, ancient dames, dwelling afar on the confines of the universe, has been much discussed in ancient and modern times. As was remarked in the opening paragraph of this essay, Apollo sometimes speaks as the mouthpiece of his supreme father. So in the Homeric Hymn to Hermes, where Apollo himself assures his younger brother that he may not teach him the prophetic art, having sworn a mighty oath of secrecy:—

"No one, except myself, of the gods whose life is eternal,
Never another, shall know of Zeus' mysterious counsels."

But again, in a remarkably impressive passage of Herodotos,—the defense of the oracle against Croesos' reproaches,—seemingly intended by the author, or by his Delphian informants, as a careful exposition of the true creed, we hear it emphatically declared, "It is impossible even for a god to avert the appointed fate." And in the next sentence the word recurs as a proper name for the rulers of life: "Apollo was desirous that the disaster should not occur until the time of Croesos' children, but he could not persuade the Fates. Yet so much as they permitted the god accomplished for the king's benefit; for he

delayed the capture of Sardis three years."

Nor is this the only source, by any means, from which we hear of these vague, half-personified forces on the outermost verge of the world, in whose grasp even the Olympian gods are helpless. We need not try to reconcile such diverse guesses at the inconceivable. The contradiction runs through nearly all Greek writers from Homer down, unless it be a chronicler like Thucydides, who renounces all theorizing as to the superhuman powers. It is natural to surmise that the gray, venerable Fates are merely the representatives of a justice so inherent in the supreme wisdom that he who rules cannot violate it. But why, then, is Apollo so often represented as at war with them, and yet in perfect harmony with Zeus?

It is more likely that they represent a cruder need felt in all human thought. All our earthly conceptions are limited ones. Our fancies about the divine natures are necessarily only the reflections of our human experiences. So Zeus' kingdom is only conceivable at all with some such limitations as must exist on earth. But, indeed, in the vivid imagination of the child-like men of a myth-making age, diverse and even irreconcilable figures have abundant room to dwell together. The group of statues which suggested this discussion shows that the theology inculcated at Delphi, at least in later days, made Apollo and Zeus mightier than the Fates; but we cannot be warned too often not to seek a consistent body of the theological doctrine where none ever existed.

Our digression has carried us so far from the account of the temple that it may be as well to add a word in regard to two other divinities included in the Delphic ritual,—Athena and Dionysos. Pallas Athena we are not surprised to find there. Her association with Zeus and Apollo is a very ancient one. Perhaps the group includes the earliest

conceptions of Aryan theology. The keen-eyed maid, who springs into life full armed from Zeus' head, is as clearly a nature-divinity in origin as the other two. In Homer the trio are customarily invoked together in prayers on important occasions. The warlike virgin had, in historical times, only a small sanctuary outside the holy inclosure, guarding the approach from the eastern side.

Bacchos, or Dionysos, is a much less frequent companion of Apollo, yet at Delphi he occupies a far more prominent position than Athena. Indeed, it is possible that his worship there antedates Apollo's. In one ancient authority he is associated with Night as the earliest possessor of the oracle. He was said to have been buried by Apollo, when slain by the Titans, at the very spot where the tripod stood. The winter months of the Delphic year were devoted to him, Apollo being then absent from the sanctuary. Moreover, to return to the great temple itself, while the eastern pediment was occupied by Apollo, — with Artemis, their mother Leto, and the Muses, — Dionysos and his Thyiads, or frenzied women-worshippers, held the corresponding position at the western end. It will be remembered that the Shining Cliffs above Delphi were consecrated to Bacchos, and the still higher slopes of Parnassos were the favorite resort for his nightly revels. The most famous allusion to the region is in the splendid ode to Dionysos in the *Antigone*: —

“Above the double-crested cliff the torchlight
Lurid upon thee shines,
Where the Corycian nymphs as Bacchants
march
Beside Castalia's stream.”

The structure of Spintharos, and indeed all previous sanctuaries, whatever their number, erected here, certainly included an *Adyton*, or Holy of holies, covering the ancient rift over which the tripod stood. We are, indeed, informed

by a late compiler, in a dubious notice, that the *Adyton* was preserved, even in the later temple, as constructed by Agamenes and Trophonios “of five stones.” (Another reading, “of Pentelic stone,” is quite as difficult.) In Spintharos' building this chamber was lower than the rest of the temple, as words indicating descent are always used in connection with it. As to the exhalation from the chasm and its exciting effect upon the priestess there appears to be sufficient evidence. Indeed, we hear of one Pythia who lost her life by being compelled to mount the tripod against her will, when too feeble to endure the excitement.

Diodorus tells with realistic detail the story of the goatherd who discovered the exhalation through the strange antics and unusual cries of his flock when exposed to its influence. Upon approaching the chasm he was himself mysteriously affected, and found himself able to predict future events. The rumor spread through the country-side, and there was a great concourse of peasants eager to test the power of the marvelous spot. But after several had been crowded into the rift and vanished from sight forever, it was thought safer to appoint a single priestess to utter the prophecies. The simple mechanism afterward known as a tripod was invented for her security. The only criticism this tale seems to require is that it leaves Apollo out of sight altogether, and therefore is probably the invention of a later skeptical age.

The priestesses were originally young maidens; but when one of them had proved susceptible to other influences than Apollo's inspiration, a widow over fifty years of age was always selected. In the early time, and again after the power of the oracle decayed, there was one Pythia only. In the height of Delphi's fame, three held the office simultaneously. At first, responses were given only on “Apollo's birthday,” in the

early spring; the natural time for seeking augury concerning crops, the opening of campaigns, plans for colonizing, etc. Later, the favorable days were more frequent.

Before mounting the tripod, the Pythia chewed leaves of the sacred laurel and drank from the holy spring, to put herself more fully under the divine influence. No doubt she, as well as those seeking the aid of divination, was further excited by the strange, rich odors, perhaps incense, of which we hear, and by music. If her responses were too incoherent or unpoetical, they were reduced to writing and to hexameter verse by the attendant priests, and delivered, either orally or upon a sealed tablet, to the questioner.

Our chief authorities for the period when the oracle's influence was at its height are men who sincerely believed in Apollo, and in his guidance of human affairs through the mouth of the inspired Pythia. The attitude of Herodotos, for instance, whose volume is the best mirror of the age and interpreter of its faith, is that of reverent but intelligent belief. He is aware that the priestess has sometimes been corrupted by bribes or other influences; but such sins were detected and severely punished. Some oracles, he also knows, have been forged after the event; but that again only shows how much assistance the supposed sanction of the god gave to the actions of men. He "does not question, and cannot suffer others to question," the genuineness of Apollo's inspiration on many occasions.

Thoughtful students of the history of mysticism, ancient or modern, will at least agree that the utterances recorded are not to be hastily ascribed to a systematic cool-blooded scheme of deception. In the earlier days, at least, the priestess appears usually to have been in the condition perhaps best described as a trance. Nor have we the slightest right to doubt the sincerity and good

faith even of the attendant priests who caught and interpreted her excited, half-articulate words. They were probably informed beforehand, it may be through something resembling a confessional, of the questioner's own hopes and desires. Often they knew that the nature of the response obtained might vitally affect the credit and prosperity of the temple and their corporation. Their human judgment, to use modern terms, doubtless influenced more or less consciously their priestly functions. But all this is not saying that the oracle was a mere machine, shrewdly worked to secure personal advantage from the credulity of mankind. It is essential to the comprehension of any religion to start with the assumption of sincerity on the part of priest no less than of people.

"Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias wrought;
Never from the lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle.
The litanies of nations came
Like the volcano's tongue of flame
Up from the burning core below."

Even reduced to its crudest form, it is true that successful delusion almost always begins in self-delusion.

I am appealing for the moment merely to those who assume as self-evident that the ancient oracles were in no sense inspired; but we have, of course, always the happier alternative, of believing that man has never in any age or land been wholly cut off from consultation, in the hour of his need, with the Rulers of life. Again Emerson's glowing lines will best utter our thought for us:—

"The word by seers or Sibyls told,
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind;
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

For those, doubtless the overwhelming majority, who view the question with utterly incredulous eyes, who would deny the Pythia and the priests any claim

to inspiration or even to self-deception, it may be added that they will find much amusement and confirmation of their own opinions in Lucian's account of Alexander. This "false prophet" organized a private oracle for revenue only, with all the machinery of deceit. There was no doubt whatever about the fraud in that case. Lucian fully exposed it, at the imminent risk of his own life.

It should be acknowledged that the information of Herodotos, and in a later age of Pausanias, was chiefly derived from the Delphians themselves, and was accepted with little effort to exercise the critical faculties. In that local atmosphere there was, of course, an irresistible tendency to recall, and perhaps to reshape somewhat, after the event, prophecies which had been verified, and to forget the utterances which had proved empty words.

The community of Delphi seems to have devoted all its powers to the service of Apollo. They produced no poetry, save in their interpretations of the Pythia's words. Living in the great Art Museum of the race, they contributed only the workman who cut the inscriptions upon the base of the votive statue. Among M. Foucart's discoveries was a series of inscriptions, recording the prize-winners, and the unsuccessful participants as well, in a long series of dramatic and musical contests. The opportunity appears to have attracted artists from every quarter of Greece; Delphi itself is alone unrepresented. In the history of the Greeks, we rarely hear mention of any Delphian citizen, and then only in connection with the oracle or the temple.

But neither men nor organizations are likely to regret the consecration of all their powers to a single worthy task. It may well be doubted whether any community so small and so destitute of illustrious citizens has ever wielded a stronger or more beneficent influence than

was exerted by the Delphic priesthood upon the fortunes of the Hellenic race and upon the destiny of mankind. Just how far the political movements among the Greeks were controlled from Apollo's mountain sanctuary is indeed still subject of debate. There is no doubt that the great German historian, Ernst Curtius, trusting to his sympathetic insight into the spirit of Hellenic institutions and character, has sometimes overstepped the broken and uncertain lines of our classic authorities. It is clear, however, that the Delphians enjoyed for many generations the confidence of all Greeks. Thither every republic and monarch turned for guidance in the great crises of their existence. To the servants of Apollo the secret deeds and plans of each must have been truthfully confessed. The information thus gathered by the chapter was undoubtedly transmitted from generation to generation, and formed the basis of an enlightened and patriotic policy in the treatment of Hellenic affairs generally.

We know that inquiries were often answered at once, without recourse to the god. It may be, indeed, that the decision of the oracle was avowedly only invoked in matters of especial difficulty and doubt: as when the guardians of the temple themselves asked Apollo if they should bury or carry away his treasures, to save them from the advancing forces of Xerxes, and received the lofty reply that the god would defend his own. Perhaps we cannot close this inquiry more instructively than with a quotation from the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon. We must remember that one of the most devout of the Greek writers is recording words which repeatedly fell from the lips of Socrates, his teacher and friend, who in Delphi, at any rate, fell under no suspicion of heresy, but on the contrary had been declared by the oracle to be the wisest of men.

"But he said they were mad who consulted the oracle as to matters which

the gods permit men to decide by the use of reason. . . . He asserted that it was our duty to discover for ourselves so much as the gods allow us to find out; but whatever is not made plain for

men, that we should endeavor to learn from the gods through divination: for he declared the gods made revelation to those men toward whom they were gracious."

William Cranston Lawton.

NOTE. The principal ancient description of Delphi is found in the Tenth Book of Pausanias, though by far the best picture of the political and ethical influence of the oracle may be gained from the pages of Herodotus. Cicero's treatise *De Divinatione* is a copious and graceful but rather hostile discussion of the prophetic art in general. The first modern visitor upon the site was Cyriacus of Ancona. The earliest adequate account of the remains is that of Ulrichs (*Reise in Griechenland*, I., Bremen, 1840). Most of the archæological work at Delphi in the present century has been done by the French, and a very readable description of the locality, and summary of its history, will be found in M. Foucart's *Mémoires sur les Ruines et l'Histoire de Delphes*. The thoroughness and accuracy of the French work are attacked, somewhat harshly, in the latest and most thorough German monograph on the subject, Pomtow's *Beiträge zur Topographie Delphis* (Berlin, 1889). In the *Journal of Hellenic studies* for October, 1888, Professor J. H. Mid-

dleton has made a careful collection of our scanty sources of information regarding the temple, and a somewhat audacious attempt at a reconstruction of the ground plan and elevation. Among the best recent German essays on particular monuments at Delphi is one on the Stoa of the Athenians, by Robert Koldewey, who was an important member of the Assos expedition. Any one wishing to make a thorough study of the whole subject will find his most convenient starting-point in Busolt, *Greek History*, vol. i. pp. 470-493.

The present paper aims simply at giving an intelligible general sketch of the antiquities of Delphi, and especially of what we may call the environment of the oracle. Those familiar with the multifarious but usually late and fragmentary materials will appreciate the difficulties of selection and arrangement. It will be an easier task for reader as well as writer to follow in a subsequent paper the notable utterances of the oracle and their important influence on the Hellenic race.

BORDER WARFARE OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE barbarous border fighting of the Revolutionary War was largely due to the fact that powerful tribes of wild Indians still confronted us on every part of our steadily advancing frontier. They would have tortured and scalped our backwoodsmen even if we had had no quarrel with George III., and there could be no lasting peace until they were crushed completely. When the war broke out, their alliance with the British was natural, but the truculent spirit which sought to put that savage alliance to the worst uses was something which it would not be fair to ascribe to the British commanders in general; it must be charged to the account of Lord

George Germaine and a few unworthy men who were willing to be his tools.

In the summer of 1778 this horrible border warfare became the most conspicuous feature of the struggle, and has afforded themes for poetry and romance, in which the figures of the principal actors are seen in a lurid light. One of these figures is of such importance as to deserve especial mention. Joseph Brant, or Thayendanegea, was perhaps the greatest Indian of whom we have any knowledge; certainly the history of the red men presents no more many-sided and interesting character. A pure-blooded Mohawk, descended from a line of distinguished

sachems,¹ in early boyhood he became a favorite with Sir William Johnson, and the laughing black eyes of his handsome sister, Molly Brant, so fascinated the rough baronet that he took her to Johnson Hall as his wife, after the Indian fashion. Sir William believed that Indians could be tamed and taught the arts of civilized life, and he labored with great energy, and not without some success, in this difficult task. The young Thayendanegea was sent to be educated at the school in Lebanon, Connecticut, which was afterwards transferred to New Hampshire and developed into Dartmouth College. At this school he not only became expert in the use of the English language, in which he learned to write with elegance and force, but he also acquired some inkling of general literature and history. He became a member of the Episcopal Church, and after leaving school he was for some time engaged in missionary work among the Mohawks, and translated the Prayer-Book and parts of the New Testament into his native language. He was a man of earnest and serious character, and his devotion to the church endured throughout his life. Some years after the peace of 1783, the first Episcopal church ever built in Upper Canada was erected by Joseph Brant, from funds which he had collected for the purpose while on a visit to England. But with this character of devout missionary and earnest student Thayendanegea combined, in curious contrast, the attributes of an Iroquois war-chief developed to the highest degree of efficiency. There was no accomplishment prized by Indian braves in which he did not outshine all his fellows. He was early called to take the war-path. In the fierce struggle with Pontiac he fought with great distinction on the English

side, and about the beginning of the War of Independence he became principal war-chief of the Iroquois confederacy.

It was the most trying time that had ever come to these haughty lords of the wilderness, and called for all the valor and diplomacy which they could summon. Brant was equal to the occasion, and no chieftain ever fought a losing cause with greater spirit than he. We have seen how at Oriskany he came near turning the scale against us in one of the most critical moments of a great campaign. From the St. Lawrence to the Susquehanna his name became a name of terror. Equally skillful and zealous, now in planning the silent night-march and deadly ambush, now in preaching the gospel of peace, he reminds one of some newly reclaimed Frisian or Norman warrior of the Carolingian age. But in the eighteenth century the incongruity is more striking than in the tenth, in so far as the traits of the barbarian are more vividly projected against the background of a higher civilization. It is odd to think of Thayendanegea, who could outyell any of his tribe on the battle-field, sitting at table with Burke and Sheridan, and behaving with the modest grace of an English gentleman. The tincture of civilization he had acquired, moreover, was not wholly superficial. Though engaged in many a murderous attack, his conduct was not marked by the ferocity so characteristic of the Iroquois. Though he sometimes approved the slaying of prisoners on grounds of public policy, he was flatly opposed to torture, and never would allow it. He often went out of his way to rescue women and children from the tomahawk, and the instances of his magnanimity toward suppliant enemies were very numerous.

Anne in 1710. The name is sometimes wrongly written "Brandt." The Indian name is pronounced as if written "Thayendanauga," with accent on penult.

¹ He has been sometimes described incorrectly as a half-breed, and even as a son of Sir William Johnson. His father was a Mohawk, of the Wolf clan, and son of one of the five sachems who visited the court of Queen

At the beginning of the war the influence of the Johnsons had kept all the Six Nations on the side of the Crown, except the Oneidas and Tuscaroras, who were prevailed upon by New England missionaries to maintain an attitude of neutrality. The Indians in general were utterly incapable of understanding the issue involved in the contest, but Brant had some comprehension of it, and looked at the matter with Tory eyes. The loyalists in central New York were numerous, but the patriot party was the stronger, and such fierce enmities were aroused in this frontier society that most of the Tories were obliged to abandon their homes and flee to the wilds of western New York and Upper Canada, where they made the beginnings of the first English settlement in that country. There, under their leaders, the Johnsons, with Colonel John Butler and his son Walter, they had their headquarters at Fort Niagara, where they were joined by Brant with his Mohawks. Secure in the possession of that remote stronghold, they made it the starting-point of their frequent and terrible excursions against the communities which had cast them forth. These rough frontiersmen, many of them Scotch Highlanders of the old stripe, whose raiding and reaving propensities had been little changed by their life in an American wilderness, were in every way fit comrades for their dusky allies. Clothed in blankets and moccasins, decked with beads and feathers, and hideous in war-paint, it was not easy to distinguish them from the stalwart barbarians whose fiendish cruelties they often imitated and sometimes surpassed. Border tradition tells of an Indian who, after murdering a young mother with her three children, as they sat by the evening fireside, was moved to pity by the sight of a little infant sweetly smiling at him from its cradle; but his Tory comrade picked up the babe with the point of his bayonet, and, as he held it writhing in mid-

air, exclaimed. "Is not this also a d—d rebel?" There are many tales of like import, and whether always true or not they seem to show the reputation which these wretched men had won. The Tory leaders took less pains than Thayendanegea to prevent useless slaughter, and some of the atrocities permitted by Walter Butler have never been outdone in the history of savage warfare.

During the year 1778 the frontier became the scene of misery such as had not been witnessed since the time of Pontiac. Early in July there came a blow at which the whole country stood aghast. The valley of Wyoming, situated in northeastern Pennsylvania, where the Susquehanna makes its way through a huge cleft in the mountains, has long been celebrated for the unrivaled fertility and beauty which, like the fatal gift of some unfriendly power, served only to make it an occasion of strife. The lovely spot lay within the limits of the charter of Connecticut, granted in 1662, according to which that colony or plantation was to extend westward to the Pacific Ocean. It also lay within the limits of the charter of 1681, by which the proprietary colony of Pennsylvania had been founded. About one hundred people from Connecticut had settled in Wyoming in 1762, but within a year this little settlement was wiped out in blood and fire by the Delaware Indians. In 1768 some Pennsylvanians began to settle in the valley, but they were soon ousted by a second detachment of Yankees, and for three years a miniature war was kept up, with varying fortunes, until at last the Connecticut men, under Zebulon Butler and Lazarus Stewart, were victorious. In 1771 the question was referred to the law-officers of the Crown, and the claim of Connecticut was sustained. Settlers now began to come rapidly, — the forerunners of that great New England migration which in these latter days has founded so many thriving States in the West. By the

year 1778 the population of the valley exceeded 3000, distributed in several pleasant hamlets, with town-meetings, schools and churches, and all the characteristics of New England orderliness and thrift. Most of the people were from Connecticut, and were enthusiastic and devoted patriots, but in 1776 a few settlers from the Hudson Valley had come in, and, exhibiting Tory sympathies, were soon after expelled. Here was an excellent opportunity for the loyalist border ruffians to wreak summary vengeance upon their enemies. Here was a settlement peculiarly exposed in position, regarded with no friendly eyes by its Pennsylvania neighbors, and, moreover, ill provided with defenders, for it had sent the best part of its trained militia to serve in Washington's army.

These circumstances did not escape the keen eye of Colonel John Butler, and in June, 1778, he took the war-path from Niagara, with a company of his own rangers, a regiment of Johnson's Greens, and a band of Senecas; in all about 1200 men. Reaching the Susquehanna, they glided down the swift stream in bark canoes, landed a little above the doomed settlement, and began their work of murder and pillage. Consternation filled the valley. The women and children were huddled in a block-house, and Colonel Zebulon Butler, with 300 men, went out to meet the enemy. There was no choice but to fight, though the odds were so desperate. As the enemy came in sight, late in the afternoon of July 3d, the patriots charged upon them, and for about an hour there was a fierce struggle, till, overwhelmed by weight of numbers, the little band of defenders broke and fled. Some made their way to the fort and a few escaped to the mountains, but nearly all were overtaken and slain, save such as were reserved for the horrors of the night. The second anniversary of independence was ushered in with dread-

ful orgies in the valley of Wyoming. Some of the prisoners were burned at the stake, some were laid upon hot embers and held down with pitchforks till they died, some were hacked with knives. Sixteen poor fellows were arranged in a circle, while an old half-breed hag, known as Queen Esther, and supposed to be a granddaughter of the famous Frontenac, danced slowly around the ring, shrieking a death-song as she slew them one after the other with her tomahawk.

The next day, when the fort surrendered, no more lives were taken, but the Indians plundered and burned all the houses, while the inhabitants fled to the woods or to the nearest settlements on the Lehigh and Delaware, and the vale of Wyoming was for a time abandoned. Dreadful sufferings attended the flight. A hundred women and children perished of fatigue and starvation in trying to cross the swamp, which has since been known to this day as the "Shades of Death." Several children were born in that fearful spot, only to die there with their unhappy mothers. Such horrors needed no exaggeration in the telling, yet from the confused reports of the fugitives, magnified by popular rumor, a tale of wholesale slaughter went abroad which was even worse than the reality, but which careful research has long since completely disproved.

The popular reputation of Brant as an incarnate demon rests largely upon the part which he was formerly supposed to have taken in the devastation of Wyoming. But the "monster Brant," who figures so conspicuously in Campbell's celebrated poem, was not even present on this occasion. Thayendanegea was at that time at Niagara. It was not long, however, before he was concerned in a bloody affair in which Walter Butler was principal. The village of Cherry Valley, in central New York, was destroyed on the 10th of November by a party of 700 Tories and

Indians. All the houses were burned, and about fifty of the inhabitants murdered, without regard to age or sex.¹ Many other atrocious things were done in the course of this year; but the affairs of Wyoming and Cherry Valley made a deeper impression than any of the others. Among the victims there were many refined gentlemen and ladies, well known in the Northern States, and this was especially the case of Cherry Valley.

The wrath of the people knew no bounds, and Washington made up his mind that exemplary vengeance must be taken, and the source of the evil extinguished as far as possible. An army of 5000 men was sent out in the summer of 1779, with instructions to lay waste the whole country of the hostile Iroquois and capture the nest of Tory miscreants at Fort Niagara. The command of the expedition was offered to Gates, and when he testily declined it, as requiring too much hard work from a man of his years, it was given to Sullivan. To prepare such an army for penetrating to a depth of four hundred miles through the forest was no light task; and before they had reached the Iroquois country, Brant had sacked the town of Minisink and annihilated a force of militia sent to oppose him. Yet the expedition was well timed for the purpose of destroying the growing crops of the enemy. The army advanced in two divisions. The right wing, under General James Clinton, proceeded up the valley of the Mohawk as far as Canajoharie, and then turned to the southwest; while the left wing, under Sullivan himself, ascended the Susquehanna. On the 22d of August the two columns met at Tioga, and one week later they found the enemy at Newtown, on the site of the present town of Elmira, — 1500 Tories and Indians, led by Sir John Johnson in person, with both the Butlers and Thayer-

daneegea. In the battle which ensued, August 29, 1779, the enemy was routed with great slaughter, while the American loss was less than fifty. No further resistance was made, but the army was annoyed in every possible way, and stragglers were now and then caught and tortured to death. On one occasion, a young lieutenant, named Boyd, was captured while leading a scouting party, and fell into the hands of one of the Butlers, who threatened to give him up to torture unless he should disclose whatever he knew of General Sullivan's plans. On his refusal, he was given into the hands of a Seneca demon, named Little Beard; and after being hacked and plucked to pieces with a refinement of cruelty which the pen refuses to describe, his torments were ended by disemboweling.

Such horrors served only to exasperate the American troops, and while they do not seem to have taken life unnecessarily, they certainly carried out their orders with great zeal and thoroughness. The Iroquois tribes had so far advanced toward the agricultural stage of development that they were more dependent upon their crops than upon the chase for subsistence; and they had besides learned some of the arts of civilization from their white neighbors. Their long wigwams were beginning to give place to framed houses, with chimneys; their extensive fields were planted with corn and beans; and their orchards yielded apples, pears, and peaches in immense profusion. All this prosperity was now brought to an end. From Tioga the American army marched through the entire country of the Cayugas and Senecas, laying waste every cornfield, burning every house, and cutting down all the fruit-trees. More than forty villages, the largest containing 128 houses, were razed to the ground. So terrible a vengeance had not overtaken the Long House since the days of Fron-

the ferocity of his savage followers. See Stone's *Life of Brant*, i. 379-381.

¹ It has been shown that on this occasion Thayendanegea did what he could to restrain
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tenac. The region thus devastated had come to be the most important domain of the Confederacy, which never recovered from the blow thus inflicted. The winter of 1779-80 was one of the coldest ever known in America, — so cold that the harbor of New York was frozen solid enough to bear troops and artillery,¹ while the British in the city, deprived of the aid of their fleet, spent the winter in daily dread of attack. During this extreme season the houseless Cayugas and Senecas were overtaken by famine and pestilence, and the diminution in their numbers was never afterwards made good. The stronghold at Niagara, however, was not wrested from Thayendanegea. That part of General Sullivan's expedition was a failure. From increasing sickness among the soldiers and want of proper food, he deemed it impracticable to take his large force beyond the Genesee River, and accordingly he turned back toward the sea-board, arriving in New Jersey at the end of October, after a total march of more than seven hundred miles.

Though so much harrying had been done, the snake was only scotched, after all. Nothing short of the complete annihilation of the savage enemy would have put a stop to his inroads. Before winter was over dire vengeance fell upon the Oneidas, who were now regarded by their brethren as traitors to the Confederacy; they were utterly crushed by Thayendanegea. For two years more the tomahawk and firebrand were busy in the Mohawk Valley. It was a veritable reign of terror. Block-houses were erected in every neighborhood, into which forty or fifty families could crowd together at the first note of alarm. The farmers ploughed and harvested in companies, keeping their rifles within easy reach, while pickets and scouts peered in

every direction for signs of the stealthy foe. In battles with the militia, of which there were several, the enemy, with his greatly weakened force, was now generally worsted; but nothing could exceed the boldness of his raids. On one or two occasions he came within a few miles of Albany. Once a small party of Tories actually found their way into the city, with intent to assassinate General Schuyler, and came very near succeeding. In no other part of the United States did the war entail so much suffering as on the New York border. During the five years ending with 1781, the population of Tryon County was reduced by two thirds of its amount, and in the remaining third there were more than three hundred widows and two thousand orphan children.

This cruel warfare, so damaging to the New York frontier settlements and so fatal to the Six Nations, was really part of a desultory conflict which raged at intervals from north to south along our whole western border, and resulted in the total overthrow of British authority beyond the Alleghanies. The vast region between these mountains and the Mississippi River — a territory more than twice as large as the German Empire — was at that time an almost unbroken wilderness. A few French towns garrisoned by British troops, as at Natchez, Kaskaskia, and Cahokia on the Mississippi River, at Vincennes on the Wabash, and at Detroit, sufficed to represent the sovereignty of George III., and to exercise a very dubious control over the wild tribes that roamed through these primeval solitudes. When the thirteen colonies declared themselves independent of the British Crown, the ownership of this western territory was for the moment left undecided. Portions of it were claimed by Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia, on the strength of their old charters or of their relations with the Indian tribes.

¹ Cannon were wheeled on the solid ice from Staten Island to the city. See Stone's *Life of Brant*, ii. 54.

Little respect, however, was paid to the quaint terminology of charters framed in an age when almost nothing was known of American geography; and it was virtually left for circumstances to determine to whom the western country should belong. It was now very fortunate for the United States that the policy of Pitt had wrested this all-important territory from the French. For to conquer from the British enemy so remote a region was feasible; but to have sought to obtain it from a power with which we were forming an alliance would have been difficult indeed.

The commanding approach to this territory was by the town and fortress of Pittsburg, the "Gateway of the West," from which, through the Ohio River and its tributary streams, an army might penetrate with comparative ease to any part of the vast Mississippi Valley. The possession of this gateway had for some years been a subject of dispute between Pennsylvania and Virginia. Though the question was ultimately settled in favor of Pennsylvania, yet for the present Virginia, which had the longest arm, kept her hold upon the commanding citadel. To Virginia its possession was then a matter of peculiar importance, for her population had already begun to overflow its mountain barriers, and, pressing down the Ohio Valley, had made the beginnings of the State of Kentucky. Virginia and North Carolina, lying further westward than any of the other old States, were naturally the first to send colonies across the Alleghanies. It was not long before the beginning of the war that Daniel Boone had explored the Kentucky River, and that Virginia surveyors had gone down the Ohio as far as the present site of Louisville. Conflicts ensued with the Indians, so fierce and deadly that this region was long known as the "Dark and Bloody Ground."

During this troubled period, the hostile feeling between Pennsylvania and

Virginia was nourished by the conflicting interests of the people of those two colonies in respect to the western country and its wild inhabitants. The Virginians entered the country as settlers, with intent to take possession of the soil and keep the Indians at a distance; but there were many people in Pennsylvania who reaped large profits from trade with the savages, and therefore did not wish to see them dispossessed of their border forests and driven westward. The Virginia frontiersmen were angry with the Pennsylvania traders for selling rifles and powder to the redskins, and buying from them horses stolen from white men. This, they alleged, was practically inciting the Indians to deeds of plunder and outrage. In the spring of 1774, there seemed to be serious danger of an outbreak of hostilities at Fort Pitt, when the attention of Virginia was all at once absorbed in a brief but hard-fought war, which had a most important bearing upon the issue of the American struggle for independence.

This border war of 1774 has sometimes been known as "Cresap's War," but more recently, and with less impropriety, as "Lord Dunmore's War." It was conducted under the general direction of the Earl of Dunmore, last royal governor of Virginia; and in the political excitement of the time there were some who believed that he actually contrived to stir up the war out of malice aforethought, in order to hamper the Virginians in their impending struggle with the mother country. Dunmore's agent, or lieutenant, in western Virginia, Dr. John Connolly, was a violent and unscrupulous man, whose arrogance was as likely to be directed against friendly as against hostile Indians, and it was supposed that he acted under the earl's secret orders with intent to bring on a war. But the charge is ill-supported and quite improbable. According to some writers, the true cause of the war was the slaying of the whole family of the friendly

sachem Logan, and doubtless this event furnished the occasion for the outbreak of hostilities. It was conspicuous in a series of outrages that had been going on for years, such as are always apt to occur on the frontier between advancing civilization and resisting barbarism. John Logan, or Tagahjutè, was of Cayuga descent, a chief of the Mingos, a brave and honest man, of fine and state-ly presence. He had always been kind and hospitable to the English settlers, perhaps in accordance with the traditional policy of his Iroquois forefathers, — a tradition which by 1774 had lost much of its strength. In April of that year some Indian depredations occurred on the upper Ohio, which led Dr. Connolly to issue instructions, warning the settlers to be on their guard, as an attack from the Shawnees was to be apprehended. Captain Michael Cresap was a pioneer from Maryland, a brave man and sterling patriot; but as for the Indians, his feelings toward them were like those of most backwoodsmen. Cresap not unnaturally interpreted the instructions from Dunmore's lieutenant as equivalent to a declaration of war, and he proceeded forthwith to slay and scalp some friendly Shawnees. As is apt to be the case with reprisals and other unreasoning forms of popular vengeance, the blow fell in the wrong quarter, and innocent people were made scapegoats for the guilty. Cresap's party next started off to attack Logan's camp at Yellow Creek; but presently bethinking themselves of Logan's well-known friendliness toward the whites, as they argued with one another, they repented of their purpose, and turned their steps in another direction. But hard by the Mingo encampment a wretch named Greathouse had set up a whiskey shop, and thither,

on the last day of April, repaired Logan's family, nine thirsty savages, male and female, old and young. When they had become dead drunk, Greathouse and two or three of his cronies illustrated their peculiar view of the purport of Connolly's instructions by butchering them all in cold blood. The Indians of the border needed no stronger provocation for rushing to arms. Within a few days Logan's men had taken a dozen scalps, half of them from young children. Mingos and Shawnees were joined by Wyandots, Delawares, and Senecas, and the dismal tale of blazing cabins and murdered women was renewed all along the frontier. It was in vain that Lord Dunmore and his lieutenant disclaimed responsibility for the massacre at Yellow Creek. The blame was by all the Indians and many of the whites laid upon Cresap, whose name has been handed down to posterity as that of the arch-villain in this rough border romance. The pathetic speech of the bereaved Logan to Dunmore's envoy, John Gibson, was preserved and immortalized by Jefferson in his Notes on Virginia, and has been declaimed by thousands of American school-boys. In his comments Jefferson spoke of Cresap as "a man infamous for the many murders he had committed upon these injured people." Jefferson here simply gave voice to the tradition which had started into full life as early as June, 1774, when Sir William Johnson wrote that "a certain Mr. Cressop had trepanned and murdered forty Indians on the Ohio, . . . and that the unworthy author of this wanton act is fled." The charge made by Jefferson was answered at the time, but continued to live on in tradition, until finally disposed of in 1851 by Brantz Mayer.¹ The origin of the

¹ In a paper read before the Maryland Historical Society. See also his Logan and Cresap, Albany, 1867. The story is well told by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, in his admirable book, *The Winning of the West*, New York, 1889.

Though I leave the present article mainly as it was written in 1883, I have, in revising it for publication, derived one or two valuable hints from Mr. Roosevelt's work.

misconception is doubtless to be traced to the insignificance of Greathouse. In trying to shield himself, Connolly deposed Cresap from command, but he was presently reinstated by Lord Dunmore.

In June of the next year, Captain Cresap marched to Cambridge at the head of 130 Maryland riflemen; but during the early autumn he was seized with illness, and while making his way homeward died at New York, at the age of thirty-three. His grave is still to be seen in Trinity churchyard, near the door of the north transept. The Indian chief with whose name his has so long been associated was some time afterwards tomahawked by a brother Indian, in the course of a drunken af-fray.

The war thus ushered in by the Yellow Creek massacre was an event of cardinal importance in the history of our western frontier. It was ended by the decisive battle at Point Pleasant, on the Great Kanawha (October 10, 1774), in which the Indians, under the famous Shawnee chief Cornstalk, were totally defeated by the backwoodsmen under Andrew Lewis. This defeat so cowed the Indians that they were fain to purchase peace by surrendering all their claims upon the hunting-grounds south of the Ohio. It kept the northwestern tribes comparatively quiet during the first two years of the Revolutionary War, and thus opened the way for white settlers to rush into Kentucky. The four years following the battle of Point Pleasant saw remarkable and portentous changes on the frontier. It was just at the beginning of Lord Dunmore's war that Parliament passed the Quebec Act, of which the practical effect, had it ever been enforced, would have been the extension of Canada southward to the Ohio River. In contravention of old charters, it would have deprived the American colonies of the great northwestern territory. But the events that

followed upon Lord Dunmore's war soon rendered this part of the Quebec Act a nullity.

In 1775, Richard Henderson, of North Carolina, purchased from the Cherokees the tract between the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers, and at the same time Boonesborough and Harrodsburg were founded by Daniel Boone and James Harrod. As a party of these bold backwoodsmen were encamping near the sources of the southern fork of the Licking, they heard the news of the victory which ushered in the War of Independence, and forthwith gave the name of Lexington to the place of their encampment, on which a thriving city now stands. These new settlements were not long in organizing themselves into a State, which they called Transylvania. Courts were instituted, laws enacted, and a militia enrolled, and a delegate was sent to the Continental Congress; but finding that Virginia still claimed their allegiance, they yielded their pretensions to autonomy, and were organized for the present as a county of the mother State. The so-called "county" of Kentucky, comprising the whole of the present State of that name, with an area one fourth larger than that of Scotland, was indeed of formidable dimensions for a county.

The settlement of Tennessee was going on at the same time. The movement of population for some time had a southwestward trend along the great valleys inclosed by the Appalachian ranges, so that frontiersmen from Pennsylvania found their way down the Shenandoah, and thence the stream of Virginian migration reached the Watauga, the Holston, and the French Broad, in the midst of the most magnificent scenery east of the Rocky Mountains. At the same time there was a westward movement from North Carolina across the Great Smoky range, and the defeat of the regulators by Governor Tryon at the battle of the Alamance in 1771 no

doubt did much to give strength and volume to this movement. The way was prepared in 1770 by James Robertson, who penetrated the wilderness as far as the banks of the Watauga. Forts were soon erected there and on the Nolichucky. The settlement grew apace, and soon came into conflict with the most warlike and powerful of the Southern tribes of Indians. The Cherokees, like the Iroquois at the North, had fought on the English side in the Seven Years' War, and had rendered some service, though of small value, at the capture of Fort Duquesne. Early in the Revolutionary War fierce feuds with the encroaching settlers led them to take sides with the British, and in company with Tory guerrillas they ravaged the frontier. In 1776 the Watauga settlement was attacked, and invasions were made into Georgia and South Carolina. But the blow recoiled upon the Cherokees. Their country was laid waste by troops from the Carolinas, under Andrew Williamson and Griffith Rutherford; their attack upon the Watauga settlement was defeated by James Robertson and John Sevier; and in 1777 they were forced to make treaties renouncing for the most part their claims upon the territory between the Tennessee and the Cumberland rivers.

Robertson and Sevier were the most commanding and picturesque figures in Tennessee history until Andrew Jackson came upon the scene; and their military successes, moreover, like those of "Old Hickory," were of the utmost importance to the whole country. This was especially true of their victory at the Watauga; for had the settlement there been swept away by the savages, it would have uncovered the great Wilderness Road to Lexington and Harrodsburg, and the Kentucky settlements, thus fatally isolated, would very likely have had to be abandoned. The Watauga victory thus helped to secure in

1776 the ground won two years before at the Great Kanawha.¹

Such were the beginnings of Kentucky and Tennessee, and such was the progress already made to the west of the mountains, when the next and longest step was taken by George Rogers Clark. During the years 1776 and 1777, Colonel Henry Hamilton, the British commander at Detroit, was busily engaged in preparing a general attack of Indian tribes upon the northwestern frontier. Such concerted action among the savages was difficult to organize, and the moral effect of Lord Dunmore's war doubtless served to postpone it. There were isolated assaults, however, upon Boonesborough and Wheeling and in the neighborhood of Pittsburg. While Hamilton was thus scheming and intriguing, a gallant young Virginian was preparing a most effective counterstroke. In the late autumn of 1777, George Rogers Clark, then just twenty-five years old, was making his way back from Kentucky along the Wilderness Road, and heard with exultation the news of Burgoyne's surrender. Clark was a man of bold originality. He had been well educated by that excellent Scotch school-master, Donald Robertson, among whose pupils was James Madison. In 1772, Clark was practicing the profession of a land surveyor upon the upper Ohio, and he rendered valuable service as a scout in the campaign of the Great Kanawha. For skill in woodcraft, as for indomitable perseverance and courage, he had few equals. He was a man of picturesque and stately presence, like an old Norse viking, tall and massive, with ruddy cheeks, auburn hair, and piercing blue eyes sunk deep under thick yellow brows.

When he heard of the "convention" of Saratoga, Clark was meditating a stroke as momentous in the annals of

¹ This point has been well elucidated by Mr. Roosevelt in his *Winning of the West*, vol. i. pp. 240, 306.

the Mississippi Valley as Burgoyne's overthrow in the annals of the Hudson. He had sent spies through the Illinois country, without giving them any inkling of his purpose, and from what he could gather from their reports he had made up his mind that by a bold and sudden movement the whole region could be secured and the British commander checkmated. On arriving in Virginia, he laid his scheme before Governor Patrick Henry; and Jefferson, Wythe, and Madison were also taken into his confidence. The plan met with warm approval; but as secrecy and dispatch were indispensable, it would not do to consult the legislature, and little could be done beyond authorizing the adventurous young man to raise a force of 350 men and collect material of war at Pittsburg. People supposed that his object was merely to defend the Kentucky settlements. Clark had a hard winter's work in enlisting men, but at length in May, 1778, having collected a flotilla of boats and a few pieces of light artillery, he started from Pittsburg with 180 picked riflemen, and rowed swiftly down the Ohio River a thousand miles to its junction with the Mississippi. The British garrison at Kaskaskia had been removed, to strengthen the posts at Detroit and Niagara, and the town was an easy prey. Hiding his boats in a creek, Clark marched across the prairie, and seized the place without resistance. The French inhabitants were not ill-disposed toward the change, especially when they heard of the new alliance between the United States and Louis XVI., and Clark showed consummate skill in playing upon their feelings. Cahokia and two other neighboring villages were easily persuaded to submit, and the Catholic priest Gibault volunteered to carry Clark's proposals to Vincennes, on the Wabash; and upon receiving the message this important post likewise submitted. As Clark had secured the friendship of the Spanish commandant

at St. Louis, he felt secure from molestation for the present, and sent a party home to Virginia with the news of his bloodless conquest. The territory north of the Ohio was thus annexed to Virginia as the "county" of Illinois, and a force of 500 men was raised for its defense.

When these proceedings came to the ears of Colonel Hamilton at Detroit, he started out with a little army of about 500 men, regulars, Tories, and Indians, and after a march of seventy days through the primeval forest reached Vincennes, and took possession of it. He spent the winter intriguing with the Indian tribes, and threatened the Spanish governor at St. Louis with dire vengeance if he should lend aid or countenance to the nefarious proceedings of the American rebels. Meanwhile, the crafty Virginian was busily at work. Sending a few boats, with light artillery and provisions, to ascend the Ohio and the Wabash, Clark started overland from Kaskaskia with 130 men; and after a terrible winter march of sixteen days across the drowned lands in what is now the State of Illinois, he appeared before Vincennes in time to pick up his boats and cannon. In the evening of February 23d the town surrendered, and the townspeople willingly assisted in the assault upon the fort. After a brisk cannonade and musket-fire for twenty hours, Hamilton surrendered at discretion, and British authority in this region was forever at an end.¹ An expedition descending from Pittsburg in boats had already captured Natchez and ousted the British from the lower Mississippi. Shortly after, the Cherokees and other Indians whom Hamilton had incited to take the war-path were overwhelmed by Colonel Shelby, and on the upper Ohio and Alleghany the Indian country was so thoroughly devastated by Colonel

¹ Mr. Roosevelt's account of Clark's expedition (vol. ii. p. 31-90) is extremely graphic and spirited.

Brodhead that all along the frontier there reigned a profound peace, instead of the carnival of burning and scalping which the British commander had contemplated.

The stream of immigration now began to flow steadily. Fort Jefferson was established on the Mississippi River to guard the mouth of the Ohio. Another fortress, higher up on the beautiful river which La Salle had discovered and Clark had conquered, became the site of Louisville, so named in honor of our ally, the French king. James Robertson again appeared on the scene, and became the foremost pioneer in middle Tennessee, as he had already led the colonization of the eastern part of that great State. On a bold bluff on the southern bank of the Cumberland River, Robertson founded a city, which took its name from the gallant General Nash, who fell in the battle of Germantown; and among the cities of the fair South there is to-day none more beautiful or thriving than Nashville. Thus by degrees was our grasp firmly fastened upon the western country, and year by year grew stronger.

In the gallery of our national heroes, George Rogers Clark deserves a conspicuous and honorable place. It was due to his boldness and sagacity that when our commissioners at Paris, in 1782, were engaged in their difficult and delicate work of thwarting our not too friendly French ally, while arranging

terms of peace with the British enemy, the fortified posts on the Mississippi and the Wabash were held by American garrisons. Possession is said to be nine points in the law, and while Spain and France were intriguing to keep us out of the Mississippi Valley, we were in possession of it. The military enterprise of Clark was crowned by the diplomacy of Jay. The four cardinal events in the history of our western frontier during the Revolution are: (1) the defeat of the Shawnees and their allies at Point Pleasant in 1774; (2) the defeat of the Cherokees on the Watauga in 1776; (3) Clark's conquest of the Illinois country in 1778-79; (4) the detection and thwarting of the French diplomacy in 1782 by Jay. When Washington took command of the Continental army at Cambridge, in 1775, the population and jurisdiction of the thirteen united commonwealths scarcely reached beyond the Alleghenies; it was due to the series of events here briefly recounted that when he laid down his command at Annapolis, in 1783, the domain of the independent United States was bounded on the west by the Mississippi River.

Clark's last years were spent in poverty and obscurity at his sister's home, near Louisville, where he died in 1818. It was his younger brother, William Clark, who in company with Meriwether Lewis made the famous expedition to the Columbia River in 1804, thus giving the United States a hold upon Oregon.

John Fiske.

SCHOOL VACATIONS.

THE division of social labor which includes all our educational work differs from other classes of occupation in that it is not continuous. The soil tiller, the artisan, and in most cases the professional man not engaged in teaching are

accustomed to continuous toil; society demands of them the term of their day's work, with most brief intervals for the refreshment of their strength. With the teacher it is different: about one third of his year is spent in rest, or in ways not

immediately connected with his occupation; when employed, his day is shorter than that of other laborers. Even if we include in the comparison only the group of intellectual occupations, we find that the teacher appears singularly favored in the demand made upon him. The lawyer, the physician, and the commercial man are generally held to continuous attention to their work for at least eight hours each secular day; the teacher, on the other hand, is rarely occupied for more than six hours in each of the first five days of the laboring week; above the level of the elementary schools, he rarely practices his art for more than twenty hours in each seven days.

If this peculiar condition of labor among the teaching body were limited to one country or to one time, we might seek to explain it by some exceptional social state. When I first began to consider the matter, it appeared to me likely that it was in part due to the fact that school work was originally connected with religious labor; the priest was the school-master, and his occupation as a teacher was in a way subordinate to his other duties. Although the original association of the priestly function with the task of teaching has left its mark on our educational system, and may not have been without influence on the organization of the school year, yet the fact that in all countries where the schools have taken shape we find the work of teaching limited to a part of the day in about nine months of the year is good evidence of some fundamental necessity requiring a common limitation in the time devoted to the work of teachers and pupils.

The school-masters of Europe as well as those of America, of all grades, from the primary schools to the universities, have, after manifold experiments, arrived at the conclusion that not more than nine months of each year shall be devoted to pedagogue work. A similar limitation appears to exist in the teaching

work of other than Christian countries: the schools of Mohammedan lands and those of China have their vacations arranged in substantially the same manner as those of our own civilization. There appears, moreover, to be a general tendency to increase the period devoted to refreshment of the school labor. It is true that in the rural districts, where of old, on account of scant means, the school term was limited to three or four months each year, the gain in wealth and the increased interest in education have led to a lengthening of the teaching term; but in all highly organized establishments, at least in this country, there is a general movement towards longer periods of rest for pupils and teachers alike. Of recent years, Harvard College has made several efforts to consolidate and lengthen the terms of instruction. At one time there was no break between the Christmas recess and the close of the colleges in June: it was found, however, that both students and teachers suffered from continuous application to work during a term of five and a half months, and that it was necessary to introduce a recess of seven days in the month of April. In the same way, the common schools of our cities have been induced by experience to shorten the school-days and lengthen the vacations, until they are in session annually for not more than thirty-eight or forty weeks; and the total number of hours which a student devotes to his tasks, counting work done at home as well as that at school, does not on the average exceed twelve hundred a year. Youths of like age employed in factories are occupied for almost three thousand hours in each year. The case of teachers, especially those of the higher grade, is even more striking. In our secondary schools they are usually employed for not more than twenty-five hours per week in the work of the classroom, or for one thousand hours a year; the college instructors do not generally give more than five hundred hours to a

year's work, and the older men in these institutions are called on for even less labor.

This singular contrast between the conditions of scholastic and those of mechanical labor in our social system is doubtless to be explained by the peculiar burden which intellectual occupation puts upon teachers and pupils alike. The weight of the load which brain-work, even of a relatively simple kind, imposes on all who do it is hardly appreciated by those who labor with their minds, and is utterly misconceived by the hand workman. Rightly to apprehend the difference between these two classes of labor, that of the body and the mind, we should consider the difference in the daily round of a vigorous artisan and that of an equally strong man who is employed in some simple form of literary work. I have in mind several good specimens of these two diverse classes of laborers, whose histories I can trace from youth to age. The difference in the capacity of these men to pursue their allotted tasks is remarkable. The man who labors to the utmost with his body, but whose mind has been schooled to rest, may begin his life's toil at twelve years of age, and, if he be a sober man, continue his work, with rare intervals of illness, for sixty years. During this period he may labor on the average of each year for about three thousand hours, or in his lifetime for, say, one hundred and eighty thousand. I have known a number of men who have done manual labor of a rather taxing sort for something like this term of toil: it may indeed be assumed that the healthy laborer who lives out his allotted days does at least one hundred and fifty thousand hours of work. Some of these men exceed two hundred thousand hours of labor in their lifetime, and most women of the agricultural districts who survive until their eightieth year fill up this measure of toil.

From a somewhat careful study of the ways in which authors have pursued

their work, I am inclined to think that the most vigorous of them have not, on the average, been able to occupy themselves with the pen for more than four hours each day, and that only in rare instances has this measure of production been maintained for over one half of each year. If we allow to the busiest, longest-lived, and most productive authors, men like Goethe and Voltaire, a period of sixty years of authorship, and reckon their labor at an average of three hours per day for six days in the week, we have a total of about fifty thousand hours for a lifetime's work. It seems to me doubtful if any writer has maintained this rate of productive labor for any such period as sixty years: he too has his vacations, and they are often of long continuance. I am well satisfied that the average duration of the pen-work of our most laborious and productive literary men has not exceeded thirty thousand hours, or about one sixth that of the equally assiduous man who works with his muscles, with only as much brain, certainly, as may guide his movements.

It must not be supposed that the difference in the time devoted to productive labor by men who work with their hands and those who work with their heads is due to the difference in the motive which moves them to do their tasks. The man of the hand craft has the spur of immediate necessity; he does his day's labor for his daily bread; but the stimulus of ambition, the inner spur to action, which moves the literary man to production even when the body is borne down by illness supplies a yet more powerful motive than that which prompts his humbler brother to his work.

It is true that a certain sort of intellectual labor, reading, simple collation, and other forms of endeavor which call for only a moderate occupation of the mind, may be pursued by ordinary persons of a sedentary habit with something like the continuity with which the artisan follows his trade; but such work,

as all who have done both kinds of labor know full well, is relatively easy as compared with the task of literary production. When the mind is strained to the limits of its endurance, fatigue comes quickly, and the exhaustion is of a nature to require much repose of both mind and body. A writer may allow his mind quietly and with no more compulsion than the mechanism itself supplies to meditate on work to be done; he may gather his store of facts or fancies in the same half-active way, and all this with little fatigue. After six hours of such moderate occupation, he may feel no more discomfort than that which comes from the natural desire of his muscles for their time of play; but let him, even in the freshness of his mornings, apply the whip to his mind and set out for the goals he has been contemplating, and he will find, unless he be indeed a giant in his prime, that three or four hours of such labor leave him utterly weary and in sore need of refreshment. My point, in a word, is this: all intellectual labor which calls for the utmost exercise of the faculties is vastly more wearying than that required in any of the ordinary vocations of men; between that labor and the quiet accustomed employment of the mind there is the difference which exists between walking and running, or perhaps between the instinctive movements of breathing and the vigorous exercise of blowing a fire.

It does not matter whether the intellectual toil be of a really great nature or not; so that it call for the utmost capacity of the laborer the effect is equally exhausting. The savage or the child endeavoring to grasp the primary mysteries of the multiplication process in arithmetic may be as much wearied by the mental work as Professor Caley by his discussion concerning the "attraction of a point in space." The barbarian who composes a rude chant may perform a feat for him as laborious as is the production of a symphony to a

Beethoven. In a word, all labor, physical or mental, which transcends the limit of the habitual exercise of the body or the mind, calling for strength which custom does not make it easy to afford, is peculiarly wearing to men of all intellectual grades.

We see the reason for this peculiar stress which thought of an unaccustomed sort puts upon us when we consider the history of the growth of the human faculty. Slowly, through inconceivably long ages of life in our brute ancestors and of lower man, our bodies and minds have been habituated to a certain measure of labor; our physical and mental capacities have, in the course of thousands of generations, been brought to their ordinary powers by inherited habit. At each stage in the process of development there has been a frontier or border land in the field of human action, where activity has been difficult because of its novelty. Only the masterful spirits, those afterwards to be celebrated as heroes or demigods, have succeeded in forcing their way into these wildernesses of unaccustomed action. Inherited habit and the awakening influence of example have made it easier for each succeeding generation to accomplish the difficult feats of the generation which has gone before. In olden days the path-breaking labors of the leaders of men were of a simple sort: they had to conquer fear, learn the tasks of government, and invent the ruder arts. In our later time the frontier land of civilization has widened, and the difficulties of winning new fields for culture have vastly increased. To fit men to pass beyond the centre of attained culture, so that they may advance the conquests of their kind, demands educative work, — work which strains their faculties to the utmost.

Humdrum labor, occupations which are carried on by mind or body with a measure of exertion which lies well within the exerting powers of the being, do not develop; the exercise must be

carried beyond the limits of the commonplace, and up to the utmost possibilities of activity, if new capacities are to be won. The athlete grows in strength by doing each day feats which were impossible for him to do the day before; the child gains in intellectual development by a like process of pressing his mental activity up to the limits of the growing capacity. By a small daily addition to the load, Winship, originally a slight, weak man, grew so strong that he could lift fifteen hundred pounds with his hands, and could with one arm overcome the most powerful mechanics, men who in their vocations expended many times the muscular force which he applied to his training. The difference between the muscular education of the men lay in the fact that the mechanic's labor was always well within the limits of his natural power, while Winship's exercise was always pressed to the bounds of his growing strength. The mechanic repeated the same motions of the body through his day of toil, while Winship could at most undergo his developing labor for a few minutes each day.

It is thus made plain to us that the class of work which we may term the unaccustomed labor of men is in its nature very unlike that which a natural habit or individual experience has made familiar to men. It is also evident that all schooling, for the reason that it necessarily consists in doing things not done before, deeds in which habit cannot make action easy, belongs in the group of activities which are peculiarly exhausting to the vital powers. The youth wrestling with the elements of language or mathematics is engaged in the same class of exhausting labor as the author or the athlete; we cannot expect of him—woe to us if we demand of him—the persistent toil which he could well give to mechanical employments which lie within the common inheritances of the race. Few of our children inherit even for two or three

generations the intellectual habit; school work is the creation of yesterday, while the normal energies of body and mind have been transmitted to us from the geologic ages. In time, it may be that the difficult tasks which now strain the minds of youths will become fixed by inheritance, and so made the easier,—they may, indeed, become as familiar as sports; but in our schools we are dealing with minds and bodies which have, perhaps happily, a vastly greater inheritance from brute and savage than from civilized life. The simplest intellectual tasks are to these children as remote from the accustomed paths of thought as are the problems of the higher mathematics from the minds of most men. The work they do must be done under the same general conditions as those which limit the path-breaking work of our greatest authors; it must be carried on for but brief periods in the year; it must be interspersed with vacations, in which both mind and body may have a chance for rest.

Although the needs of the pupil control the duration of our school terms, the necessities of the teacher's work are also of a nature to demand much in the way of refreshment. The true teacher, he who goes forth to his pupils, who enters into their spirit, so that he conceives their intellectual state and helps them from near by, is called upon for duties which to the inexperienced appear simple and easily performed, but are indeed of a perplexing and exhausting nature. All sympathetic action is taxing to the strength of men. When we go forth to another, making his life our own, we attain our end by ways of exceeding perplexity, by paths which are not beaten, which can be discovered only by patient ingenuity. The teacher must clearly understand the nature of his pupil; he attains this end, if he reaches it at all, by vigilant and unceasing attention to every sign which may direct his endeavors. No guide who seeks to bring

his charge up the most difficult mountain need be so watchful of his actions as the teacher. He gives away his life to perform his task, if he be true to his calling. None but those who have done the teacher's work know the cost of this free giving of the spirit.

The work which the teacher does is, it is true, but a more continuous part of the sympathetic action on which all social uplifting depends. The physician and the clergyman, in their place, are called on to do equally difficult tasks in penetrating to the nature of their fellow-men; but their cares, though serious, are not so continuous as those of the instructor. They have them as incidents of their life; he finds them not daily nor hourly, but at each moment of his work. Few instructors can maintain a vivid sense of this duty; with all of them the exercise of their sympathetic powers becomes, like all other labor, automatic; their load is borne, as are the burdens of other men, in a more or less commonplace way. There is a risk that their work may descend into the state of mere routine labor, that the element of lively sympathy on which the real value of the service depends be lost. There is but one way to avoid this danger, and this is by the resource which vacations afford. The teachers must frequently be turned away from their calling for the refreshment which they need.

Although, for reasons based on the character of the work done by pupils and teachers, it is necessary to break the school year with vacations, it cannot be gainsaid that these interruptions bring about certain evils which greatly trouble the plans of the educator. These evils affect both instructors and students; they are, however, most serious in the case of the latter. Because the work of the student is of a nature to obtain little help from inherited usage, it is always difficult, if he be a whole-some creature, to breed in him habits of

study. After each break in his schooling he returns to his work with a mind disused to the tasks of the school-room. Nearly half the year is spent in securing strength by a return to the primitive desultory life of the savage or half-civilized state. Inheritance has made this half-intellectual existence so natural that indulgence in it soon destroys the habits of study which it has cost so much pains to inculcate. The youth's mind has to be broken into the ways of work after each vacation. Even with college students, when long training has served to fix the customs of intellectual labor, the first month after the summer period has to be spent in a subjugating process, by which mind and body are once again bowed to the yoke. In a less degree, the teachers, particularly if they have the spirit of youth in them, find a return to harness a perplexing task. In my own case, a quarter of a century of practice has not been sufficient to overcome the dissipating effect of a few months' absence from the class-room; each autumn the lost ground has to be re-won and the teaching habit renewed.

In the matter of our teaching system, as in many other of our social problems, we seem to be always "between the devil and the deep sea." On the one hand we have the savage and barbaric man, whose lusty strength and simple nature we need to keep alive, but whose clumsy, unthinking ways we must mend; on the other hand, the super-civilized, bloodless, half-human creature which over-schooling breeds. Our work is to make a middle kind of man, who shall retain the good of savage and of scholar alike. It is harder for the educator to find and keep this middle way than it is for any other officer of society. The legislator may blunder away with his laws,—at worst they usually hamper grown men alone; but the teacher finds his mistakes in youths deprived of the rights of body or of mind with which nature endowed them. Blunders

in the methods of training young men and women are built into the race, and propagate the evils from generation to generation.

Accepting our vacation system as a necessary feature in the present condition of our school method, the question is whether by some modification of that system we can, in a wholesome way, avoid any part of the evils which these breaks in the process of education bring about. This problem has been in my mind for more than twenty years, and I have made several essays towards its solution, one of which, from experience, appears to promise useful results. As this promise is based upon much experiment, I shall, in the sequel, ask the reader's attention to it. Let me, however, premise the statement concerning the method of diminishing the evil of vacations with a brief consideration of certain features of our modern education which make it desirable to recast our school system.

It is a well-recognized fact that natural science demands a place in education which it has not yet received. We have excellent technical schools, where the applications of this branch of learning to economic arts are well taught. Some of our literary colleges permit a system of education by which the student may indulge a taste for such study in the later stage of his schooling; but despite the vast progress of natural knowledge and the general confession of its utility in the training of youth, no substantial progress is being made in the introduction of science in our general school system. Now and then school-masters endeavor to transplant a little twig of this learning amid the sturdy and overshadowing growth of the ancient trees of knowledge, but it has at best a feeble life, and rarely is it worth the ground it occupies. The fact is that the methods of science training so far differ from those pursued, indeed from those which *must* be followed, in the oldest humani-

ties that the two forms of culture cannot flourish together. School-masters of the old dispensation appear to have the notion that they may with profit plant science in the same field with other forms of training, much as the New England farmer sows pumpkins in his crop of maize. My own conviction is that literary and scientific training can no more develop in the same field at the same time than crops of wheat and cotton can be grown together. The same mind can, I am convinced, find profit from both these educative agents, but the considerations are so diverse, the methods of instruction necessarily so different, that it is a waste of time, tending to mere smattering, to attempt to pursue both classes of study in the same term of school time. A well-trained youth in college may, with much advantage, devote a small part of the year he consecrates to literary studies to some easy course in natural science; or in case his devotion is to science, he may find refreshment in incidentally following an elective in music or metaphysics; but the effort at once to combine the intellectual profit afforded by literary and experimental knowledge leads almost inevitably to failure. This failure is even more assured when the plan is tried with the undeveloped youths of our primary and secondary schools.

These considerations, which were impressed upon me at the beginning of my career as a teacher, which indeed became clear to me from my experience as a student, when I tried in a stumbling way to carry on the two kinds of training at once, led me to essay the use of the vacation period for educating youths in the methods of scientific work. Years of experience in this system have served to convince me that we may find an intellectual and physical gain in the use of vacations for instruction, and at the same time a secure footing for science training which cannot be found in the term time of our ordinary schools. Sum-

mer schools of natural science, as well as those devoted to natural language or purely literary matters, were first formally begun at Harvard College about 1868, and have since gained a singular extension in this country. Though in many cases they are rather desultory in their methods, their rapid growth and popularity show a desire to make avail of the long summer vacation, and a sense that certain kinds of intellectual work can better be done in such periods than in school terms.

One of the most important results served by the well-organized vacation schools is found in the fact that the student is called on to pursue for one or two months a single subject of study, to which he gives his entire attention. In the ordinary curriculum of our schools, even those of professional grade, the scholar is required to subdivide his time; rarely can he give the whole of his attention for even a single day to one department of work. Generally, it is nine to ten grammar, ten to eleven geometry, eleven to twelve history, etc. There is no chance for connected thought; indeed, the system appears as if designed to make all orderly and vigorous inquiry impossible. The youth learns from it alacrity, the power of swiftly changing from one line of thought to another, which may be worth something as a preparation for the hurly-burly of the outer world; but it fails to give him the far more precious training in the habit of patient devotion to one appointed task. The result is that the most of our college graduates have never done a single piece of thoroughly consecutive work, such as they will be called on to perform in the walks of life to which they must betake themselves.

The profit of scientific training cannot be had through work done in the scattered hours which in a way suffice for the other forms of training. The work the student has to do in natural science must be done in the laboratory

or the field; it must be done continuously, all day and from week to week, before the student can attain to the profit which awaits the true naturalist. To all who adequately conceive the need of such work, the hour-here-and-there system for any other than purely informational purposes is preposterous. The student may gain a measure of information concerning botany, geology, or other branches of natural science from occasional lectures or laboratory exercises, but the training he receives is not worth anything. The elder Agassiz was used to say that the student of natural science must take time to "let the facts soak into him," and he considered a month a short time for even a small body of facts to penetrate in this manner into the student's mind: all teachers of such learning will agree with that master in this opinion. The only chance for this consolidated work which our school system affords to the new education is found in the vacation periods. By making avail of those parts of the year which cannot be made to serve the needs of the humanities, science may hope to win a firmer place in education than can be obtained in any other way.

It may well be asked how the student, weary of his school term, can be expected to devote a large part of his holiday time to this other form of schooling. How can we avoid the evils of overtaking the pupil, if we put a large share of his labor into the time we have found to be required for refreshment? Experience affords a very satisfactory answer to this question, for it shows us that the character of true scientific work so far differs from the labor done in the school-room that the pupil finds a large measure of diversion in the changes in the nature of his employment. In the ordinary school-room, the memory bears the principal part of the intellectual burden; the constructive faculties play but a moderate part in the work. In the laboratory or the open field of nature, the memory

is no more taxed than in the usual occupations of men, but the constructive imagination, which is generally unemployed in the tasks of term time, is actively aroused. There is, moreover, a wide difference in the attitude of the student towards his work in the two kinds of schooling. In the class-room tasks his lessons are generally learned from books, he is tied to print; in laboratory work he deals with natural objects, and finds in his contact with them the quickening of spirit which to be conceived needs to be felt. My own experience with vacation schools shows me that ordinary students may, without suffering any tax upon their vitality from the increase in their intellectual labor, year after year devote six weeks of the summer vacation to hard work in natural science schools. I do not think that it would be profitable to most youths to give this additional time to the study of subjects which they pursue in their ordinary term-time work; the vacation tasks should be in another part of the intellectual field. The student who devotes the body of his time to literary works should resort to summer schools of science; he who is engaged in science study during term time may profitably engage in literary work during a part of his vacation.

As soon as our vacation schools become generally as well organized as they now are at Harvard College, men and women will have an opportunity which has not yet been afforded them for continuous training of a literary and scientific kind. Except at Harvard the summer schools are of a scattered and incomplete character, there being no effort to bring the various departments into satisfactory accord. In that institution summer schools originated, and have gradually taken the shape which indicates their place in our system of education. Twenty years of experience and experiment have resulted in the following scheme of vacation teaching in that institution. The sum-

mer schools are not under the charge of any faculty; each department, generally each instructor, being responsible for the conduct of the teaching in the particular school. A committee appointed by the corporation has a general oversight of the work; it determines what schools shall be taught and chooses the instructors. Schools have been begun in eight departments of study: in the natural sciences, botany, chemistry, geology, physics, topography, and physical training; in French, German, and Old Norse. In the departments of chemistry, geology, and topography the instruction is divided into elementary and advanced classes. The total number of courses which may be pursued, each requiring the whole time of the student for the term of teaching, is thirteen. In all of these studies except the languages, the student pursues his work in the laboratory or the field under the immediate supervision of the instructor; he does no ordinary class work, but follows his inquiries in an individual way. The work continues throughout the day, without interruption except for the noonday meal. The result is a good "soaking," to use Agassiz's word, in the class of thoughts which belong to his particular study, and an intimate acquaintance with the teachers with whom his work is done. At the end of four or six weeks of such continuous labor, the pupil is generally fairly well imbued with the elementary methods of the science to which he has given his attention.

So far the most general resort to these classes has been on the part of teachers and students who purpose to become instructors. For teachers such schools afford peculiar opportunities for advancement; by attendance on them they secure some contact with the conditions of a university. Although it is the vacation period of the college, the libraries and museums are kept open during the session of the summer schools; moreover, there are lectures, open to members of

all the schools, in which the teachers of the several departments set forth their views concerning the methods of education which should be pursued in their several specialties. Thus, though the relation of these summer students to the university is slight and temporary, it is not without value to discerning teachers who desire to know the range of their art. These vacation schools also afford valuable opportunities to the students of the smaller colleges, who may desire to obtain some knowledge of the larger schools of academic grade. It is an evil in our American collegiate system that young men who resort to the higher institutions of learning spend the whole of their college time in one school, and become thoroughly acquainted with but one set of instructors, and know only one of the many diverse motives which prevail in these academic systems. In the present condition of our colleges, we cannot hope to create the habit of passing from one seat of learning to another, which is so common in Germany, and has such a beneficial effect on the university students of that country. If that habit of migration is ever developed in our college students, it will probably be due to the opportunity for its development which summer schools afford.

Another valuable result arising from the extensive resort of students to vacation schools consists in the opportunity they afford the student to shorten the period of his academic preparation for the more serious tasks of professional study. The most of our teachers who have attentively considered the problems of the higher education are convinced that the four years' course of our colleges is too long for those who propose, after its completion, to pursue a training for any professional career. The result of this double system of

higher education in colleges and professional schools is that our young men come to their life-work at the age of at least twenty-five years to find that their more scantily equipped but younger competitors have the precedence. They need a portion of their youth for the struggle which awaits them in their battle with life; they cannot afford to give too much of that hopeful time to the task of equipping themselves for the combat.

As much as we may regret the delay of taking up the work of the world which our long academic training forces upon us, it is not easy to see how the quantity of the instruction required of the college student can be reduced without a decided lowering in the standard of intellectual culture, by no means too high, to which we now bring young men. The only evident way of gaining time in the academic course is by the use of the vacation classes for those studies which can be pursued in those periods. Harvard College is, in a tentative way, trying the experiment of allowing study in the vacation time in lieu of term-time work: in its scientific school the student is allowed to reduce the curriculum of four years to three by a proper use of the instruction given in the summer schools, and in the college the summer field courses in geology are reckoned in with the term work.

The rapid development of summer students in this country shows us that our educators are seeking to meet the evils incident to our long school vacations. It is an evidence of their good sense that they have not sought to better our school system by decreasing the vacations usually allotted to pupils and teachers, but have endeavored to find another and safer method of obtaining the desired result.

N. S. Shaler.

LATIN AND SAXON AMERICA.

THE philosophic study of history teaches that heretofore among mankind no obstacles have been so hard and so slow to be overcome as differences of race accompanied by differences of language and religion. In colonizing this hemisphere there were two currents of immigration thus distinguished, which may be termed Latin and Saxon: the latter flowing chiefly from England, with Holland participating in some but small measure; the former flowing chiefly from Spain and Portugal,¹ with some participation from France. In modern times, one of these has been reinforced by a great immigration from Germany, and also by an immigration from Ireland, which, though incongruous in race, has been so long assimilated to the Saxon in language and social principles and habits that it is not inharmonious; and the other, in like manner, has been reinforced by a vast number of immigrants from countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, particularly from Italy.

For two centuries after the Discovery it was continually doubtful whether the Latin current would not monopolize the New World. Near the close of the next century, the withdrawal of France from the contest, surrendering Canada and ceding Louisiana, fixed the predominance of the Saxon current in the northern continent. During the following half century this predominance was confirmed by the acquisition of Florida and the spoliation of Mexico by our re-

public; and the last fifty years (completing the fourth hundred from the Discovery) have, in the minds of many of our people, assured the destiny of the Saxon not merely to predominate in North America, but to monopolize it.

It is under these circumstances that the great overshadowing Saxon power of the north has summoned the Latin powers of the south to a conference in the Saxon capital; and they have obeyed the summons with such deluding courtesy that an idea has got into vogue that it is possible to unify them with us in a commercial and political confederation, tributary to our interest and our pride, and antagonistic to the European sources from which all parties to the alliance sprang.

The purpose of this brief article is to incite consideration whether this idea is not a mistake, and whether, unless we are very prudent, the outcome will not more likely be an increase of the dread with which the Latin powers of the hemisphere naturally and reasonably regard us at heart, however specious their profession of respect and friendship. That the conference is not merely commercial in its purposes is manifest from the fact that no European nations possessing American dependencies are bidden to it, although our trade with Canada and with Cuba exceeds that of all the invited participants together.

Some of the foundations of the mistake consist in neglecting the teachings

¹ For convenience, in this article, no distinction will be made between what issued from Spain and what from Portugal. They will be treated as one in fact, as they were one in substance, and as in fact during a long period of the greatest activity of Spanish colonization Portugal was a Spanish possession. Brazil is an empire trembling on the verge of division into three or four republics. This division and

organization would have happened early in the century but for the immigration of the royal family of Braganza. Spasmodic efforts for it have been made repeatedly since, and few publicists doubt that soon after the death of the present respectable Emperor (now far advanced in his sixty-fifth year) they will be renewed and with success.

of history already mentioned ; ignoring the jealousy with which the modern representatives of the proud race that long was ascendant in the New World regard those by whom their race has been distanced in the competition ; misconstruing the quality of their republican government, and interpreting it by ours ; overlooking the radical differences between their frame of society and ours, which spring from their union of Church with State, and from the fact that their relation to the Indian population is still by inheritance that of conquerors to subjects, though no longer that of masters to slaves ; underrating the keen and selfish intelligence of their ruling classes ; failing to comprehend the Oriental fineness and unscrupulousness of their diplomacy ; in short, misunderstanding the Latin-American character, and omitting to know that it conceives itself to have a career independent of ours.

The Spaniard preceded the Englishman by a hundred years in occupying America. Long before King Charles First of England granted the Massachusetts charter Spain had girdled the whole of the southern continent and the Gulf of Mexico with colonies, and her possession of the West Indies and the Isthmus secured control of transportation between the oceans, and already she had conceived the project of uniting their waters by a canal. Her precedence in organization was much longer than a century ; for during the first fifty years of English colonization there was little attempt of the Mother Country to dictate a political system to her emigrants, and meanwhile the Spanish colonial dominion was systematized by a long line of astute and able viceroys and audiences under direction of the Council of the Indies. In the arts of social life, save so far as they were suppressed or repressed by that direction, Spanish precedence was even more distinguished. While the English colonists remained

villagers, whose only public streets were the cow-paths and whose only public parks the cow-pastures ; whose climax of luxury in religious edifices was a wooden barn with a steeple of the same material, and to whom, as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, Faneuil Hall was a structure of unrivaled splendor, the Spaniards were founders of cities, laid out with a skill which modern experience has not improved, adorned with vast and solid works of architecture for civil and religious uses which command admiration when tried by the best modern standards, supplied with aqueducts, decorated with alamedas, and often fortified with the greatest military intelligence and the most lavish expenditure. For examples of magnificent cathedrals, those of the cities of Mexico, Puebla, and Lima remain unsurpassed in the New World, and manifold more money was spent by Spain on the fortifications of her galleon port of Carthagená in New Granada than our country has appropriated to those of the port of New York. The advantage of climate and soil also was enormously on the side of the Spaniards. Four fifths of their American domain lay within the tropics, and much of it where the heat of the latitude was tempered by the height of the land, so that its natural products were of every variety ; while the English domain was limited to a strip of wilderness on a comparatively sterile northern coast. Of the disparity of the two domains in mineral wealth, and in its development down to the recent era when coal and iron superseded silver and gold in values, there is small need to speak ; for greed of the monetary metals was the notorious motive of Spanish dominion, as is familiar to every child. There was nothing in the English colonial possessions to warrant such titles as the Land of Flowers or the Silver River, nothing to impel a search anywhere within their boundaries for the Fountain of Youth or for El Dorado. Another

great advantage the Spanish colonists had was in the character of the Indian populations whom they subjugated and enslaved in the West Indies and Mexico and Peru, or adopted and tamed into willing workmen, as in Paraguay. With small exceptions, none of the natives whom they encountered were implacably savage, like those of the northern wilderness. In the viceroyalty of New Spain, and even more in the viceroyalty of Peru, they were so far civilized that they became an immediate help to the conquerors, while the sparse and uncontrollable aborigines who confronted the English settlers were an unmitigated hindrance. The pictures drawn by the historian Prescott (who never visited the countries he described) now are confessed to be touched with fancy, but there is enough of truth in them to demonstrate the intelligence of the labor of the millions who were subjected to the *repartimientos*, *encomiendas*, *mitas*, and other devices by which the Spanish colonists enriched themselves. Nor, in enumerating the constituent parts of their dominion, should the ghastly fact that it was sought, acquired, and administered under the authority and auspices of the Church ever be omitted. Spanish priest and Spanish soldier were inseparable companions, and shared the spoils on terms nearly equal. The tithes for the religious establishments were collected with an exactitude surpassing the collection of the king's fifths. The monuments of clerical wealth so amassed are still the most conspicuous features of all the Spanish settlements from California to Chile; and the division was, on the whole, an equitable one, for the priestly influence over the enslaved population was the strongest security the conquerors had against an insurrection of numbers which bore an even greater proportion to theirs than the natives of Hindostan do to their resident British rulers and army.

It would be easy to enlarge upon the

differences between Spanish and English colonization. The subject tempts into dramatic detail. But enough has been said to illustrate them for the present purpose, and to suggest with what feelings the heirs of the one which was so far in advance must contemplate the present ascendancy of the other. For the Spanish-American aristocracies who are represented in this conference at Washington are indeed heirs of the glories of Old Spain as our democracy is of the glories of Old England, — heirs of the Roman Empire and the Kingdom of the Visigoths, of the Omayyad Caliphate of Cordova and its Moorish successors, of the splendors of Charles Fifth and gloomy majesty of Philip Second, and of the remembrance that but for the barrenness of an English queen our Mother Land might to-day be a possession of the Spanish Crown. Limited still in South America, save in the Argentine Republic, to almost as scanty settlements back from the coast as a hundred years ago, never acquiring the energy or the numbers necessary to occupy the vast interior, they have beheld the Saxon current in the north sweep from ocean to ocean, and develop into the most powerful nation on the earth, with intelligence generally diffused among the people, with agriculture perfected and industries diversified, with manual labor invested with full political rights and privileges, and with Church absolutely dissociated from State; while five sixths of their own population remain ignorant of letters and incapable of intelligent suffrage, with agriculture positively deteriorated from the times of the Conquest, without manufactures, with little inland transportation save by the natural water-courses, with manual labor despised, and with the Church still so dominant in politics that in a majority of the Latin republics the free public exercise of any but the official religion is prohibited by their constitutions.

If in this contrast sufficient cause for jealousy rather than affection towards us is not already set forth, add the deductions which every Spanish-American mind must draw from the recent declarations of our government that it deems Isthmus communication between the oceans a matter of its own coastline, although our nearest point of national jurisdiction is still a thousand miles distant. Within the interval thus threatened with impairment of autonomy lie Mexico and the five Central American republics, all Latin in their origin and civilization and language and religion, and heirs of the same traditions as the states of the southern continent. Add also, in the consideration of our probable success in sooner or later executing this doom, the prodigious rate of our increase in population, the still more enormous rate of growth of our material strength, and the dependence of Europe on our plantations and pastures for grain and meat and cotton, and consequent reluctance of Europe to accept any but the gravest occasions to oppose our designs. We are greatly in error if we suppose that the Latin nations of America in our time feel any gratitude to us for the Monroe Doctrine, or regard it with any respect. On the contrary, they would, if they could, proclaim a Monroe Doctrine of their own against ourselves; and it is easily conceivable that at no very distant day European aid may be invoked by them to check our southward progress. Meanwhile, the Doctrine is a convenience to their artful diplomacy, as was illustrated during the recent war between Chile on the one side and Peru and Bolivia on the other, in which the conquering country, first invoking it as a fetich to deter European powers from intervention, next disdainfully rejected our proffers of mediation when that purpose had been accomplished.

We do not begin to comprehend the

training, the sagacity, and the pride of the ruling classes of Spanish America, — their thorough Machiavelian study of the arts of statesmanship, their monopoly of all the sources of wealth depending on governmental action, the elegance of their social accomplishments, the genuine (though sometimes semi-barbaric) luxury of their social life, the perfection of their knowledge of the world through foreign education and travel, their contempt (not unmingled with terror) of the vulgarity of our northern democracy, their capacity for command, and their hard-hearted willingness to subsist by the sweat of the brows of inferiors. In no Latin country of this hemisphere (unless the Argentine Republic, by reason of its great recent immigration, is an exception) do they constitute more than a tenth of the population. The other nine tenths are “hewers of wood and drawers of water.” The Indian inhabitants of most of these countries still are the majority, and the half-breeds outnumber largely the whites of unmixed blood. There is nothing in our own society, or politics, or literature to enable us to comprehend these ruling classes. The nearest approach to them within our national observation was the slave-holding aristocracy of our Southern States before the civil war. A sentimental disposition prevails among us towards these Latin countries, because all of them, except Brazil, have copied republican forms of government from ours; but if we only will investigate the motive which induced their republican organization, and understand how slow is the progress they have made towards the acquiescence in expressions of the popular will which is the essence of our own republic, we shall find that this sentiment is undue in the large measure in which we bestow it. The occasion of our revolt against England was, to be sure, a selfish one. We rebelled against features of her colonial system which she had copied from the system of Spain.

But, underlying the pretext, there was an aspiration for true democratic government which had been fostered among our people for centuries; which reached away back, indeed, to the signing of the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower. No such long-cherished aspiration pervaded the Spanish-Americans. They were incensed by the discriminations which Spain made against them in the bestowal of office and opportunity for gain. The Mother Country filled every colonial office with Spaniards-born, and proscribed the creoles. They also were incensed, as we were, by the commercial code which monopolized their trade to the Mother Country, although this code had been considerably modified the year preceding the battle of Lexington, so as to permit their trade with one another, and was still further relaxed during our Revolutionary War, with the result of developing Buenos Ayres into a flourishing city. But no craving for independence for the sake of self-government was clearly displayed among them until a necessity for it was forced by the confusion of the Spanish kingdom through the ambitions of Napoleon. Then, indeed, this craving sprang to life, and persisted until it satisfied itself, even after the restoration of the legitimate royal rule. But the government instituted in the various republics from Mexico to Chile was not government of the people by the people for the people, but remained government of the many by the few for the few, substituting as the few the creoles in place of the *chape-tones*. It could not be otherwise, there being in Spanish America no numerous intelligent middle class, as there is in our Saxon north. But it is not the less a fact which should abate the ignorant sympathy with them that we profess. Indeed, there is not a dependency of the British Crown, where Saxon blood predominates, which is not closer to us in the nature and purpose of its government by the people for the people than

is any Latin republic represented in this conference.

Returning now to the purposes of the conference, it will be good for our people to recall to mind the monitions of the farewell address of President Washington:—

“The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible.

“It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world.

“Harmony and a liberal intercourse with all nations are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand, neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the stream of commerce, but forcing nothing.”

These monitions not only forbid our leaguings with Spanish America against Europe for politics, but also for commerce. The idea of a political league may be fascinating to those who are deceived by the form of government of the Latin republics, and do not penetrate to its substance; but even were the substance democratic (which it is not), such a league would be in direct defiance of the monition to “steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world.” The idea of a commercial league with them against Europe may also have fascinations; but even were such a league practicable (which it is not), it would be in direct defiance of the monition to “force nothing,” but to “consult the natural course of things.” A sufficient reason why it is at present impracticable is the need of foreign capital by Spanish America for its material development, and we have no such capital to spare, in comparison with Europe. Most that we

have we require at home for our own development. So long as this need of Spanish America continues with urgency, the "natural course of things" will compel the Latin republics to commercial relations with countries which possess that capital to invest abroad, in preference to those which do not possess it, even if other conditions are equal; and we well know that, besides this, those conditions are not equal, and that we are under further disabilities by reason of our customs-duties on raw materials and our deficiency of shipping, and of the fact that London, not New York, is the financial centre of the world. If the conference teaches us the expediency of abolishing barriers to intercourse which have been erected by our own hands, that will be the utmost reasonable product of it in respect to commerce. As to finance, there is great danger of its assisting to corrupt our currency to a monometallic debased silver standard, and it will be fortunate if we escape that peril. As to politics, any relation to them, except absolute independence, in which it may entangle us must prove unsatisfactory, costly, and probably mortifying.

Our rulers do not at all understand Spanish America. Its rulers do more or less understand our country. They are a very superior class of men, much abler and better instructed in the subjects of the conference than are, as a whole, the delegates we have contributed to it, some of whom, in the tour on which the foreigners have been taken (as if they were Apache or Comanche barbarians, to be impressed with unwonted sights), they have come to regard as mercantile "drummers" rather than diplomatic peers. Our straightforward and safe course is to make no gratuitous distinctions, in our political relations, between the Latin-American and other foreign nations; to be friendly with all, but allied with none; and, in Washington's words, "to have with them as lit-

tle political connection as possible." If we suffer them to draw us into the relation of a permanent arbitrator in their disputes, we shall soon have our hands full of quarrels, and very likely be driven to arms to enforce some of our decisions. For these Latin-American countries are full of occasions for quarreling among themselves: in part from causes which date back to the three conflicting Spanish jurisdictions, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, of which we have a recent instance in the costly war of Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic against Paraguay, 1865-70; and in part from rivalry for the hegemony of South America, of which there is a more recent instance in the bloody war of Chile against Peru and Bolivia, 1879-83. Almost their only point of perfectly sympathetic union is their dread of us; and though it might very naturally be argued that this would stop such a project of organized permanent arbitration as is set forth in the official programme of the conference, yet, on the other hand, each of them would be glad of the chance of enlisting us against its adversary. Then, again, if we would draw European nations into disputes with ourselves, we could not pursue a surer way to do so; for the same lack of democratic discipline which induces Latin-American factions to rebel so frequently against decisions of the popular will, in their internal concerns, that many of them are kept in chronic domestic confusion, would be apt to incite the losing party in an arbitrament to invoke European intervention to resist judgments of the international tribunal.

Let us let South America alone to work out her own salvation, just as we let Europe alone to work out hers. That she will work it out successfully, however slowly, there need be no disheartening fear. In spite of present discords, time already has contradicted Bolívar's despairing declaration to Flores sixty years ago, that "America for us"

(that is, the people of Spanish descent) "is ungovernable." The number of her statesmen who see that the salvation depends upon inoculating Latin traditions and habits with Saxon principles of truth and liberty and law is multiplying. Already in her temperate zone two countries have proved themselves capable of orderly administration without foreign help, — the Argentine Republic and Chile. Time given, with the aid of immigration, the rest are sure to do the same. The eastern slopes of the Andes and upper waters of the vast rivers which pour into the South Atlantic — now the untilled garden of the world — are destined to be the home of a civilization achieved by the Latin race perhaps excelling ours. There is no region of the earth which a mortal eye permitted to anticipate a century, and behold now in a vision as it will be then, can better wish to view.

As to Mexico and the Central American republics, the conference will do great good if it can allay in any measure their sensitiveness, by a disavowal, on the part of our country, of any designs, near or remote, against their autonomy, so emphatically that all Latin America will put faith in the disclaimer. If this would require the executive to modify some of the positions it has taken in administrations preceding that of President Harrison, about Isthmus canalizing, pride ought not to stand in the way of a retreat from unjust pretensions. Whenever, if ever, in what President Washington styled "the natural course of things," the surviving Latin coun-

tries of the northern continent do fall into our Federal Union, it should not be in the slightest degree by compulsion from our side. We need to realize more clearly than we do that their Latin character makes them an acquisition to be shunned rather than solicited, and that, if destiny condemns us to absorb them as certainly as we shall some day absorb Canada, the longer the day is postponed the better for us. That South America believes this to be their final fate, and will acquiesce if we do not prematurely force the issue, we may be well assured, without any public confessions that would wound Latin pride. As an example of this belief, the president of one of the most enterprising republics of the southern continent, not very long ago, while magnifying the future of his own country and of ours to the writer, in a personal interview, reached to a map and laid his finger upon Panama as the spot (about equally removed now from the boundaries of the one and the other) where he "expected to live to see them meet face to face." But if anybody is very confident of our ability to assimilate annexed Latin populations, let him moderate his confidence by considering how the French-Canadian community, after the exercise of English sway over it for more than a century, still is an undigested lump in the Dominion north of us. Without impugning John Bright's rapturous vision of our continental destiny, let us pray that it be not fulfilled prematurely, nor otherwise than with Peace and Good Will.

Albert G. Browne.

TWO LYRICS.

I.

A DEDICATION.

TAKE these rhymes into thy grasp,
 Since they are of thy begetting
 Lady, that dost make each place
 Where thou art a jewels setting.

Some such glamour lend this Book
 Let it be thy poet's wage;
 That henceforth thy gracious hand
 Lies reflected on its pages.

II.

PILLAR'D ARCH AND SCULPTURED TOWER.

PILLAR'D arch and sculptured tower
 Of Ilium have had their hour;
 The dust of many a king is blown
 On the winds from zone to zone;
 Many a warrior sleeps unknown.
 Time and Death hold each in thrall,
 Yet is Love the lord of all.
 Still does Helen's beauty stir
 Because a poet sang of her.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE LATER YEARS OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.¹

THE painstaking biography of Garrison by his children, the earlier volumes of which were noticed in this magazine on their appearance, is brought to completion with the same patience in investigation, candor in setting forth the facts elicited, and fidelity to the anti-slavery cause which were the leading traits of the narrative of the first period. The work has been so thoroughly done, and issues from such an intimate and

familiar acquaintance with the mass of information bearing on the general subject of the agitation of the great national question, that it must be regarded as the permanent source to which historians must recur in dealing with the abolition of slavery. The career of Garrison has been properly identified with the movement for emancipation, and there is only reason for thankfulness that his memoir has been made more

¹ *William Lloyd Garrison, 1805-1879. The Story of his Life, told by his Children.* Vol.

III., 1840-1860. Vol. IV., 1861-1879. New York: The Century Company. 1889.

than a biography, and includes so much of the *matériel pour servir* for the history of the country. The treatment in these last two volumes, however, is less minute than in the preceding ones. The great schism in the anti-slavery ranks had already been narrated, the dramatic incidents of the opening agitation described, and the field cleared for the entrance of the historical events of the twenty years before the war. The course of the anti-slavery societies, though full of interest, blends with diverse elements in the working out of the national problem; even before war began the movement is felt to be apart from the central current of events, becomes less considerable in view of the powerful elements gathering from other sources of the public life, and, as the war goes on, grows more and more subsidiary. Garrison had already quickened the conscience and alarmed the mind of the country; the leaven of his work was felt far away from where he stood and beyond the range of his immediate action; the issue of the matter did not hang on his words or on the hands of his associates, but on the courage and wisdom of the Union-saving people as a nation at large.

It is conceded that slavery perished immediately by the folly of the slaveholders. The work of Garrison and his followers was to help in bringing on the conflict which the South precipitated. The story of how they accomplished this is the burden of the greater part of these volumes. They record a chapter in the agitation of reform, — the organization of the movement, the activity of the body so formed, the conventions, speeches, petitions, the jealousies that sprang up, the internal conflicts that resulted, the factions that fell off on one or another ground of public policy or private aberration; but when the distinctive cause of emancipation passed out of the hands of the agitators into those of the leaders of the people, the main subject is at an end. The remain-

der, which narrates how wisely Garrison waited upon the times, and gave his support to those in power, in confidence that the end was near, is merely the winding up of the history of the cause which events had befriended more effectively than its own devoted servants, and the crowning of the latter years of its great leader with the honor which was his due. It is not strange, therefore, that these last volumes permit a less strenuous treatment than was exacted by the conditions of the slavery question before 1840, and it is pleasurable to the reader to find the conclusion of Garrison's life so happily in contrast with what it was when he undertook his work, and to witness also the change in the nation itself.

In the later career of Garrison, to which this notice is necessarily confined, the most prominent characteristic is the multiplication of his reforming interests. The one cause to which he had given himself was foremost, and was served with complete fidelity; but he found time to entertain views upon many other subjects with which slavery was not directly related. Moral warfare was his business in life. The vice of intemperance had been even before slavery in engaging his hostility. But after the anti-slavery movement was fairly in action, the conditions of Garrison's social and intellectual life were such as to force upon him an indefinite number of nostrums for the cure of the world. A more striking example of the demoralizing effects of a condition of things in which faith in government and church was undermined is hardly to be found in history than that afforded by the vagaries of the abolitionists. They had judged and condemned both government and church, and in obedience to their conscience were ready to cast off both. They could "come out" from the church, and each follow his own devices, but they could not so readily leave government behind them, — a fact of which

Quincy seems to have been most sensible,—and they avoided rebellion only by the stratagem of non-resistance; a principle which, however honestly held, alone made their position as peaceable burners of the Constitution a tenable one. The doctrine of non-resistance was not held by Garrison with any peculiar modification of his own, such as to call for discussion; when it came to applying it to the phases of politics as they turned into war, his practical sense stood him in good stead, though he did not abate his convictions in theory; but in the matter of the exodus from the church, he found secession from its body fruitful in heresies. The history of the Bible Conventions and the Char-don Street Conferences casts a flood of light upon the mental characteristics of the times. It is true that useful movements originated in the remarkable ferment of thought, but the debates at such gatherings remind one of the contents of the witches' caldron. Garrison himself, though credulous and very open to new ideas, did not lose his self-possession in the midst of these "new lights;" but it is rather from Quincy than from him that one gets a realizing sense of the scenes and the persons. Phillips held much aloof. It was said at the time that Garrison injured the cause of emancipation by these alliances with other reforms, and the more because the degree of his participation in them could not be made plain. Reading in these pages, one is far from being surprised that to many estimable people in comfortable circumstances Garrisonianism meant not only the abolition of slavery, but also the abolition of church and state. The honesty of Garrison, his fearlessness, his confidence in the benefits of free discussion, shine the more clearly in his relations with these secondary reforms; and considerations of his repute among men could not, in the nature of the case, weigh with him. Yet to readers of to-day, as to his con-

temporaries, the story of these episodes will, we fancy, be a disturbing influence in their judgment of the man.

A second matter which may prejudice the mind of a later generation to his disfavor is his adoption of the principle of disunion. The policy of "no union with slave-holders" was logically arrived at, and it was consistently pressed. There is no need to discuss it now as a practical remedy, or to speculate on what would have been the result of its adoption; whether wise or not, it offends the sentiment of loyalty, and can appeal only to those to whom the existence of slavery under government seems a sufficient ground for revolution. When the moment came for action, Garrison was found upon the side of those who desired the preservation of the Union; and in casting his influence in support of the Northern cause, in the belief that slavery in the South would be extinguished by our victory, he exhibited the same practical sense which operated to make his doctrine of non-resistance innocuous. The humorous defense he made for himself when he said that in advancing his doctrine that the Constitution was "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," it had never occurred to him that "death and hell would secede," was a happy retort upon those who criticised him; and with this explanation his disunion views may well be dismissed. In this matter, as in so many others, his good sense is the trait which is conspicuous. It is remarkable to what a degree he exceeded his associates in justice and temperance of mind with regard to the trying events of the war period: his conduct in respect to the doings of the administration, his willingness to be patient with its progress in the direction of general emancipation, display a statesmanlike quality; his cordial support of Lincoln in the contest for re-nomination, and his refusal to continue the anti-slavery organization after its immediate and definite end had

been achieved, mark most conspicuously this rational trait, obliged as he was to meet the opposition of lifelong friends and to part company with Phillips, in order to act upon his own judgment.

His self-restraint and tact during the war present in this way a different side of his character from that which was brought out in the earlier struggle. It is, we think, a gain to his reputation, and illustrates his superiority to his followers in general. To a remarkable degree all his acts expressed his own nature. He relied upon himself with extraordinary faith, and hence his decisions represent his own judgment without any admixture of the influence of others to whom he might naturally have deferred. It commonly happens that the leader of a party represents the general consent of the varying wills of its components, but Garrison represented others only in so far as they agreed with himself. So much of justice there seems to have been in the complaint that he wished to absorb the party in his own autocratic will. It was fortunate for him, under the circumstances, that he held complete control of the *Liberator* throughout the conflict; such an organ for the unhampered expression of his personality was a necessity to him, and it also fed his heroic independence by exercise. But it was not only in the *Liberator* that he ruled supreme. He was a natural leader, and it was to be expected that he would hold the primacy in any cause he championed. It appears to those who can read the history of the time dispassionately that the course of events justified him in his vigorous and uncompromising maintenance of his hold upon the helm. His judgment was shown to be prudent, and his associates differed from him only to go astray. This was as true in the contests of the factions in the anti-slavery ranks as it was afterwards in the questions of policy which arose in the war time. He was not

merely the man with the will and power to take command, but, looking at his course from beginning to end, one does not hesitate to declare him the man who deserved to be in control by native superiority. Others excelled him in particular ways, but none equaled him in power of character.

He guided the movement firmly and sagaciously, and as his life is its history attention necessarily is given, in these volumes, to the details of its course. If one recalls the reputation he held for recklessness, folly, and arbitrariness, it is surprising to observe the soundness of his course within the limits prescribed to him by the shocking condition of the public mind upon the question of slavery. The greatness of his character, however, it is scarcely necessary to add, was not in his conduct of the agitation step by step, was not executive or political, but was moral. His intellectual power was strong so far as it was applied to slavery. Mr. Lowell is quoted as saying that he regarded Garrison as the most effective of the anti-slavery speakers. His addresses, of which many examples are given in the course of the narrative, are full of power. His style became more Scriptural as he grew older, and consequently has a peculiar quality, like the eloquence of the old divines; but the matter is of the best, and the expression is that which belongs to the living truth, and which no devices of oratory and rhetoric can match. Even when not dealing with the subject which struck fire from his mind, he wrote with admirable justness of thought. His criticism upon Dr. Channing seems to us the most remarkable passage, not upon anti-slavery, from his pen; and it is one which in comprehensive grasp of character, in justice, and in clearness of delineation lacks nothing to complete it; as a literary portrait it cannot be excelled. It was, however, in denunciation of slavery, and perhaps more conspicuously still in his

latest expositions of the principles of liberty and of the duty of the American nation, that his power of logical and luminous expression and the passion of his moral fervor were most apparent. What he spoke, when roused by this inspiration, had the one quality which the highest oratory aims at, — the words bore with them the conviction of being the unmistakable truth. Though deficient in grace, brilliancy, and beauty of expression, he had this virtue of power. Intellectual force was an element in all this; but his faith was rather in the right, and only secondarily in the reasonable. He enforces our admiration, therefore, for his moral greatness, and not for any lesser quality of mind or genius by which men become memorable. The impression of such greatness, however, is not given by single events, or by measures of policy, or by the separate stages of a man's career; it is necessary to read the entire life, page after page, to obtain an adequate feeling of the nobility of such a man's intense faith in righteousness and consecration to its service.

The work concludes with a delineation of Garrison's private character, which must rank as a remarkable chapter in modern biography. The candor and simplicity of this description, its entire freedom from any of the defects commonly found in such accounts, its perfect good taste, make it quite the equal of the best that has been done in such work, of which the memoir of Darwin by his son is a recent example. In orderliness, proportion, and the selection of illustration, incident, or anecdote, and in the unassuming grace of style, it is a model of what such a chapter should be, and it is so compact that it cannot be condensed. We extract from it only the sentence in which the writer meets the two grave charges made against his father in his lifetime. "The name of gentleman," he says, "like that of Christian, is sadly abused;

but if my father did not deserve to bear both the one and the other, there is no reason why the world should cherish either." With this judgment the American reader who has followed the narrative from beginning to end will heartily concur. Apart entirely from his services to his country and to mankind, the personal character of Garrison must receive the respect and admiration of whoever places value upon private virtue, and appreciates self-denial, considerateness, and charm in its exercise. The life here described, led in privacy and with humble means, has a moral beauty as winning as the moral courage of its public career was grand. A greater mistake as to the character of a man, hated by his time, is not afforded by history. The biography ends fitly with this presentation of its subject in his personal qualities, showing us the man in his home and among the duties and charities of our common humanity; the citizen is forgotten in the father, the philanthropist in the friend, only to come the closer to our sympathies.

But we cannot end this notice of a work, whose topics are altogether too broad to come within the limits of such treatment as is here possible, without some special acknowledgment of the excellence of its execution, in point of conscientiousness, breadth of view, and authority of statement. It is, for the anti-slavery record, final; and the service done to our national history is as great as that to a father's memory. Its one eminent trait, however, is its justice: stern, it is true, toward those high in position and repute, and subject to the responsibility of men to whom much is given, — stern to selfish wealth and ambitious politics and callous aristocracy, to public officials, men in place and power, and to those who were the keepers of the Christian gospel, and acted with the sanction and under the authority of ecclesiastical religion; but also

as exact and diligent in giving the praise to each most humble and obscure servant of the cause, however small his mite. The result is a view of New

England life, especially, high and low, at a great moment of its history, of the highest value for the light it sheds upon the character of its people.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY.

ONE does not need to be very old — he may be no older in years of discretion than *The Atlantic* itself — to recall the wordy war which ravaged the country when Webster and Worcester, in quartos which were as alike to the superficial observer as Tweedledum and Tweedledee, made the air blue with advertising shouts. America is the paradise of dictionaries and encyclopædias, the happy hunting-ground of index-makers. The mechanical genius which expends itself in labor-saving devices in the field of manual toil is equally energetic in the domain of the literature of knowledge; it may be that the habit of helping ourselves to the literature of other countries has engendered the habit of systematizing and arranging all this material. There is little doubt that the publishing and editorial faculty of the country has been affected by the steady immigration of foreign books, which have all the duties and none of the rights of citizenship.

Be this as it may, the great energy displayed in the making of dictionaries and encyclopædias is having its result in an emancipation of the people from the tyranny of the dictionary. The habit which has grown up in America of referring to the dictionary as a final authority is like the habit of referring all theological questions to proof texts. When the Revisers had done their work, they had done more than was asked of

them. They had destroyed forever the lingering faith in textual inspiration. As long as there was only one dictionary, or at the most two, it was quite possible, as the phrase goes, to swear by Webster or by Worcester, as the case might be. But the more dictionaries there are in the field, the thinner is the film of authority, and it is not impossible that both the makers of dictionaries and the users of them will come to agree that these books are records, and not rulers.

The latest of the great dictionaries¹ may justly be valued as a splendid triumph of editorial and publishing organization. Its foundations have been laid deep and broad. We must, at the outset, give the thanks of all educated Americans to a firm which honors the demands of scholarship by projecting so vast a scheme, and carrying it forward with unflagging zeal and swiftness of movement. One is tempted to speculate upon the possibility that great publishing houses may fulfill some of the functions of universities, and organize research. It is interesting also to note that such a work as the *Century Dictionary* is no longer the expression of one controlling genius, but represents the collaboration of many scholars. The varied learning called for is not at the command of any one student, but must be found by laying under contribution specialists in all departments of learning.

¹ *The Century Dictionary. An Encyclopædic Lexicon of the English Language.* Prepared under the superintendence of WILLIAM DWIGHT

WHITNEY. In six volumes. Vol. I. A-Cono. New York: The Century Company. [1889.]

Yet it would not be just to treat this work as if it were in any sense a pioneer, and we are glad to take this occasion to speak of the dictionary which inevitably occurs to the mind as its great peer, — the New English (Oxford) Dictionary, under the editorship of Dr. J. A. H. Murray. The history of the origin and progress of this great enterprise of the Clarendon Press is by this time well known to students of the English language, but, for the sake of comparison, it may be in place to remind the general reader that the work is the offspring of the Philological Society of England, which proposed, in 1857, at the suggestion of Archbishop Trench, “that materials should be collected for a new English dictionary, which, by the completeness of its vocabulary, and by the application of the historical method to the life and use of words, might be worthy of the English language and of English scholarship.” Several hundred readers, including among Americans George Perkins Marsh and Richard Grant White, entered on the task of selecting typical quotations, for the use of words, from all the great English writers of all ages and from writers on special subjects. In 1878, there had been amassed upwards of two million quotations, specimens of which, prepared by Dr. Murray, were submitted, on behalf of the society, to the delegates of the Clarendon Press. They consented to bear the expense of publication, and Dr. Murray began to arrange the materials in hand and to solicit additional quotations from specified books. Over eight hundred readers responded to this appeal, including a large number in the United States under the superintendence of Professor March, of Lafayette College. In the course of three years the total number of quotations, from the works of over five thousand authors of all periods, was raised to about three and a half millions. Through the enthusiastic labors of the editor and a large corps of sub-editors, the dictionary

began to put out its leaves in 1884. Part I. (pp. xvi, 352) goes to *Ant*. Three other parts (as far as *C*) have since appeared. The plan of this greatest work in English philology yet undertaken may be given in the editor’s own words: —

“The aim of this dictionary is to furnish an adequate account of the meaning, origin, and history of English words now in general use, or known to have been in use during the last seven hundred years. It endeavors (1) to show, with regard to each individual word, when, how, in what shape, and with what signification it became English; what development of form and meaning it has since received; which of its uses have, in the course of time, become obsolete, and which still survive; what new uses have since arisen, by what processes, and when: (2) to illustrate these facts by a series of quotations, ranging from the first known occurrence of the word to the latest, or down to the present day; the word being thus made to exhibit its own history and meaning: and (3) to treat the etymology of each word on the basis of historical fact and in accordance with the methods and results of modern philological science.”

Such, in brief description, is the great work with which the Century Dictionary will inevitably be compared. Many social and political changes will doubtless take place before the end is reached. It will contain over 250,000 words, all words used by writers of English since 1150, or known to be in use at that date. Its vocabulary is therefore fuller than the Century’s, which will contain about 200,000. The latest edition of Webster has 118,000. On comparing Part I. of each, it will be found that from *A* to *Answer* the Oxford Dictionary has 350 quarto pages, the Century 230 pages of the same size. *A* (*a*-) in the Oxford takes up 11 columns, in the Century 6; *all* occupies 10 columns in the Oxford, 4 in the Century; *again* and *against*,

8½ in the Oxford, 2 in the Century. The large number of quotations introduced in the former will account, mainly, for this difference. To test the extent of inclusion or exclusion of rare or obsolete words, we glanced over Morris and Skeats's Specimens of English Literature for test-words, and then looked them up in the dictionaries. The first reference was *acouped* (blamed), from a line of Robert Mannyng's Handlyng Synne:—

“How that he acouped was.”

It is not found in the Century; the Oxford gives it about two inches of space in etymology, and extracts from English authors, including Hampole, Langlande, and Caxton, but not including the passage above. *Aby* (to pay the penalty of), *accidie* (sloth), *adaw* (wake up), *amene* (pleasant), *atter-cop* (the old word for *spider*, whence *cobweb*), are found in both. *Anerly* (alone, only), as in Barbour's Bruce, —

“That he was left swa anerly,” —

is in the Oxford, but not in the Century, though the recognized legal form *allen-arily* is given in the latter. *Alout* (bow low), *alkatran* (pitch), used by Mandeville, are not in the Century. To multiply examples would be tedious. The few we have given will enable the reader to form an opinion as to the scope of each of these great dictionaries. The restraint of the Century Dictionary will render it all the more acceptable to the busy man, while the special student of the English language will find the Oxford Dictionary indispensable, standing, as it does, in relation to all other dictionaries as the Britannica to all other encyclopædias.

Americanisms, provincialisms, colloquialisms, slang, are all duly treated in the Century. The compilers rightly hold that to omit such words and phrases is to give but an inaccurate idea of the growth of our language, and especially to hamper the student of the literature

of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In carrying out this purpose, the editors have certainly done well. As to colloquial terms and the cant terms of various kinds in our literary history, the new dictionary is more inclusive than any of its predecessors. Students of the English drama will be glad to find that the admission of even the canting terms of plays like *The Beggars' Bush* and *Brome's Jovial Crew* gives promise of a completeness in this direction which will make wearisome consultation of footnotes and glossaries unnecessary. When the dictionary is complete, one should not need to turn to Dodsley or to Dyce for an explanation of such terms as *anteriormost*, *clapperdudgeons*, etc. However, the dictionary is well supplied with words that once were slang, but gradually came into good use, — words like *catchpoll*, for an under-officer of the sheriff.

The question arises whether these literary words and cant phrases are well defined. Some definitions are admirable, some are only fairly successful, some wholly fail. There is not, as one glances over the pages of the dictionary, the feeling that often comes in looking at the dictionaries of a dozen or twenty years ago, — that a vague term is defined by a generality. Light is thrown upon the meaning of each word, though the strength of that light varies. For instance, the word *avocation* is admirably managed. The often-confused distinction between this word and *vocation* is well brought out in the definitions and in the illustrative quotations. The word *actual* is well treated, and one of its meanings is made clear once for all by an admirable selection from Sir W. Hamilton. This clearness appears especially in the definitions of weapons, musical instruments, and articles of dress of past times. The editors are not satisfied with some vague rendering for *cithern*, like “a musical instrument,” but carefully explain the appearance of

the instrument both in olden and in more modern days.

There are times, however, when one wishes that the compilers had been a little more elaborate in statement, had defined with a little more clearness. For instance, a careful reading of the definitions of *alternative* as given in the Century Dictionary and in the Oxford will, we think, lead the reader to feel that the Englishman is clearer in his discussion of the word. One finds, too, an occasional lack in fullness of statement as to the older words. *Calenture*, that word so common in writings of the seventeenth century, is given as "a kind of delirium sometimes caused, especially within the tropics, by exposure to excessive heat, particularly on board ship." The form of delirium usually associated with this fever is noted in the Oxford, and is admirably illustrated by this quotation from Swift: —

"So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamell'd fields and verdant trees."

The only reference in the Century Dictionary to this, the usual form of the delirium, is indirect. It is in the quotation from Dr. Holmes: —

"This calenture which shows me the maple-shadowed plains of Berkshire . . . beneath the salt waves which come feeling their way along the wall at my feet."

The omission may seem unimportant, but certainly a word or two would have made the uses of *calenture* plainer.

One criticism there is which suggests itself here in connection with the subject of definition, and that is that it is a pity that the uses of words considered as doubtful by teachers of English should not be more distinctly marked. Often *obs.* or *rare* appears against a definition, but there are cases in which some modern adaptation of a word to a new and every-day use is allowed to pass without a word as to its status in the

language. For instance, *buxom*, in the sense common to-day in expressions like a "buxom bar-maid," is not marked with any warning. *Appreciate*, too, in the sense of "money has appreciated in the market," stands without a word of comment. The editors can easily plead that a dictionary is not a rhetoric; yet they have marked some doubtful uses of words, and therefore why not all? However, when one thinks how many people who will not take the trouble to study a treatise on rhetoric refer almost constantly to a dictionary, one cannot help wishing that more police work had been done by the editors. Simply to print the new uses as the last in the lists is to mark their age, not their respectability.

This last criticism as to position suggests a commendatory word on the way in which the different shades of meaning are traced. The method of the Oxford is followed, the earliest meaning coming first, with its illustrations, and the later developments in their order. An *obs.* or *rare* shows how many of these meanings are still in use. In the main these shades of meaning are finely distinguished.

This matter of definition has already led us into illustration, for the two go hand in hand in the Century Dictionary. First of all, then, let us admit that the arrangement of the quotations, as regards the eye and ease in using them, surpasses that of any of the earlier dictionaries. They are not crowded together, verse and prose, as in the Oxford, but are separated, and presented attractively to the eye. Moreover, the breadth in selection is very satisfactory. A word is not only traced in its first appearances in the early writings of our language, but is given as it appears in recent publications. The Anniversary Address of J. R. Lowell at Harvard in 1886 is quoted, and so is Dr. Holmes's *An Old Volume*. The range of authors, too, is very great. One finds, in turning over

the pages of the dictionary, not only all the well-known names of literature, but many of the less-known or newer writers, like Jones Very, C. E. Craddock, J. C. Harris. Even Grant's *Memoirs* are quoted. In breadth of selection the Century Dictionary seems to rival, if not to surpass, the Oxford.

As to the fitness of these illustrative quotations more criticism can be made. Considering the immense quantity used and the number of words defined, we think the selection is remarkably good. Occasional cases there are, however, in which the reader cannot but wish that the lines threw more light upon the word under consideration. For instance, *brawl*, a dance, is far better illustrated by Skeats in his quotation from Cotgrave than in the Century Dictionary. Each defines it as a dance; the Century Dictionary adds "a braule." Skeats says: "It is a corruption of the French *brausle*, explained by Cotgrave as 'a totter, swing, shake, shock, etc.; also a brawl or daunce, wherein many men and women, holding by the hands, sometimes in a ring, and other whiles at length, move all together.'" The Century Dictionary illustrates as follows:—

"Thence did Venus learn to lead
The Idalian brawls."

B. Jonson.

"Good fellowes must go learne to daunce,
The brydeal is full near-a;
There is a *brall* come out of Fraunce,
The fyrst ye harde this yeare-a."

Good Fellowes (1569), Halliwell, Note to Marston's Plays.

Certainly Skeats makes this not uncommon word in the Elizabethans clearer than does the Century Dictionary. *Alternative*, too, of which we have already spoken, seems to us rather poorly illustrated, considering the many admirable examples of the correct and incorrect uses contained in Hodgson's *Errors in English*. For the reader who already understands fairly well the proper and improper uses of this word the illustra-

tions will suffice; but for him who turns to the dictionary to look the subject up for the first time, we think the illustrations would be more helpful were they a trifle simpler.

On the other hand, as we have said, the quotations are often admirably selected. For instance, the illustration from Sir W. Hamilton on the second meaning of *actual* makes it clear once for all. The interpretation given is: "In full existence; real; denoting that which not merely can be, but is; opposed to potential, apparent, constructive, and imaginary." The quotation is as follows: "Hermogenes, says Horace, was a singer even when silent; how?—a singer not *in actu*, but *in posse*. So Alfenus was a cobbler, even when not at work; that is, he was a cobbler potential, whereas, when busy in his booth, he was a cobbler *actual*."

Again, take these lines from Herrick, illustrating *buss*:—

"Kissing and bussing differ both in this,

We buss our wantons, but our wives we
kiss."

There is one division of the work in which the illustrations are especially clear and satisfactory,—that which contains the very praiseworthy discussions of synonyms. Whoever has struggled with Roget and with the dictionaries in an effort to corner a fleeting word that expresses a shade of meaning must turn to this feature of the new dictionary with relief. The illustrations in this part of the work are very apt. For instance, read the discussions on *acrimony* and its synonyms, on *adroit*, or on *abandon*. Occasionally, of course, as in illustrations to show the distinction between *deed* and *action*, the quotations miss a little in effectiveness, and really throw but little light. One other kind of illustration or of definition deserves a passing word of praise,—the lists like that under *acts*, which gives all of the important legislative acts of history. Lists, like this, of phrases and titles sug-

gested by a word will be very helpful to the student.

The element of time or date is plainly of such importance in determining the value of a form in linguistic evidence, or of a citation in support of a meaning, that we regret in some cases the absence of more definite information. In the case of *aback*, the meanings "toward and at the back" are illustrated by quotations from Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* (June): —

"They drewe abacke, as half with shame confound;"

and Knolles' *History of the Turks*: —

"His gallie . . . being set upon both before and abacke."

The impression naturally given by such instances is that modern ones are lacking, even if the dictionary does not indicate that the meanings are obsolete. The *Oxford Dictionary* gives, in fact, quotations illustrative of these senses from four writers of the present century, Coleridge, Carlyle, William Morris, and Joaquin Miller. Both the old and the modern authors should be quoted in such a case. The best way of all is doubtless to follow the example of Littré and Dr. Murray, and give uniformly either the century or the year in which the words quoted were written. This attention to chronology has an incidental advantage, which appears in its aid to correctness in quotation.

The Preface states that "all citations are given in the orthography (though not always with the punctuation) of the texts from which they are taken." This statement is subject in practice to certain modifications, which are not, in our view, necessary. We refer to the practice of quoting Shakespeare and the 1611 version of the Bible in modernized orthography. While it is manifestly undesirable to think of substituting the original orthography of the 1611 Bible in copies intended for general use now, it is not unscholarly to treat a printed text of that age as a manuscript docu-

ment would be treated, namely, with fidelity to its spelling. The dictionary leaves Spenser's words in their original form, including quotations from his prose *View of the Present State of Ireland*. If the original spelling had been adhered to in Shakespeare's case, the attention of the editor would probably have been called to the fact that it is going beyond his warrant to quote, as he does, under the word *babble*, "A babbled of green fields" (Henry V. ii. 3) as an example of Shakespeare's use of the word. We can gladly admit with White that Theobald's substitution of the above words for the senseless "a Table of greene fields" of the Folio is "the most felicitous conjectural emendation ever made of Shakespeare's text," and at the same time refuse to accept it as Shakespeare's language.

The above quotation is also used as an instance under the word *A*, the provincial substitute for the pronouns of the third person. A far better example, among many, of Shakespeare's practice, that is his printer's, in the case of this word, is *Hamlet* IV. v. 185, "They say a made a good end," Quarto of 1604, as against the Folio's, "They say he unade a good end."

If it could be assumed without examination that the dictionary would be abreast of the times in any department, that one would be the chief editor's specialty, namely, etymology. The assurance that Professor Whitney's name gives of the quality of this feature of the work is further supported by the authority of Dr. C. P. G. Scott, who wrote the etymologies, and several other well-known American scholars in the department of English. It is not in vain also to assure the general reader, as is done in the Preface, that the principles of comparative philology are established; that is, are matters susceptible of proof, and not dependent on authority which a later generation of scholars may or must ignore. The labor

of students of English etymology has now become mainly that of collecting and collating evidence in special cases, and in this process observing well-defined and well-known laws of historical sequence of sounds. It is work that is comparatively sure of reward, while, as in most other sciences, the chances of discovery of laws now unknown diminish constantly. In the care taken to give only those forms which are historically attested in support of a given derivation, and conscientiousness in marking with an asterisk purely supposititious ones, the dictionary proves that it deserves as nearly as may be perfect confidence. We have tested it in many critical words with a great degree of satisfaction. In the limitations as to fullness which Dr. Scott had to observe, the material is selected and arranged on a scientific basis. When the dictionary is completed, there will be no such body of facts, as to the history of our English words, elsewhere accessible in a single popular work. The rare cases of the recent establishment and proving of the etymology of a common word are fully treated, and with an evident use of the best authorities. The word *bad* is an instance in point; though the degree of probability as to its connection with Anglo-Saxon *bæddel* is somewhat greater than the dictionary would lead one to infer. Professor Zupitza deserves the credit of being the first to prove the derivation, and his name should not have been omitted from the account of the history of the word.

One has only to compare the etymology of *acorn* with that given in Webster (derived there from *ac*, oak, and *corn*), or of *bless*, or *care*, to be convinced that etymology is now a science, and no longer guess-work; though it is plainly unfair to compare, in etymology, the Century with Webster, as there has been no revision of Dr. Mahn's etymologies in the latter since 1864, when etymology

had hardly become a science. This applies more strictly to native English (Anglo-Saxon) words, the facilities for the study of which have greatly multiplied since the last revision of Webster. But in respect to etymology, we must still acknowledge the great authority of Skeats. In neither the Oxford nor the Century, we may note, under *appetite*, is reference made to *petere* (Gk. *πέρομαι*), *to fly at*, which brings out the underlying image or metaphor, connecting it thus with *pen*, from *penna* (feather), which is for *pet-na*.

Both in the Preface and in the article on Anglo-Saxon, the Century leans away from the views of the Green-Freeman school of historians and the modern school of English philologists, who see in our mother tongue an unbroken continuity of development from the earliest records of the English people to the present; not a language "which has been constructed" of Anglo-Saxon, on the one hand, and of Anglo-French of the Normans, on the other. The well-known views of Professor March, regarding Anglo-Saxon as a language separate and distinct from the English, are quoted at some length under *Anglo-Saxon*. The substitution of "Old English" for "Anglo-Saxon," which is merely one dialect of Old English, advocated by Professor Cook in his translation of Siever's *Angelsächsische Grammatik*, is in accordance with the historical facts of the language, as set forth by some of the greatest living English scholars. *Rest*, *bosom*, *stream*, *sand*, *sun-beam*, etc., have always been English, and cannot properly be spoken of as derived from Anglo-Saxon *rest*, *bosm*, *stream*, *sand*, *sun-beam*, etc. Stormonth, in the Preface to his dictionary, teaches sound doctrine on this point: "Anglo-Saxon words have not been so generally introduced as etymologies, because, strictly speaking, they cannot be looked upon as belonging to a distinct language, but must simply be regarded as Old Eng-

lish." This is not quoted as a criticism on etymology in the Century Dictionary, but only as favoring that view of our language that is destined to outgrow the narrower one.

A cursory examination, mainly, of Part I. will hardly justify any minute criticism. On page 2, in the article on *A* (*a-*), the eye falls on a passage that sounds a little strange to modern ears: "This construction ["is being built"], though condemned by logicians and purists, is well established in popular speech, and will probably pass into correct literary usage," — a prophecy long ago fulfilled in the usage of the best writers of the present century. In the same article, the distinction between the verbal noun (*-ing*) and the present participle (*-ing*) is not made, we think, with sufficient emphasis.

The genesis of the colloquial "they are *a-coming*" (active) is from the participle, not from the verbal noun. The prepositional prefix (*a-*) arises from confusion with such expressions as "the house was *a-building*" (passive), in which "building" is a pure verbal noun. Professor Max Müller was clearly off his guard when he wrote that "the vulgar or dialectic expression 'he is a going' is far more correct than 'he is going,'" as has been pointed out by Dr. Morris in *English Accidence*. "He is coming" is directly traceable to "he is *cominde*," the southern form, in middle English, of Anglo-Saxon "he is *cumende*" (present participle), one of the oldest idioms in the language. At a much later period, "he is a coming" (active) arose from confusion with the correct passive construction, as "the ark was *a-preparing*."

The dictionary, as a matter of course, recognizes the strong influence upon technical lexicography which results from the fecundity of science in word-making; and no class of scientific men will have more cause for satisfaction in the new lexicon than that large group,

consisting of physicians, sanitarians, zoologists, and botanists, included under the general term "biologists." Biology certainly had peculiar claims to a large hospitality, as is admitted in the Preface, and also to "a degree of prominence corresponding to the remarkable recent increase in its vocabulary." But it is doubtful if this alone would have justified so generous a treatment of the biological sciences in a work of this character. It is rather the profound and almost all-embracing influence which biology has wielded in language, in history, in literature, and in religion, as well as the fermentation which it has generated in social and speculative philosophy, that entitles it to preëminent consideration. Since 1850 biology has actually achieved the difficult feat of effecting for mankind an almost universal change in its intellectual point of view.

Here, then, for the first time, the casual reader, and the searcher for the meaning of many words new to our literature, will find what they seek. But so full and rich is the treatment in this special department that the lexicon may serve equally well as a technical glossary for the biologist, in the laboratory, the museum, and the seminary. Moreover, it fills as well as anything can a void so complete as to have been virtually a vacuum. There has been hitherto not only nothing like it, but it might almost be said that there has been nothing at all. Since the several authors had literally, therefore, no guide to follow, it would be obviously unfair to expect the work to be in all respects complete. It is too much to ask that all the biological sciences should be fully or even equally represented, or that the treatment of so vast and so new a subject should be always symmetrical or balanced. If ornithology and ichthyology seem to occupy too much space, and embryology and physiology too little, it must not be forgotten that, historically speaking, the former have been the more attended to by our American scientific men.

The biological definitions are generally good, though not always above criticism ; as, for example, in the case of *aberrant*, the zoological definition of which would do as well or better for *varying*, and is actually misleading in giving, as it does, the impression that its etymological meaning does not apply in practice, while in fact it fulfills precisely the modern post-Darwinian usage. The definition of *algæ* might easily have been simplified, and the encyclopædic portion of the definition of *blood* describes the red corpuscles of mammalian blood merely as "flat disks," although every school-boy knows that in most mammals they are flattened *biconcave* disks.

In carrying out the encyclopædic features of the lexicon, much success has been achieved within astonishingly narrow compass ; but physicians and bacteriologists will be disappointed to find that the term *agar-agar* (the native name of Bengal isinglass) has been transferred with its definition from the Imperial Dictionary, without any hint whatsoever of its great scientific and practical importance as a medium for the "culture" of disease germs and other bacteria at the blood heat, where gelatine — its principal rival — melts and is worthless. It is also a serious omission that no mention is made, under *color*, of Hering's theory of color sensation alongside of the Young-Helmholtz theory (which is mentioned), and which it is threatening to supersede. The definition of *conjugation* is made so comprehensive as to include, without remark, *fertilization*, to which in botany, at least, it has often stood opposed.

The only noteworthy departure which we have noticed in orthography is the use of *chlorophyl* instead of *chlorophyle*, a usage which prevails throughout the book in this word and in others having the same ending. We observe with pleasure among words of long standing *apochromatic*, a word invented in 1887, and now universally adopted to charac-

terize microscope objectives made with the "new glass."

The figures are generally excellent, especially those of birds, fishes, and insects. Others are only tolerable, like that of the moonwort fern, *Botrychium*, or are coarse and suggest careless "process" work, like that of the peristome of a moss given under *cilium*. In only one case, however, have we noticed thoroughly bad work, namely, in the figure of human blood corpuscles on page 592. As a rule, admiration silences criticism in all these particulars, as the pages, one by one, are turned ; yet it would be difficult to find a figure less adapted to show the real relations of that important embryonic respiratory organ, the *allantois*, than the one referred to under that word. It is an old figure, chosen in the place of many better and newer ones.

It is the inclusion of the innumerable technical terms, doubtless, that biologists should be most grateful for ; but even here there ought to be a limit, and we see no sufficient reason for admitting *Aclidæ*, "a family of ptenoglossate pectinibranchiate gasteropods, typified by the genus *Aclis* with a much-curved minute odontophore, densely hirsute, with simple uncinat teeth and a rimate turreted shell," especially as there appear to be only "two genera, represented by four species in Norway." The use of the term "protovertebræ" in the explanation of the figure on page 897 is old-fashioned and no longer sanctioned by the best authorities, for the reason that the bodies referred to are not merely *protovertebræ*, but form also other portions of the dorsal region. The genus *Clathrocystis* — a humble group of algæ, or, more strictly, of cyanophycæ — is included ; but the writer of the definition evidently had in mind only the rosy *Clathrocystis*, which produces, for example, the trouble known as "red codfish," at Gloucester, etc., and fails to add, as he might have done, that other kinds

are troublesome in drinking-water, where they often choke up or discolor stored waters. It is also quite incorrect to describe the genus as "consisting of minute rose-colored cells," since the commonest fresh-water form has blue-green cells. Typographical errors seem to be very rare, the only one we have observed being Balbiana for Balbiani, under *acinetiform*. On the other hand, it is difficult to see how any working biologist can dispense with the lexicon, or how any one having occasion to find a particular word can fail to get here at least a clue to its meaning or usage.

After all, however, all criticism upon the new dictionary must at present be made with reservations. It is hard to praise without conditions, for in this first volume the editors have had as far as *C* the very valuable aid of the Oxford Dictionary, while in the later volumes they must work without it. Moreover, there are many words yet to be considered which the student wishes to see treated before giving any final impression of the dictionary. For instance, inasmuch as the editors claim they are able to throw much light upon the etymologies and the growth of words, it will be interesting to see how they will treat words like

dudgeon in its use as a dagger; *firk*, that word of many meanings in the old drama; and the many words that the adaptive minds of the Elizabethans framed from other languages for their needs. The reader must bear in mind that we have before us only the first of the six volumes which are to comprise the work, and that it includes the words only from *A* to *Cono*; but it would be uncivil to leave so monumental a work without attention in *The Atlantic* until the whole was completed. Indeed, it has probably dawned upon the reader by this time that any criticism of such a book must be fragmentary and somewhat disconnected, and that the critic himself would probably prefer to tackle one volume rather than six.

It only remains to be said that the *Century Dictionary* is as beautiful to the eye as it is satisfying to the inquiring mind; and, as it will be completed in two years, every one who can afford a high-priced dictionary will, of necessity, buy it, rather than wait, even if his preference runs that way, for the *New English Dictionary*. But if we may parody a phrase familiar to the users of dictionaries, we should say, *Get Both*.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Yours, B. I SUPPOSE the practical men
Franklin. of sense who were industriously writing out books from authors' original copy, when Gutenberg and Fust and similar cranks were making movable type and promising to print as many as fifty books while one could be copied in script, never lost an hour's sleep from a notion that their business was to come to an end. Probably the compositor who sets up this paragraph (if I succeed in edging into the lowest

room at the Contributors' Feast) smiles with a superior sense over the notion that in the near future — according to Bellamyopia — the art of printing will be one of the historic arts; but I should like to see the same compositor when, a few years hence, he does me the honor to read one of my books, written apparently in my own handwriting, but really produced by the operation of that very ingenious invention, not yet perfected, which will enable the reader to follow

with his eye the writing of his favorite author, while he hears the author reading the same book in a natural tone of voice. The phonographic accompaniment to the autographic form will permit the ear and the eye to be harmoniously assailed at once.

If this invention, for instance, had been perfected early enough, how many mistakes in interpretation would have been saved! For example, here is Mr. Morse, in his book on Benjamin Franklin, quoting Franklin's celebrated letter to Strahan. Every school-boy knows the letter, but for the convenience of those who are not school-boys I give the lash, but without the snapper:—

“PHILADELPHIA, July 5, 1775.

“MR. STRAHAN,— You are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns, and murder our people. Look upon your hands, they are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy,”

Now, Mr. Morse finishes his quotation of the letter as follows:—

“and I am yours. B. FRANKLIN.”

But what Franklin really wrote was,
“and

I am,

Yours,

B. FRANKLIN.”

If one reads this letter in autograph, he has an inkling of its meaning. If, in addition, he could hear Franklin's voice, would he not get new light on its exact intent? Mr. McMaster, when writing of Franklin in France in *The Atlantic*,¹ refers to this letter as generally misunderstood. “We know of no collection of his works and letters in which this document is not treated as a piece of spirited and sober writing. Yet

¹ Vol. ix. p. 325, or, as the convenient *Atlantic Index* explains, September, 1887.

it certainly was no more than a jest. Had this not been so, all friendship, all correspondence, between the two would have ended the day the letter was received. But no such falling out took place, and they went on exchanging letters long after the war had seriously begun.”

Was it no more than a jest? Only the uninvented phonographic-autographer could unmistakably show. A very grim sort of jest, to my thinking. I should not want a correspondent to crack that joke twice. My own theory, which would be substantiated by hearing Franklin read his letter, is this. Franklin sat down to write to Strahan in dead earnest. He had just heard of Bunker Hill. He remembered Falmouth, and he was stirred with indignation. There was to be no “Dear Strahan” about it, or even “Dear Sir.” His friend was concealed behind that brutish, insolent, and blind English Parliament, and so he dipped his pen in gall and wrote. *Ira furor brevis est*, as our Latin grammar hath it, and Franklin, when he had written as far as “You and I were long friends,” was arrested by the last words. The antithesis, nevertheless, was at the point of his pen, “You are now my enemy;” the second antithesis immediately suggested itself, but in the same moment, as by a flash, he recognized that this second antithesis, “and I am yours,” was the familiar ending to a letter. “Be it so,” the philosopher said to himself, with a faint smile. He was on the precipice of a rupture with an old friend; by a dexterous hair-breadth movement, he veered away from the edge. A quip saved him, and, his fierce wrath expended, he sat and looked at his letter. Yes, he would send it. The good Strahan would read between the lines, and would forgive him. Besides, there was the bitterness of truth in it. Now, if we could hear Franklin's voice, and note the pauses, the change of tone, we should know exactly what this letter meant!

At No. 49,
Rue St. Melaine.

— I may as well confess to a passion for inscriptions, of which I have made quite a little collection. Personally I should like to inscribe everything I possess with appropriate mottoes, and I am ever suggesting them to my friends. I never pass an inscription without stopping to read it, always hoping to come upon something curious or interesting, and it would be a pity if I were not occasionally rewarded by an amusing discovery.

The picturesque town of Morlaix, in the department of Finistère, certainly possesses some of the prettiest old houses to be found in Brittany, — houses which many American architects know well, and from which they often obtain charming suggestions, of which I do not think they have been slow to avail themselves. In one of these houses, not far from the church of St. Melaine, at the corner of the Rue St. Melaine and the Ruelle des Prêtres, lived, and still lives, the owner of one of the few stables of which Morlaix can boast, — if any one would dare to boast of such jolting and primitive vehicles, such clumsy horses, and such obstinate drivers as that town affords. However, châteaux, churches, and calvaries must be seen, and the good offices of this most good-natured owner of horse-flesh were almost daily put in requisition. His house, a high half-timbered structure on a stone foundation, was built as if to last forever. A steep wooden staircase led to his apartments, but it was not until some weeks had passed that I had occasion to have any intercourse with his family, since he was almost always at the door of his dwelling. One day, however, he was not to be seen, and having left a message within, on coming down the stairs I found myself opposite an inscription over the doorway; and further investigation showed me two more, — one on the side of the passage-way, and another on a beam which formed the ceiling of the staircase. The last of these inscriptions, burnt into the wood,

had on either side of the verses two figures, — one of St. Peter “à la barrière,” and the other a priest or bishop. Perhaps the house formerly belonged to the priest who served the neighboring church of St. Melaine, and these verses may have pointed to some ancient lawsuit which had annoyed the builder or owner, and caused an appeal to a more righteous Judge than any to be found in Brittany in the seventeenth century. Whether this theory is correct I know not, since at the time I made no inquiries about the house and its history; nor did I see, until attempting to translate the verses, some months later, the apparent sequence of legal allusion which I fancy I now detect.

These verses, which are given just as they stood, ran as follows: —

DU PARADIS;
ET JE ME DIS
QUE POUR MON AME
PEU JE RECLAME:
QUITTE AU PROCÈS
À MON DÉCÈS.

DITES À PIERRE À LA BARRIÈRE
QU'OBTENIR SUFFIRAIT À MA FÉLICITÉ
D'UN PETIT COIN DU CIEL LA CO-PROPRIÉTÉ.

Or, if I may attempt a translation: —

When the thoughts of Paradise
In my quiet hours arise,
Then I cry —
Little ask I for my soul
When I'm freed from earth's control,
When I die.
Say to Peter at the gate,
That I pray it's not too late
To obtain
Some small corner of the sky,
Where, its happy owner, I
May remain.

The legal view is, however, brought out more fully and not unwarrantably in this paraphrase: —

I ask the Judge in Paradise
But little for my Soul;
I leave my dwelling for His Court
Freed from Earth's Court's control.
Tell Peter that one Verdict would
Give my desires their fill, —
A little corner in His Heaven
With tenancy at will.

The second inscription, also burnt into the wood, was just beside the doorway as one went out. A more serious vein seemed to have seized the versifier, and he invokes a local saint to aid him in dispelling the dark shadows that oppress him; and thus the unknown builder cries out in his trouble: —

GRAND SAINT YVES, L'ENFER, LE CUISANT
PURGATOIRE
PRÉOCCUPENT L'ESPRIT, LE METTANT EN
ÉMOI;
O MAÎTRE VÉNÉRÉ, PLAIDÉZ, PLAIDÉZ POUR
MOI!
VEUILLEZ M'AIDER CONTRE EUX À GAGNER
AU PRÉTOIRE.

Perhaps this can be paraphrased to read:

Hear me, O good Saint Yves, for Hell
And Purgatorial Pain
Make me afraid, and Terror broods
Upon my weary brain.
Pray, pray for me, O Master! plead
That I may make my way,
Through all my Foes, and gain my Cause
At the dread Judgment Day.

Now the saint invoked, St. Yves, or, as he is sometimes called, Yves de Ker-Martin, was a learned French monk and jurist, who lived in Brittany in the latter part of the thirteenth century. Our unknown friend, always legal-minded, evidently thought it would be useful to retain one who understood the technicalities of his profession.

Another couplet shows us the conclusion of the whole matter, in which desire for that which is lawful is mingled with a sense of responsibility, — the hope in the first verses and the fear in the second leading to the sober-minded circumspection of the third: —

USUFRUIT DE TERRE ICI-BAS ME CONTENTE
SI JE PUIS SÛREMENT VIVRE EN LA DOUCE
ATTENTE.

I have enough, if but Earth's use I'm given,
If I can live in certain hope of Heaven.

Or, to expand it a little: —

If I enjoy Thy gifts while here below
It is enough for me;
I use them not as mine, but rather so
As lent by Thee.
But count me happy, if, while this attaining,
I still can hope for everlasting gaining.

Further up the staircase I found a design of a very different sort. On the end of a beam was branded a great *fleur-de-lis* with a legend surrounding it, thus:

VOUS êtes Libre



d'aimer

LES TULIPES.

I could not think what this motto meant, until the woman of the house told me that it stood as a patriotic emblem: "You are at liberty to like tulips," but we, through changing fashions, love the lily of France. Whether this really was a political device, or a protest against the tulipomania which once ravaged Europe, I leave the reader to find out. To the same personage I present another and last couplet: —

L'UN, PAR LA PRESCRIPTION, NE PEUT ÊTRE
SURPRIS;
L'AUTRE EST FORT ONEREUX, JE N'EN SUIS
POINT ÉPRIS.

It seems to follow the address to St. Yves; but as I fail to discover its allusion, I am willing that he should do it into English rhyme and reason — if he can.

Concern- — It is said, on the vague au-
ing Vol- thority of a newspaper item,
taire and that a British tourist, who
Franklin. was refreshing himself at the lunch
counter of an American railway station,
had his attention directed by an amiable
native to "the great Mr. Ingersoll," who
was also refreshing himself near by;
and that when he inquired as to Mr.
Ingersoll's claims to greatness, the na-
tive, albeit of sound orthodox belief,
said, with scarcely concealed pride, "I
guess, sir, he's the biggest infidel that
ever was."

In reading Mr. Morse's admirable biography of Franklin (in the American Statesmen Series), I came upon a statement in relation to Voltaire which,

although apparently introduced as merely a sort of rhetorical flourish, cannot, in view of the claims of "our Mister Ingersoll," be allowed to pass unchallenged. Mr. Morse says (page 285): "Voltaire came back to Paris after twenty-seven years of voluntary exile, and received such adoration that it almost seemed as if, for Frenchmen, he was taking the place of that God whom he had been declaring non-existent, but whom he believed it necessary for mankind to invent."

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to extract from Voltaire's voluminous writings any definition of the attributes of the Deity to whom he was in the habit of appealing from the inhumanity of man, and especially from the inhumanity of the religious institutions of his day. But he was not an atheist. Many quotations might be given, but this — "the sublimest of poetic figures" — may be taken as an example: —

"Oui, dans le sein de Dieu, loin de ce corps mortel,
L'esprit semble écouter la voix l'Eternel."

Mr. John Morley, in his keenly critical essay, says: "We search in vain for a positive creed which logic may hold in coherent bonds, or social philosophy accept as a religious force. . . . Voltaire never went so far in the direction of assertion as Rousseau, and he never went so far in the direction of denial as Holbach. . . . We do not know how far he ever seriously approached the question, so much debated since the overthrow of the old order in France, whether a society can exist without a religion. He says in one place that to believe God and spirits corporeal is an old metaphysical error, but absolutely not to believe in any god would be an error incompatible with wise government."

Mr. Morse's reference to Voltaire's belief in the necessity of inventing a

God is misleading. Voltaire said, "Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudroit l'inventer," — *If* God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him." Archbishop Tillotson had said something like it before Voltaire was born: "If God were not a necessary Being himself, he might almost seem to be made for the use and benefit of men."

It may be interesting to mention, in connection with this reference to the new life of Franklin, that in looking over a file of old papers, recently, I found a news item in the New York Daily Gazette of a hundred years ago, which stated that, at a meeting of the American Philosophical Society, on the 17th April, 1789, "in the house of the Hon. Dr. Franklin, President," at Philadelphia, "Madame la Princesse Catherine Romanowna d'Aschkaw, President of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, Russia," was duly elected a member. Did the aged philosopher have any ulterior object in view, in paying this compliment to a woman who was not then in good repute in polite or learned circles outside of Russia? It would almost seem so. On the 2d November, A. C. 1789, — observe the date, — the Princess Daschkaw (generally written in English "Dashkoff"), by command of the serene and all-powerful Empress Catherine II., "*totius Russiae autocritoris*," sent an elaborate diploma, to which was attached a great seal in a gold box, conferring upon Benjamin Franklin, "a man already very celebrated on account of his scientific attainments," an appointment as foreign member of the Academy of St. Petersburg. The diploma was given to the city of Boston, some years ago, by William J. Duane, of Philadelphia, who married Franklin's niece; and it may now be seen at the Public Library, with much other interesting matter relating to Franklin.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Holiday Books. Dr. John Brown's Rab and his Friends (Lippincott) appears in the style, which still holds, of small quarto, with eight illustrations by H. Simon and E. H. Garrett, and a portrait of the kindly author. The illustrations, which are on wood, are of moderate value, excepting one by Mr. Garrett to the words "One look at her quiets the students." It gives Ailie in three-quarters length, with James in shadow behind her. The color is admirable, but the most difficult feature is the best rendered, for the face is singularly strong in drawing, and the expression fully bears out the motto. The hands also are well drawn and expressive. How one such true piece of work lifts book-decoration out of prettiness and pettiness into the dignity of real art! — Legend Laymone, a poem by M. B. M. Toland, with photogravures from drawings by eminent artists. (Lippincott.) The legend is an Indian one, and is told in a measure which is nearly as inappropriate as a measure can be for such a purpose. The chief interest attaches to the decorative work, which has the appearance of being reproductions of forms modeled in clay, and is often very effective. The full-page pictures are of varying degrees of excellence, that representing the rolling in of waves on the beach being perhaps the best. — Tennyson's The Miller's Daughter has also been illustrated by Peirce, Garrett, Fenn, Appleton Brown, and Woodward. (Lippincott.) The text does not compose very well with the cuts. Most of the designs are by Mr. Peirce, whose figures strike us as better than his more decorative work, and once or twice, especially in his pictures of the miller's daughter herself, as free and natural. A good deal of the work, however, hardly rises above the conventional, and the highly calendered paper and occasionally hard engraving tire the eye. — Personally Conducted, by Frank R. Stockton, illustrated by Joseph Pennell, Alfred Parsons, and others (Scribners), had already appeared in St. Nicholas. It is less distinctly humorous than most of Mr. Stockton's work, but has the charm of his direct, frank style; and he could not be himself if he did not now and then let fall some drollery. The illustrations are for the most part unobtrusive and sketchy. — Christmas Stories and Poems for the Little Ones, by C. Emma Cheney, Sydney Dayre, Miss V. Stuart Mosby, and others. (Lippincott.) There appears to be no principle of selection in this book as regards either text or pictures. It is a haphazard scrap-book, in which the Christmas

idea is worked pretty industriously. — The publishers of the new edition of The Marble Faun (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) have placed all book-lovers in their debt. It is substantially an *édition de luxe*, though unlimited, not differing in essentials from the few large-paper copies (150) previously issued, and no longer obtainable. The work is illustrated with forty-nine carefully prepared photogravures of places, statues, and paintings mentioned in the romance. There is also a fine steel portrait of Hawthorne. These two volumes in their slip covers, after the Italian fashion, are an exceptional specimen of book-making. — There is no new word of praise to be said touching The Complete Angler of Walton and Cotton, but it is not too late to commend the desirable edition of that work recently issued by Little, Brown & Co. As admirable as it is in typography and illustration, its chief charm is the essay with which Mr. Lowell has prefaced the two volumes. The large-paper copies, limited to 500, will very shortly become scarce, for no book-collector, especially no Waltonian, will be content without this edition.

Literature. A Collection of Letters of Dickens (Scribners) has been issued, uniform with the smaller form of the similar collection of Thackeray's letters. In this case, however, the editor has not had unpublished material, but has drawn on the letters already printed in Forster's Life. They are delightful letters, and are not over-edited. The collection is more symmetrical than that of Thackeray could be, and to many readers it will be quite as fresh. — Character and Comment, selected from the novels of W. D. Howells by Minnie Macoun. (Houghton.) These selections show Mr. Howells at his best, for as a rule they are taken from his earlier books, and show him in his rôle as a delicate humorist and parlor philosopher. — Literary Landmarks, a Guide to Good Reading for Young People, and Teachers' Assistant, by Mary E. Burt. (Houghton.) The value of this little essay is in its suggestiveness. It will set people thinking; and though we believe that Miss Burt overvalues her own special system of correlating literature, and can carry it out in practice more effectively than any disciple could, it will do no one any harm to listen attentively to what she has to say. In our judgment it is far more important that a child should have the images suggested by imaginative literature than be highly educated as to the exact place of myth and legend and the probable origin of fables.